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THE

Clandeſtine Marriage,

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

BY

GEORGE COLMAN

AND

DAVID GARRICK.

Huc adhibe vultus, et in unâ parce duobus:
Vivat, et ejuſdem ſimus uterque parens! OVID.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand.

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Advertiſement.

HOGARTH's MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE has before furniſhed Materials to the Author of a Novel, publiſhed ſome Years ago, under the Title of *The Marriage-Act:* But as that Writer purſued a very different Story, and as his Work was chiefly deſigned for a Political Satire, very little Uſe could be made of it for the Service of this Comedy.

In Juſtice to the Perſon, who has been conſidered as the ſole Author, the Party, who has hitherto lain concealed, thinks it incumbent on him to declare, that the Diſcloſure of his Name was, by his own Deſire, reſerved till the Publication of the Piece.

Both the Authors, however, who have before been ſeparately honoured with the Indulgence of the Publick, now beg Leave to make their joint Acknowledgements for the very favourable Reception of the CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] the Author of a Novel, [illegible] der the Title of [illegible] Work [illegible] his [illegible] Satire [illegible] the Scene of [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] on him [illegible] Name [illegible] Publication of the Piece.

Both the Author [illegible] fore [illegible] the Indulgence of the Publick, now [illegible] the [illegible] Acknowledgement [illegible] very [illegible] Reception of the [illegible] Mar[illegible]

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

POETS and Painters, who from Nature draw
Their beſt and richeſt Stores, have made this Law:
That each ſhould neighbourly aſſiſt his Brother,
And ſteal with Decency from one another.
To-night, your matchleſs Hogarth *gives the Thought,*
Which from his Canvas to the Stage is brought.
And who ſo fit to warm the Poet's Mind,
As he who pictur'd Morals and Mankind?
But not the ſame their Characters and Scenes;
Both labour for one End, by different Means;
Each, as it ſuits him, takes a ſeparate Road,
Their one great Object, MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE!
Where Titles deign with Cits to have and hold,
And change rich Blood for more ſubſtantial Gold!
And honour'd Trade from Intereſt turns aſide,
To hazard Happineſs for titled Pride.
The Painter dead, yet ſtill he charms the Eye;
While England *lives, his Fame can never die:*
But he, who ſtruts his Hour upon the Stage,
Can ſcarce extend his Fame for Half an Age;
Nor Pen nor Pencil can the Actor ſave,
The Art, and Artiſt, ſhare one common Grave.
O let me drop one tributary Tear,
On poor Jack Falſtaff's *Grave, and* Juliet's *Bier!*
You to their Worth muſt Teſtimony give;
'Tis in your Hearts alone their Fame can live.
Still as the Scenes of Life will ſhift away,
The ſtrong Impreſſions of their Art decay.
Your Children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boaſt of QUINS *and* CIBBERS *of their own:*
The greateſt Glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by YOU.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lord Ogleby,	*Mr.* KING.
Sir John Melvil,	*Mr.* HOLLAND.
Sterling,	*Mr.* YATES.
Lovewell,	*Mr.* POWELL.
Canton,	*Mr.* BADDELEY.
Bruſh,	*Mr.* PALMER.
Serjeant Flower,	*Mr.* LOVE.
Traverſe,	*Mr.* LEE.
Trueman,	*Mr.* AICKIN.
Mrs. Heidelberg,	*Mrs.* CLIVE.
Miſs Sterling,	*Miſs* POPE.
Fanny,	*Mrs.* PALMER.
Betty,	*Mrs.* ———
Chamber-maid,	*Miſs* PLYM.
Truſty,	*Miſs* MILLS.

THE

Clandeſtine Marriage,

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A room in* Sterling's *houſe.*
Miſs Fanny *and* Betty *meeting.*

Betty *running in.*

MA'am! Miſs Fanny! Ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter! Betty!

Betty. Oh la! Ma'am! as ſure as I am alive, here is your huſband—

Fanny. Huſh! my dear Betty! if any body in the houſe ſhould hear you, I am ruined.

Betty. Mercy on me! it has frighted me to ſuch a degree, that my heart is come up to my mouth.—But as I was a ſaying, Ma'am, here's that dear, ſweet—

Fanny. Have a care! Betty.

Betty. Lord! I'm bewitched, I think.—But as I was a ſaying, Ma'am, here's Mr. Lovewell juſt come from London.

Fanny. Indeed!

Betty. Yes, indeed, and indeed, Ma'am, he is. I ſaw him croſſing the court-yard in his boots.

Fanny. I am glad to hear it.—But pray now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word

again, on any account. You know, we have agreed never to drop any expreſſions of that ſort for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear Ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more truſtier creature on the face of the earth, than I am. Though I ſay it, I am as ſecret as the grave---and if it's never told, till I tell it, it may remain untold till dooms-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful---but in our circumſtances we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, Ma'am!---and yet I vow and proteſt, there's more plague than pleaſure with a ſecret; eſpecially if a body may'nt mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fanny. Do but keep this ſecret a little while longer, and then, I hope you may mention it to any body.---Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our ſituation as ſoon as poſſible.

Betty. The ſooner the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty! [*bluſhing.*

Betty. Ah! you may well bluſh.---But you're not ſo ſick, and ſo pale, and ſo wan, and ſo many qualms---

Fanny. Have done! I ſhall be quite angry with you.

Betty. Angry!---Bleſs the dear puppet! I am ſure I ſhall love it, as much as if it was my own.---I meant no harm, heaven knows.

Fanny. Well, ſay no more of this.---It makes me uneaſy---All I have to aſk of you, is to be faithful and ſecret, and not to reveal this matter, till we diſcloſe it to the family ourſelves.

Betty. Me reveal it!---If I ſay a word, I wiſh I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world---And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am ſure I have loved the dear gentleman, ever ſince he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother---But let me tell you both, you muſt leave off your ſoft looks to each other,

other, and your whiſpers, and your glances, and your always ſitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evening.---For my part, if I had not been in the ſecret, I ſhou'd have known you were a pair of loviers at leaſt, if not man and wife, as——

Fanny. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well---well---nobody hears me.---Man and wife.---I'll ſay no more---what I tell you is very true for all that---

Lovewell. [*calling within.*] William!

Betty. Hark! I hear your huſband---

Fanny. What!

Betty. I ſay, here comes Mr. Lovewell---Mind the caution I give you---I'll be whipped now, if you are not the firſt perſon he ſees or ſpeaks to in the family---However, if you chuſe it, it's nothing at all to me---as you ſow, you muſt reap---as you brew, ſo you muſt bake.---I'll e'en ſlip down the back-ſtairs, and leave you together. [*Exit.*

Fanny *alone.*

I ſee, I ſee I ſhall never have a moment's eaſe till our marriage is made public. New diſtreſſes croud in upon me every day. The ſolicitude of my mind ſinks my ſpirits, preys upon my health, and deſtroys every comfort of my life. It ſhall be revealed, let what will be the conſequence.

Enter Lovewell.

Lovew. My love!---How's this?---In tears?---Indeed this is too much. You promiſed me to ſupport your ſpirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience.---For my ſake, for your own, be comforted! Why will you ſtudy to add to our uneaſineſs and perplexity?

Fanny. Oh, Mr. Lovewell! the indelicacy of a ſecret marriage grows every day more and more ſhocking to me. I walk about the houſe like a guilty wretch: I imagine myſelf the object of the ſuſpicion

of the whole family; and am under the perpetual terrors of a ſhameful detection.

Lovew. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick ſenſibility, only ſerve to make you unhappy.---To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a diſcovery; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the ſatisfaction of ourſelves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fanny. End how it will, I am reſolved it ſhall end ſoon---very ſoon.---I wou'd not live another week in this agony of mind to be miſtreſs of the univerſe.

Lovew. Do not be too violent neither. Do not let us diſturb the joy of your ſiſter's marriage with the tumult this matter may occaſion!---I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling---They will be here this evening---and, I dare ſay, within this hour.

Fanny. I am ſorry for it.

Lovew. Why ſo?

Fanny. No matter---Only let us diſcloſe our marriage immediately!

Lovew. As ſoon as poſſible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lovew. In a few days, you may depend on it.

Fanny. To-night---or to-morrow morning.

Lovew. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you muſt.

Lovew. Muſt! why?

Fanny. Indeed, you muſt.---I have the moſt alarming reaſons for it.

Lovew. Alarming indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them---What are they?

Fanny. I cannot tell you.

Lovew. Not tell me?

Fanny. Not at preſent. When all is ſettled, you ſhall be acquainted with every thing.

Lovew.

Lovew. Sorry they are coming!---Muſt be diſcovered!---What can this mean!---Is it poſſible you can have any reaſons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not diſturb yourſelf with conjectures---but reſt aſſured, that though you are unable to divine the cauſe, the conſequence of a diſcovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miſeries of the preſent interval.

Lovew. You put me upon the rack.---I wou'd do any thing to make you eaſy.---But you know your father's temper.---Money (you will excuſe my frankneſs) is the ſpring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence can ever make him forego---and theſe he thinks his money will purchaſe.---You know too your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the ſplendor of high life, her contempt for every thing that does not reliſh of what ſhe calls Quality, and that from the vaſt fortune in her hands, by her late huſband, ſhe abſolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family: now, if they ſhould come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incenſed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. But if they are made acquainted with it otherwiſe than by ourſelves, it will be ten times worſe: and a diſcovery grows every day more probable. The whole family have long ſuſpected our affection. We are alſo in the power of a fooliſh maid-ſervant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot anſwer for her diſcretion.---Diſcover it therefore immediately, leſt ſome accident ſhould bring it to light, and involve us in additional diſgrace.

Lovew. Well---well---I meant to diſcover it ſoon, but would not do it too precipitately.---I have more than once ſounded Mr. Sterling about it, and will attempt him more ſeriouſly the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are theſe.---My relationſhip

to Lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the firſt links in the chain of this connection between the two families; in conſequence of which, I am at preſent in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well-affected to me, I propoſe to lay our caſe before the old Lord; and if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appeaſe your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am ſure he may bring Mrs. Heidelberg into good-humour at any time.---Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as, you ſee, we are upon the very eve of a diſcovery, that muſt probably be to our advantage.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am perſuaded.

Lovew. But in the mean time make yourſelf eaſy.

Fanny. As eaſy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at preſent.—Think of this buſineſs, and let me know how you proceed.

Lovew. Depend on my care! But, pray, be chearful.

Fanny. I will.

As ſhe is going out, enter Sterling.

Sterl. Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fanny. [*confuſed.*] Mr. Lovewell, Sir!

Sterl. And where are you going, huſſey?

Fanny. To my ſiſter's chamber, Sir! [*Exit.*

Sterl. Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my fooliſh girl yonder into a corner?—Well—well—let us but once ſee her elder ſiſter faſt-married to Sir John Melvil, we'll ſoon provide a good huſband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Lovew. Wou'd to heaven, Sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Sterl. Yourſelf? eh, Lovewell!

Lovew. With your pleaſure, Sir!

Sterl. Mighty well!

Lovew.

Lovew. And I flatter myſelf, that ſuch a propoſal would not be very diſagreeable to Miſs Fanny.

Sterl. Better and better!

Lovew. And if I could but obtain your conſent, Sir——

Sterl. What! you marry Fanny!---no---no---that will never do, Lovewell!—You're a good boy, to be ſure—I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a ſon-in-law.—There's no *Stuff* in the caſe, no money, Lovewell!

Lovew. My pretenſions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate: but though not equal to ſplendor, ſufficient to keep us above diſtreſs.—Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increaſe it---and have love, honour——

Sterl. But not the *Stuff*, Lovewell!—Add one little round o to the ſum total of your fortune, and that will be the fineſt thing you can ſay to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to ſerve you—any thing on the footing of friendſhip—but—

Lovew. If you think me worthy of your friendſhip, Sir, be aſſured, that there is no inſtance in which I ſhould rate your friendſhip ſo highly.

Sterl. Pſha! pſha! that's another thing, you know.—Where money or intereſt is concerned, friendſhip is quite out of the queſtion.

Lovew. But where the happineſs of a daughter is at ſtake, you wou'd not ſcruple, ſure, to ſacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Sterl. Inclinations! why, you wou'd not perſuade me that the girl is in love with you---eh, Lovewell!

Lovew. I cannot abſolutely anſwer for Miſs Fanny, Sir; but am ſure that the chief happineſs or miſery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Sterl. Why, indeed now if your kinſman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handſomely for you---but that's impoſſible---No, no---'twill never do---I

muſt hear no more of this---Come, Lovewell, promiſe me that I ſhall hear no more of this.

Lovew. [*heſitating.*] I am afraid, Sir, I ſhou'd not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promiſe you.

Sterl. Why you wou'd not offer to marry her without my conſent! wou'd you, Lovewell?

Lovew. Marry her, Sir! [*confuſed.*

Sterl. Ay, marry her, Sir!---I know very well that a warm ſpeech or two from ſuch a dangerous young ſpark, as you are, would go much farther towards perſuading a ſilly girl to do what ſhe has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, to prevent her.---But you wou'd not, ſure, be ſuch a baſe fellow, ſuch a treacherous young rogue, as to ſeduce my daughter's affections, and deſtroy the peace of my family in that manner.---I muſt inſiſt on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my conſent.

Lovew. Sir---I---I---as to that---I---I---I beg, Sir---Pray, Sir, excuſe me on this ſubject at preſent.

Sterl. Promiſe then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Lovew. You may depend on it, Sir, that it ſhall go no further.

Sterl. Well---well---that's enough---I'll take care of the reſt, I warrant you.---Come, come, let's have done with this nonſenſe!---What's doing in town?---Any news upon 'Change?

Lovew. Nothing material.

Sterl. Have you ſeen the currants, the ſoap, and Madeira, ſafe in the warehouſes? Have you compared the goods with the invoice and bills of lading, and are they all right?

Lovew. They are, Sir!

Sterl. And how are ſtocks?

Lovew. Fell one and a half this morning.

Sterl.

Sterl. Well---well---ſome good news from America, and they'll be up again.---But how are Lord Ogelby and Sir John Melvil? When are we to expect them?

Lovew. Very ſoon, Sir. I came on purpoſe to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them. [*giving letters.*

Sterl. Let me ſee---let me ſee---'Slife, how his Lordſhip's letter is perfumed!---It takes my breath away.---[*opening it.*] And French paper too! with a fine border of flowers and flouriſhes---and a ſlippery gloſs on it that dazzles one's eyes.---*My dear Mr. Sterling.*---[*reading.*]---Mercy on me! His Lordſhip writes a worſe hand than a boy at his exerciſe.---But how's this?---Eh!---*with you to night*---[*reading.*] --- *Lawyers to-morrow morning* --- To-night! --- that's ſudden indeed. --- Where's my ſiſter Heidelberg? ſhe ſhou'd know of this immediately.---Here, John! Harry! Thomas! [*calling the ſervants.*] Hark ye, Lovewell!

Lovew. Sir!

Sterl. Mind now, how I'll entertain his Lordſhip and Sir John---We'll ſhew your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city---They ſhall eat gold---and drink gold---and lie in gold---Here cook! butler! [*calling.*] What ſignifies your birth and education, and titles? Money, money, that's the ſtuff that makes the great man in this country.

Lovew. Very true, Sir!

Sterl. True, Sir? --- Why then have done with your nonſenſe of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of buſineſs ſhou'd mind nothing but his buſineſs.---Where are theſe fellows? John! Thomas! [*calling.*] ---Get an eſtate, and a wife will follow of courſe. ——Ah! Lovewell! An Engliſh merchant is the moſt reſpectable character in the univerſe. 'Slife, man, a rich Engliſh merchant may make himſelf a match

match for the daughter of a nabob.—Where are all my raſcals? Here, William! [*Exit calling.*

Lovewell *alone.*

So!—As I ſuſpected.—Quite averſe to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great diſpleaſure.—What's beſt to be done?—Let me ſee!—Suppoſe I get Sir John Melvil to intereſt himſelf in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogelby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind alſo more freely to Sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had ſomething of conſequence to communicate, and that I could be of uſe to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he repoſes in me, and the ſervice I may do him, will enſure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! It hurts me to ſee her ſo uneaſy, and her making a myſtery of the cauſe adds to my anxiety.—Something muſt be done upon her account; for at all events, her ſollicitude ſhall be removed. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to another chamber.

Enter Miſs Sterling, *and* Miſs Fanny.

Miſs Sterl. Oh, my dear ſiſter, ſay no more! This is downright hypocriſy.—You ſhall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond meaſure.—Well, after all, it is extremely natural—It is impoſſible to be angry with you.

Fanny. Indeed, ſiſter, you have no cauſe.

Miſs Sterl. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the leaſt.

Miſs Sterl. And you don't in the leaſt wiſh that you was juſt in my ſituation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why ſhould I?

Miſs Sterl. Why ſhould you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot —There's

—There's that dear ſweet creature Mr. Lovewell in the caſe.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Lovewell!—Lord, what ſignifies Mr. Lovewell, ſiſter?

Miſs Sterl. Pretty peeviſh ſoul!—Oh, my dear, grave, romantic ſiſter!—a perfect philoſopher in petticoats!—Love and a cottage!—Eh, Fanny!—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and ſix!—

Fanny. And why not the coach and ſix without the indifference?—But, pray, when is this happy marriage of your's to be celebrated?—I long to give you joy.

Miſs Sterl. In a day or two—I can't tell exactly.—Oh, my dear ſiſter!—I muſt mortify her a little. [*aſide.*]—I know you have a pretty taſte. Pray, give me your opinion of my jewels.—How d'ye like the ſtile of this eſclavage? [*ſhewing jewels.*

Fanny. Extremely handſome indeed, and well fancied.

Miſs Sterl. What d'ye think of theſe bracelets? I ſhall have a miniature of my father, ſet round with diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other.—And this pair of ear-rings! ſet tranſparent!—here, the tops, you ſee, will take off to wear in a morning, or in an undreſs—how d'ye like them?

[*ſhews jewels.*

Fanny. Very much, I aſſure you—Bleſs me, ſiſter, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very Queen of Diamonds.

Miſs Sterl. Ha! ha! ha! very well, my dear!—I ſhall be as fine as a little queen indeed.—I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethyſts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixt—the prettieſt thing you ever ſaw in your life!—The jeweller ſays, I ſhall ſet out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except

Lady

Lady Brilliant, and Polly *What d'ye call-it*, Lord Squander's kept miſtreſs.

Fanny. But what are your wedding-cloaths, ſiſter?

Miſs Sterl. Oh, white and ſilver, to be ſure, you know.—I bought them at Sir Joſeph Luteſtring's, and ſat above an hour in the parlour behind the ſhop, conſulting Lady Luteſtring about gold and ſilver ſtuffs, on purpoſe to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, ſiſter! how could you be ſo abominably provoking?

Miſs Sterl. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you never obſerve the airs of Lady Luteſtring dreſt in the richeſt brocade out of her huſband's ſhop, playing crown-whiſt at Haberdaſher's-Hall?—While the civil ſmirking Sir Joſeph, with a ſmug wig trimmed round his broad face as cloſe as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his ſhoes ſo black that they ſhine again, ſtands all day in his ſhop, faſtened to his counter like a bad ſhilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, ſiſter, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be abſolutely a bye-word in the city—You muſt never venture on the inſide of Temple-Bar again.

Miſs Sterl. Never do I deſire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promiſe you.—Oh, how I long to be tranſported to the dear regions of Groſvenor-Square—far—far from the dull diſtricts of Alderſgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within!—My heart goes pit-a-pit at the very idea of being introduced at court!—gilt chariot!—pye-balled horſes!—laced liveries!—and then the whiſpers buzzing round the circle—"Who is that young lady? Who is ſhe?"—"Lady Melvil, Ma'am!"—Lady Melvil! my ears tingle at the ſound.—And then at dinner, inſtead of my father perpetually aſking—"Any news upon 'Change?"—to cry—Well, Sir John! any thing new from Arthur's?—or—to ſay to ſome other woman of quality, Was your Ladyſhip at the

the Ducheſs of Rubber's laſt night?—Did you call in at Lady Thunder's? In the immenſity of croud I ſwear I did not ſee you—ſcarce a ſoul at the opera laſt Saturday—ſhall I ſee you at Carliſle-Houſe next Thurſday?—Oh, the dear Beau-Monde! I was born to move in the ſphere of the great world.

Fanny. And ſo, in the midſt of all this happineſs, you have no compaſſion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miſs Sterl. [*affectedly.*] You?—You're above pity.—You would not change conditions with me—You're over head and ears in love, you know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare ſay.—He will mind his buſineſs—you'll employ yourſelf in the delightful care of your family—and once in a ſeaſon perhaps you'll ſit together in a front-box at a benefit play, as we uſed to do at our dancing-maſter's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the ſummer with ſome other citizens at Tunbridge.—For my part, I ſhall always entertain a proper regard for my relations.—You ſha'n't want my countenance, I aſſure you.

Fanny. Oh, you're too kind, ſiſter!

Enter Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [*at entering.*] Here this evening!—I vow and perteſt we ſhall ſcarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear! [*to Miſs Sterl.*] I am glad to ſee you're not quite in a diſh-abille. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miſs Sterl. To-night, Ma'am?

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Do, put on a ſmarter cap, and change thoſe ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have ſuch a deal to do, I ſhall ſcarce have time to ſlip on my Italian luteſtring.—Where is this dawdle of a houſekeeper?—[*Enter Mrs. Truſty.*] Oh, here, Truſty! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening?

Truſty.

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the famaly.

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. His Lordship is to lie in the chintz bedchamber—d'ye hear?—And Sir John in the blue damask room—His Lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite——

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—well—Mr. Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the George.—But hark ye, Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Heidel. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possable. Unpaper the curtains, take the civers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle-piece immediately.

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Be gone then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother Sterling—

Trusty. Talking to the butler, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Very well. [*Exit* Trusty.] Miss Fanny!—I perteſt I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. With me? Nothing, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I perteſt.—And then you have dreſt yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the qualaty will be here by and by—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit* Fanny.] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and perteſt.—This ridicalous Love! we must

muſt put a ſtop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miſs Sterl. Poor ſoul! ſhe can't help it. [*affectedly.*

Mrs. Heidel. Well, my dear! Now I ſhall have an opportoonity of convincing you of the abſurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miſs Sterl. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneaſineſs. But, indeed, Ma'am, I cannot be perſuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such diſtant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm profeſſions of eſteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a paſſion of mere ice and ſnow.

Mrs. Heidel. Oh, fie, my dear! I am perfetly aſhamed of you. That's ſo like the notions of your poor ſiſter! What you complain of as coldneſs and indiffarence, is nothing but the extreme gentilaty of his addreſs, an exact pictur of the manners of qualaty.

Miſs Sterl. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaiſance! full of formal bows and ſet ſpeeches!—I declare, if there was any violent paſſion on my ſide, I ſhould be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Heidel. I ſay jealus indeed—Jealus of who, pray?

Miſs Sterl. My ſiſter Fanny. She ſeems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I aſſure you.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord! d'ye think a man of faſhion, as he is, can't diſtinguiſh between the genteel and the wulgar part of the famaly?—Between you and your ſiſter, for inſtance—or me and my brother?—Be adviſed by me, child! It is all puliteneſs and good-breeding.—Nobody knows the qualaty better than I do.

Miſs Sterl. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and ſmiles,

ſmiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle in his old wizen face with comical expreſſions of tenderneſs. I think he would make an admirable Sweetheart.

Enter Sterling.

Sterl. [*at entering.*] No fiſh?—Why the pond was dragged but yeſterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he wou'd have brought down a turbot, or ſome of the land-carriage mackarel.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his Lordſhip and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Sterl. I warrant you.—But, pray, ſiſter Heidelberg, let the turtle be dreſt to-morrow, and ſome veniſon—and let the gardener cut ſome pine-apples—and get out ſome ice.—I'll anſwer for wine, I warrant you—I'll give them ſuch a glaſs of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of qualaty. Take care that you don't fall aſleep directly after ſupper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of ſnuff; and that will keep you awake—And don't burſt out with your horrible loud horſe-laughs. It is monſtrous wulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, ſiſter!—Who have we here?

Mrs. Heidel. It is Monſ. Cantoon, the Swiſh gentleman, that lives with his Lordſhip, I vow and perteſt.

Enter Canton.

Sterl. Ah, Mounſeer! your ſervant.—I am very glad to ſee you, Mounſeer.

Canton. Moſh oblige to Monſ. Sterling.—Ma'am, I am yours—Matemoiſelle, I am yours. [*bowing round.*

Mrs. Heidel. Your humble ſervant, Mr. Cantoon!

Canton. I kiſs your hands, Matam!

Sterl. Well, Mounſeer!—and what news of your good family!—when are we to ſee his Lordſhip and Sir John?

Canton. Monſ. Sterling! Milor Ogelby and Sir Jean Melvile will be here in one quarter-hour.

Sterl. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Heidel. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being ſo late I was afeard of ſome accident.—Will you pleaſe to have any thing, Mr. Cantoon, after your journey?

Canton. No, I tank you, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Shall I go and ſhew you the apartments, Sir?

Canton. You do me great honeur, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Come then!—come, my dear! [*to Miſs* Sterling.] [*Exeunt.*

Manet Sterling.

Sterl. Pox on't, it's almoſt dark—It will be too late to go round the garden this evening.—However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal at leaſt, I am determined. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an anti-chamber to Lord* Ogleby's *bed-chamber—Table with chocolate, and ſmall caſe for medicines.*

Enter Bruſh, *my Lord's valet-de-chambre, and* Sterling's *chamber-maid.*

Bruſh. YOU ſhall ſtay, my dear, I inſiſt upon it.

Ch. Maid. Nay, pray, Sir, don't be ſo poſitive; I can't ſtay indeed.

Bruſh. You ſhall take one cup to our better acquaintance.

Ch. Maid. I ſeldom drinks chocolate; and if I did, one has no ſatisfaction, with ſuch apprehenſions about one—if my Lord ſhould wake, or the Swiſh gentleman ſhould ſee one, or Madam Heidelberg ſhould

know of it, I ſhould be frighted to death—beſides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm ſure I hear my Lord. [*in a fright.*

Bruſh. No, no, Madam, don't flutter yourſelf—the moment my Lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I anſwer ſooner or later, as it ſuits my convenience.

Ch. Maid. But ſhould he come upon us without ringing—

Bruſh. I'll forgive him if he does—This key [*takes a phial out of the caſe.*] locks him up till I pleaſe to let him out.

Ch. Maid. Law, Sir! that's potecary's ſtuff.

Bruſh. It is ſo—but without this he can no more get out of bed—than he can read without ſpectacles—[*ſips.*] What with qualms, age, rheumatiſm, and a few ſurfeits in his youth, he muſt have a great deal of bruſhing, oyling, ſcrewing, and winding up to ſet him a going for the day.

Ch. Maid. [*ſips.*] That's prodigious indeed—[*ſips.*] My Lord ſeems quite in a decay.

Bruſh. Yes, he's quite a ſpectacle, [*ſips.*] a mere corpſe, till he is reviv'd and refreſh'd from our little magazine here—When the reſtorative pills, and cordial waters warm his ſtomach, and get into his head, vanity friſks in his heart, and then he ſets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Ch. Maid. [*ſips.*] Poor gentleman!—but ſhould the Swiſh gentleman come upon us. [*frighten'd.*

Bruſh. Why then the Engliſh gentleman would be very angry—No foreigner muſt break in upon my privacy. [*ſips.*] But I can aſſure you Monſieur Canton is otherwiſe employ'd.—He is oblig'd to ſkim the cream of half a ſcore news-papers for my Lord's breakfaſt—ha! ha! ha! Pray, Madam, drink your cup peaceably—My Lord's chocolate is remarkably good, he won't touch a drop but what comes from Italy.

Ch. Maid. [*ſipping.*] 'Tis very fine indeed!—[*ſips.*] and charmingly perfum'd—it ſmells for all the world like our young ladies dreſſing-boxes.

Bruſh. You have an excellent taſte, Madam, and I muſt beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking, [*takes 'em out of a drawer in the table.*] and in return, I deſire nothing but to taſte the perfume of your lips—[*kiſſes her.*]—A ſmall return of favours, Madam, will make, I hope, this country, and retirement agreeable to both. [*he bows, ſhe curtſies.*] Your young ladies are fine girls, faith: [*ſips.*] tho', upon my ſoul, I am quite of my old lord's mind about them, and were I inclin'd to matrimony, I ſhould take the youngeſt. [*ſips.*

Ch. Maid. Miſs Fanny's the moſt affableſt and the moſt beſt nater'd creter!

Bruſh. And the eldeſt a little haughty or ſo——

Ch. Maid. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himſelf—but this I ſay quite confidential to you, for one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*ſips.*

Bruſh. By no means, but you can't hurt it with us—we don't conſider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy—give us enough of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars—ha! ha! ha!

Ch. Maid. Bleſs me, here's ſomebody—[*bell rings.*]—O! 'tis my Lord—Well, your ſervant, Mr. Bruſh—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Bruſh. Do ſo—but never mind the bell—I ſhan't go this half hour. Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Ch. Maid. Not for the world, Mr. Bruſh—I'll be here to ſet all things to rights—but I muſt not drink tea indeed—and ſo your ſervant. [*Exit Maid with tea-board.*

[*Bell rings again.*]

Bruſh. It is impoſſible to ſtupify one's ſelf in the country for a week without ſome little flirting with the Abigails: this is much the handſomeſt wench in the houſe, except the old citizen's youngeſt

daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for Her—[*bell rings.*] And now I'll go to my Lord, for I have nothing elſe to do. [*going.*

Enter Canton *with news-papers in his hand.*

Cant. Monſieur Bruſh—Maiſtre Bruſh—My Lor ſtirra yet?

Bruſh. He has juſt rung his bell—I am going to him.

Cant. Depechez vous donc. [*Exit* Bruſh. [*puts on ſpectacles.*] I wiſh the Deviel had all deſe papiers—I forget as faſt as I read—De Advertiſe put out of my head de Gazette, de Gazette de Chronique, and ſo dey all go l'un après l'autre—I muſt get ſome nouvelle for my Lor, or he'll be enragé contre moi---Voyons!--- [*reads in the papers.*] Here is nothing but Anti-Sejanus & advertiſe——

Enter Maid with chocolate things.

Vat you vant, child?---

Ch. Maid. Only the chocolate things, Sir.

Cant. O ver well---dat is good girl---and ver prit too! [*Exit Maid.*

Lord Ogleby *within.*

Lord Ogle. Canton, he, he---[*coughs.*]---Canton!

Cant. I come, my Lor---vat ſhall I do?---I have no news---He will make great tintamarre!---

Lord Ogle. [*within.*] Canton, I ſay, Canton! Where are you?

Enter Lord Ogleby *leaning on* Bruſh.

Cant. Here, my Lor; I aſk pardon, my Lor, I have not finiſh de papiers---

Lord Ogle. Dem your pardon, and your papiers---I want you here, Canton.

Cant. Den I run, dat is all---[*ſhuffles along---Lord* Ogleby *leans upon* Canton *too, and comes forward.*

Lord Ogle. You Swiſs are the moſt unaccountable mixture---you have the language and the impertinence of the French, with the lazineſs of Dutchmen.

Cant.

Cant. 'Tis very true, my Lor—I can't help—

Lord Ogle. [*cries out.*] O Diavolo!

Cant. You are not in pain, I hope, my Lor.

Lord Ogle. Indeed but I am, my Lor—That vulgar fellow Sterling, with his city politeneſs, would force me down his ſlope laſt night to ſee a clay-colour'd ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the eaſt-wind, my hips and ſhoulders are abſolutely ſcrew'd to my body.

Cant. A littel veritable eau d'arquibuſade vil ſet all to right again—

[*my Lord ſits down,* Bruſh *gives chocolate.*

Lord Ogle. Where are the palſy-drops, Bruſh?

Bruſh. Here, my Lord! [*pouring out.*

Lord Ogle. Quelle nouvelle avez vous, Canton?

Cant. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord Ogle. What! nothing at all, you ſtupid fellow?

Cant. Yes, my Lor, I have little advertiſe here vil give you more plaiſir den all de lyes about nothing at all. La voila! [*puts on his ſpectacles.*

Lord Ogle. Come read it, Canton, with good emphaſis, and good diſcretion.

Cant. I vil, my Lor.—[Cant. *reads.*] Dere is no queſtion, but that the Coſmetique Royale vil utterlie take away all heats, pimps, frecks & oder eruptions of de ſkin, and likewiſe de wrinque of old age, *&c. &c.*---A great deal more, my Lor---be ſure to aſk for de Coſmetique Royale, ſigned by de Docteur own hand---Dere is more raiſon for dis caution dan good men vil tink---Eh bien, my Lor!

Lord Ogle. Eh bien, Canton!--Will you purchaſe any?

Cant. For you, my Lor?

Lord Ogle. For me, you old puppy! for what?

Cant. My Lor?

Lord Ogle. Do I want coſmeticks?

Cant. My Lor?

Lord Ogle. Look in my face---come, be ſincere.---Does it want the aſſiſtance of art?

Cant. [*with his ſpectacles.*] En verité non.---'Tis very ſmooſe and brillian---but I tote dat you might take a like by way of prevention.

Lord Ogle. You thought like an old fool, Monſieur, as you generally do——The ſurfeit-water, Bruſh! [Bruſh *pours out.*] What do you think, Bruſh, of this family, we are going to be connected with?---Eh!

Bruſh. Very well to marry in, my Lord; but it would not do to live with.

Lord Ogle. You are right, Bruſh---There is no waſhing the Blackamoor white---Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Black-Fryars, always taſte of the Borachio ---and the poor woman his ſiſter is ſo buſy and ſo notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her firſt reception; it almoſt amounted to ſuffocation! I think the daughters are tolerable---Where's my cephalick ſnuff? [Bruſh *gives him a box.*

Cant. Dey tink ſo of you, my Lor, for dey look at noting elſe, ma foi.

Lord Ogle. Did they?---Why, I think they did a little---Where's my glaſs? [Bruſh *puts one on the table.*] The youngeſt is delectable. [*takes ſnuff.*

Cant. O, ouy, my Lor---very delect, inteed; ſhe made doux yeux at you, my Lor.

Lord Ogle. She was particular---the eldeſt, my nephew's lady, will be a moſt valuable wife; ſhe has all the vulgar ſpirits of her father, and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceaſed mother.---Some pepper-mint water, Bruſh!---How happy is it, Cant. for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract, but their fortune!

Cant. C'eſt bien heureux, et commode auſſi.

Lord Ogle. Bruſh, give me that pamphlet by my bed-ſide---[Bruſh *goes for it.*] Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Cant. Muſh goot may do your Lordſhip!

Lord

Lord Ogle. [*to* Bruſh, *who brings the pamphlet.*] And now, Bruſh, leave me a little to my ſtudies. [*Exit* Bruſh.

Lord Ogleby *alone.*

What can I poſſibly do among theſe women here, with this confounded rheumatiſm? It is a moſt grievous enemy to gallantry and addreſs---[*gets off his chair.*]---He!---Courage, my Lor! by heav'ns, I'm another creature---[*hums and dances a little.*] It will do, faith---Bravo, my Lor! theſe girls have abſolutely inſpir'd me---If they are for a game of romps---Me voila pret! [*ſings and dances.*] O---that's an ugly twinge---but it's gone.---I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the roſe will give a delicate ſpirit to my eyes for the day. [*unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the glaſs, and takes out* rouge; *while he's painting himſelf, a knocking at the door.*] Who's there? I won't be diſturb'd.

Canton. [*without.*] My Lor, my Lor, here is Monſieur Sterling to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre.

Lord Ogle. [*ſoftly.*] What a fellow!—[*aloud.*] I am extremely honour'd by Mr. Sterling---Why don't you ſee him in, Monſieur!---I wiſh he was at the bottom of his ſtinking canal---[*door opens.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter Sterling, *and* Lovewell.

Sterl. I hope, my Lord, that your Lordſhip ſlept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have---I ſpare no pains to get 'em, nor money to buy 'em---His Majeſty, God bleſs him, don't ſleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had ſaid *in* too, I hope no treaſon, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Your beds are like every thing elſe about you, incomparable!---They not only make one reſt well, but give one ſpirits, Mr. Sterling.

Sterl. What ſay you then, my Lord, to another walk in the garden? You muſt ſee my water by day-light, and my walks, and my ſlopes, and my clumps,

and my bridge, and my flow'ring trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips---Matters look'd but dim laſt night, my Lord; I feel the dew in my great toe---but I would put on a cut ſhoe, that I might be able to walk you about---I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord Ogle. I pray heaven you may! [*aſide.*

Sterl. What ſay you, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. I was ſaying, Sir, that I was in hopes of ſeeing the young ladies at breakfaſt: Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the fineſt tuleps in this part of the world---he! he!

Cant. Braviſſimo, my Lor!---ha! ha! he!

Sterl. They ſhall meet your Lordſhip in the garden ---we won't loſe our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfaſt, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you ſhall go the Grand Tower, as I call it, ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogle. Not a foot, I hope, Mr. Sterling---conſider your gout, my good friend---You'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeneſs---he! he! he!

Cant. Ha! ha! ha!---'tis admirable!---en verité! [*laughing very heartily.*

Sterl. If my young man [*to* Lovewell.] here, would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as Mounſeer does at yours, my Lord, we ſhould be all life and mirth.

Lord Ogle. What ſay you, Cant. will you take my kinſman into your tuition? you have certainly the moſt companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Cant. But when your Lordſhip is out of ſpirits.

Lord Ogle. Well ſaid, Cant.!---but here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Well, Sir John, what news from the iſland of Love? have you been ſighing and ſerenading this morning?

Sir John. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip in ſuch ſpirits this morning.

Lord

Lord Ogle. I'm ſorry to ſee you ſo dull, Sir---What poor things, Mr. Sterling, theſe *very* young fellows are! they make love with faces, as if they were burying the dead---though, indeed, a marriage ſometimes may be properly called a burying of the living ---eh, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Not if they have enough to live upon, my Lord---Ha! ha! ha!

Cant. Dat is all Monſieur Sterling tink of.

Sir John. Prithee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have ſomething of conſequence for you, and I muſt communicate it directly. } *apart.*

Love. We'll go together---

If your Lordſhip and Mr. Sterling pleaſe, we'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden.

[*Exeunt Sir* John, *and* Lovewell.

Sterl. My girls are always ready, I make 'em riſe ſoon and to-bed early; their huſbands ſhall have 'em with good conſtitutions, and good fortunes, if they have nothing elſe, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Fine things, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. Fine things, indeed, my Lord!---Ah, my Lord, had not you run off your ſpeed in your youth, you had not been ſo crippled in your age, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Very pleaſant, I proteſt, he, he, he.— [*half laughing.*

Sterl. Here's Mounſeer now, I ſuppoſe, is pretty near your Lordſhip's ſtanding; but having little to eat, and little to ſpend, in his own country, he'll wear three of your Lordſhip out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord Ogle. Very pleaſant, I proteſt---What a vulgar dog! [*aſide.*

Cant. My Lor ſo old as me!---He is ſhicken to me---and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Sterl. Ha! ha! ha! Well ſaid, Mounſeer---keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world---Ha! ha! ha!---But, my Lord, I will wait upon you into the garden: we have but a little time to breakfaſt

faſt---I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my Lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter! [*Exit* Sterling.

Lord Ogle. I ſhall attend you with pleaſure---Hot rolls and butter, in July!---I ſweat with the thoughts of it---What a ſtrange beaſt it is!

Cant. C'eſt un barbare.

Lord Ogle. He is a vulgar dog, and if there was not ſo much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly---Come along, Monſieur!

[*Exeunt Lord* Ogelby *and* Canton.

Scene changes to the garden.

Enter Sir John Melvil, *and* Lovewell.

Lovew. In my room this morning? Impoſſible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promiſe you.

Lovew. On what occaſion?

Sir John. I was ſo anxious to diſcloſe my mind to you, that I could not ſleep in my bed---but I found that you could not ſleep neither---The bird was flown, and the neſt long ſince cold. --- Where was you, Lovewell?

Lovew. Pooh! prithee! ridiculous!

Sir John. Come now! which was it? Miſs Sterling's maid? a pretty little rogue!---or Miſs Fanny's Abigail? a ſweet ſoul too!---or---

Lovew. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your buſineſs.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell?

Lovew. Walking---writing---what ſignifies where I was?

Sir John. Walking! yes, I dare ſay. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet refreſhing ſhowers to walk in! No, no, Lovewell.---Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids——

Lovew. But your buſineſs! your buſineſs, Sir John!

Sir

Sir John. Let me a little into the ſecrets of the family.

Lovew. Pſha!

Sir John. Poor Lovewell, he can't bear it, I ſee. She charged you not to kiſs and tell.---Eh, Lovewell! However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to truſt you with mine.---What d'ye think of Miſs Sterling?

Lovew. What do I think of Miſs Sterling?

Sir John. Ay; what d'ye think of her?

Lovew. An odd queſtion!--- but I think her a ſmart, lively girl, full of mirth and ſprightlineſs.

Sir John. All miſchief and malice, I doubt.

Lovew. How?

Sir John. But her perſon---what d'ye think of that?

Lovew. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir John. A little griſette thing.

Lovew. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You muſt know, Lovewell, that notwithſtanding all appearances--- [*ſeeing Lord* Ogleby, *&c.*] We are interrupted---When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter Lord Ogleby, Sterling, *Mrs.* Heidelberg, *Miſs* Sterling, *and* Fanny.

Lord Ogle. Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The four ſeaſons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the baſin with Neptune in the middle, are all in the very extreme of fine taſte. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-Park Corner.

Sterl. The chief pleaſure of a country houſe is to make improvements, you know, my Lord. I ſpare no expence, not I.---This is quite another-gueſs ſort of a place than it was when I firſt took it, my Lord. We were ſurrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the houſe, and let in the wind and the ſun---ſmack-ſmooth---as you ſee.---Then I made a green-houſe out of the old laundry, and

and turned the brew-houſe into a pinery.---The high octagon ſummer-houſe, you ſee yonder, is raiſed on the maſt of a ſhip, given me by an Eaſt-India captain, who has turned many a thouſand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches and chariots, and chaiſes, paſs and repaſs under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my Lord. 'Tis the pleaſanteſt place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle,---and ſo you ſhall ſay, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Ay---or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling! for it looks like a cabin in the air.---If flying chairs were in uſe, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it ſtill, if he had but a fair wind.

Canton. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Heidel. My brother's a little comacal in his ideas, my Lord!---But you'll excuſe him.---I have a little gothick dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taſte. ---In the evening I ſhall hope for the honour of your Lordſhip's company to take a diſh of tea there, or a ſullabub warm from the cow.

Lord Ogle. I have every moment a freſh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg ---the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeneſs.

Mrs. Heidel. O my Lord!
Lord Ogle. O Madam! } *leering at each other.*

Sterl. How d'ye like theſe cloſe walks, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. A moſt excellent ſerpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot.

Sterl. Ay---here's none of your ſtrait lines here---but all taſte---zig-zag---crinkum-crankum---in and out---right and left---to and again---twiſting and turning like a worm, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly ſee an inch beyond one's noſe any where in theſe walks.---You are a moſt excellent œconomiſt of your land, and make a little go a great way.---It lies together in as ſmall parcels as if it was placed

placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch-Street.

Canton. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogle. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Canton. Ah! que cette ſimilitude eſt drole! So clever what you ſay, mi Lor!

Lord Ogle. [*to Fanny.*] You ſeem mightily engaged, Madam. What are thoſe pretty hands ſo buſily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a noſegay, my Lord!—Will your Lordſhip do me the honour of accepting it? [*preſenting it.*

Lord Ogle. I'll wear it next my heart, Madam!—I ſee the young creature doats on me! [*apart.*

Miſs Sterl. Lord, Siſter! you've loaded his Lordſhip with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurſe carry to town on Monday morning for a beaupot.—Will your Lordſhip give me leave to preſent you with this roſe and a ſprig of ſweet-briar?

Lord Ogle. The trueſt Emblems of yourſelf, Madam! all ſweetneſs and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor ſoul! [*apart.*

Sterl. Now, my Lord, if you pleaſe, I'll carry you to ſee my Ruins.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll abſolutely fatigue his Lordſhip with overwalking, Brother!

Lord Ogle. Not at all, Madam! We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual ſpring, youth, and beauty. [*leering at the women.*

Mrs. Heidel. Quite the man of qualaty, I perteſt. [*apart.*

Canton. Take a my arm, my Lor!

[*Lord* Ogleby *leans on him.*

Sterl. I'll only ſhew his Lordſhip my ruins, and the caſcade, and the Chineſe bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfaſt.

Lord Ogle. Ruins, did you ſay, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ruins, my Lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones too. You would think them ready to tumble

tumble on your head. It has juſt coſt me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair.—This way, if your Lordſhip pleaſes.

Lord Ogle. [*going, ſtops.*] What ſteeple's that we ſee yonder? the pariſh-church, I ſuppoſe.

Sterl. Ha! ha! ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my Lord! it is a ſpire that I have built againſt a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the proſpect. One muſt always have a church, or an obeliſk, or a ſomething, to terminate the proſpect, you know. That's a rule in taſte, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. Very ingenious, indeed! For my part, I deſire no finer proſpect, than this I ſee before me. [*leering at the women.*]—Simple, yet varied; bounded, yet extenſive.—Get away, Canton! [*puſhing away* Canton.] I want no aſſiſtance.—I'll walk with the ladies.

Sterl. This way, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. Lead on, Sir!—We young folks here will follow you.—Madam!—Miſs Sterling!—Miſs Fanny! I attend you.

[*Exit, after* Sterling, *gallanting the ladies.*

Canton. [*following.*] He is cock o'de game, ma foy! [*Exit.*

Manent Sir John Melvil, *and* Lovewell.

Sir John. At length, thank heaven, I have an opportunity to unboſom.—I know you are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myſelf you would rejoice to ſerve me.

Lovew. Be aſſured, you may depend on me.

Sir John. You muſt know then, notwithſtanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miſs Sterling and me will come to nothing.

Lovew. How!

Sir John. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Lovew. No match?

Sir John. No.

Lovew. You amaze me. What ſhould prevent it?

Sir John. I.

Lovew.

Lovew. You! wherefore?

Sir John. I don't like her.

Lovew. Very plain indeed! I never ſuppoſed that you was extremely devoted to her from inclination, but thought you always conſidered it as a matter of convenience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the family without any impreſſions on my mind—with an unimpaſſioned indifference ready to receive one woman as ſoon as another. I looked upon love, ſerious, ſober love, as a chimæra, and marriage as a thing of courſe, as you know moſt people do. But I, who was lately ſo great an infidel in love, am now one of its ſincereſt votaries.—In ſhort, my defection from Miſs Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Lovew. Another! So! ſo! here will be fine work. And pray who is ſhe?

Sir John. Who is ſhe! who can ſhe be? but Fanny, the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny.

Lovew. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling. Her ſiſter—Is not ſhe an angel, Lovewell?

Lovew. Her ſiſter? Confuſion!—You muſt not think of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it? I can think of nothing elſe. Nay, tell me, Lovewell! was it poſſible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourſe with two ſuch objects as Fanny and her ſiſter, and not find my heart led by inſenſible attraction towards her?—You ſeem confounded—Why don't you anſwer me?

Lovew. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me infinite concern.

Sir John. Why ſo?—Is not ſhe an angel, Lovewell?

Love. I foreſee that it muſt produce the worſt conſequences. Conſider the confuſion it muſt unavoidably create. Let me perſuade you to drop theſe thoughts in time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell!

Lovew. You have gone too far to recede. A negotiation, ſo nearly concluded, cannot be broken off with any grace. The lawyers, you know, are hourly expected; the preliminaries almoſt finally ſettled between Lord Ogleby and Mr. Sterling; and Miſs Sterling herſelf ready to receive you as a huſband.

Sir John. Why the banns have been publiſhed, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis true. But you know either of the parties may change their minds even after they enter the church.

Lovew. You think too lightly of this matter. To carry your addreſſes ſo far—and then to deſert her—and for her ſiſter too!—It will be ſuch an affront to the family, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think ſo: for as to my transferring my paſſion from her to her ſiſter, ſo much the better! for then, you know, I don't carry my affection out of the family.

Lovew. Nay, but prithee be ſerious, and think better of it.

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you ſee. Tell me honeſtly, Lovewell! Can you blame me? Is there any compariſon between them?

Lovew. As to that now—why that—is juſt—juſt as it may ſtrike different people. There are many admirers of Miſs Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheapſide pertneſs, and Whitechapel pride.—No—no, if I do go ſo far into the city for a wedding-dinner, it ſhall be upon turtle at leaſt.

Lovew. But I ſee no probability of ſucceſs; for granting that Mr. Sterling wou'd have conſented to it at firſt, he cannot liſten to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under ſuch embarraſſed circumſtances as I have been, can you wonder at my irreſolution or perplexity? Nothing but deſpair, the fear of loſing my dear Fanny, cou'd bring me to a declaration even

even now: and yet, I think, I know Mr. Sterling ſo well, that, ſtrange as my propoſal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money-tranſaction, as I am ſure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Lovew. But even ſuppoſe he ſhould, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herſelf wou'd liſten to your addreſſes.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Lovew. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have ſome little reaſon to think otherwiſe.

Lovew. You have not declared your paſſion to her already?

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Lovew. Indeed!—And—and—and how did ſhe receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very eaſy for me to make my addreſſes to any woman, without receiving ſome little encouragement.

Lovew. Encouragement! did ſhe give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but ſhe bluſhed—and cried—and deſired me not to think of it any more:—upon which I preſt her hand—kiſſed it—ſwore ſhe was an angel—and I cou'd ſee it tickled her to the ſoul.

Lovew. And did ſhe expreſs no ſurprize at your declaration?

Sir John. Why, faith, to ſay the truth, ſhe was a little ſurprized—and ſhe got away from me too, before I cou'd thoroughly explain myſelf. If I ſhould not meet with an opportunity of ſpeaking to her, I muſt get you to deliver a letter from me.

Lovew. I!---a letter!---I had rather have nothing---

Sir John. Nay, you promiſed me your aſſiſtance---and I am ſure you cannot ſcruple to make yourſelf uſeful on ſuch an occaſion.---You may, without ſuſ-

picion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am reſolved to aſk her father's conſent.

Lovew. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if ſhe—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir John. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there ſhe goes, by heaven! along that walk yonder, d'ye ſee? I'll go to her immediately.

Lovew. You are too precipitate. Conſider what you are doing.

Sir John. I wou'd not loſe this opportunity for the univerſe.

Lovew. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerneſs may overcome her ſpirits.—The ſhock will be too much for her. [*detaining him.*

Sir John. Nothing ſhall prevent me.—Ha! now ſhe turns into another walk.—Let me go! [*breaks from him.*] I ſhall loſe her.—[*going, turns back.*] Be ſure now to keep out of the way! If you interrupt us, I ſhall never forgive you. [*Exit haſtily.*

Lovewell *alone.*

'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his paſſion for her! make his addreſſes before my face!—I ſhall break out before my time.—This was the meaning of Fanny's uneaſineſs. She could not encourage him.—I am ſure ſhe could not.—Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?—Leave him to ſolicit my wife! I can't ſubmit to it.—They come nearer and nearer—If I ſtay, it will look ſuſpicious—It may betray us, and incenſe him—They are here—I muſt go—I am the moſt unfortunate fellow in the world. [*Exit.*

Enter Fanny, *and Sir* John.

Fanny. Leave me, Sir John, I beſeech you leave me!—nay, why will you perſiſt to follow me with idle

idle ſolicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour?

Sir John. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it: but let the urgency of the occaſion be my excuſe! Conſider, Madam, that the future happineſs of my life depends on my preſent application to you! conſider that this day muſt determine my fate; and theſe are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my paſſion, and to intreat you not to oppoſe the propoſals I mean to open to your father.

Fanny. For ſhame, for ſhame, Sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own ſituation, and think of mine!—What have you diſcovered in my conduct that might encourage you to ſo bold a declaration? I am ſhocked that you ſhould venture to ſay ſo much, and bluſh that I ſhould even dare to give it a hearing.—Let me be gone!

Sir John. Nay, ſtay, Madam! but one moment—Your ſenſibility is too great.—Engagements! what engagements have even been pretended on either ſide than thoſe of family-convenience? I went on in the trammels of matrimonial negotiation with a blind ſubmiſſion to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart ſoon claimed a right to be conſulted. It has devoted itſelf to you, and obliges me to plead earneſtly for the ſame tender intereſt in yours.

Fanny. Have a care, Sir John! do not miſtake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By theſe common pretences of the heart, half of our ſex are made fools, and a greater part of yours deſpiſe them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it ſhould fix—But when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.—When I laſt urged you on this ſubject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with ſome compaſſion.

Fanny. You deceived yourſelf. If I forbore to exert a proper ſpirit, nay if I did not even expreſs the quickeſt reſentment of your behaviour, it was only in conſideration of that reſpect I wiſh to pay you, in honour to my ſiſter: and be aſſured, Sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleaſure from a triumph, that muſt reſult from the blackeſt treachery to her. [*going.*

Sir John. One word, and I have done. [*ſtopping her.*]—Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occaſion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with you.—I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your juſtice.—Your ſiſter, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderneſs for you.—Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.—Now as they cannot, ſhall not be connected, otherwiſe than by my union with you, why will you, from a falſe delicacy, oppoſe a meaſure ſo conducive to my happineſs, and, I hope, your own?—I love you, moſt paſſionately and ſincerely love you—and hope to propoſe terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling.—If then you don't abſolutely loath, abhor, and ſcorn me—if there is no other happier man——

Fanny. Hear me, Sir, hear my final determination—Were my father and ſiſter as inſenſible as you are pleaſed to repreſent them;—were my heart for ever to remain diſengaged to any other—I could not liſten to your propoſals—What! You on the very eve of a marriage with my ſiſter; I living under the ſame roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendſhip and hoſpitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happineſs,—and not to conſpire againſt her peace—the peace of a whole family—and that my own too!—Away! away, Sir John!—At ſuch a time, and in ſuch circumſtances, your addreſſes only inſpire me with horror.---Nay, you muſt detain me no longer.---I will go.

Sir

Sir John. Do not leave me in abſolute deſpair!---Give me a glimpſe of hope! [*falling on his knees.*

Fanny. I cannot. Pray, Sir John! [*ſtruggling to go.*

Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another? [*kiſſing her hand.*] No---I cannot endure it.---My whole ſoul is yours, and the whole happineſs of my life is in your power.

Enter Miſs Sterling.

Fanny. Ha! my ſiſter is here. Riſe for ſhame, Sir John!

Sir John. Miſs Sterling! [*riſing.*

Miſs Sterl. I beg pardon, Sir!---You'll excuſe me, Madam!---I have broke in upon you a little unopportunely, I believe---But I did not mean to interrupt you---I only came, Sir, to let you know that breakfaſt waits, if you have finiſhed your morning's devotions.

Sir John. I am very ſenſible, Miſs Sterling, that this may appear particular, but——

Miſs Sterl. O dear, Sir John, don't put yourſelf to the trouble of an apology. The thing explains itſelf.

Sir John. It will ſoon, Madam!---In the mean time, I can only aſſure you of my profound reſpect and eſteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions. And---and---your humble ſervant, Madam! [*Exit in confuſion.*

Manent Fanny, *and Miſs* Sterling.

Miſs Sterl. Reſpect?---Inſolence!---Eſteem?---Very fine truly!---And you, Madam! my ſweet, delicate, innocent, ſentimental ſiſter! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fanny. Do not upbraid me, my dear ſiſter! Indeed, I don't deſerve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am ſure it cannot make you half ſo miſerable.

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Miſs Sterl. Make me miſerable! You are mightily deceived, Madam! It gives me no ſort of uneaſineſs, I aſſure you.---A baſe fellow!---As for you, Miſs! the pretended ſoftneſs of your diſpoſition, your artful good-nature, never impoſed upon me. I always knew you to be ſly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fanny. Indeed you wrong me.

Miſs Sterl. Oh, you are all goodneſs, to be ſure! ---Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I ſee him kiſs your ſweet hand? Did not I hear his proteſtations? Was not I witneſs of your diſſembled modeſty?---No---no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder ſiſter ſo eaſily.

Fanny. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the leaſt injury.

Miſs. Sterl. We ſhall try that, Madam!---I hope, Miſs, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt---for they ſhall both know of this matter, I promiſe you. [*Exit.*

Fanny *alone.*

How unhappy I am! my diſtreſſes multiply upon me.---Mr. Lovewell muſt now become acquainted with Sir John's behaviour to me, and in a manner that may add to his uneaſineſs.---My father, inſtead of being diſpoſed by fortunate circumſtances to forgive any tranſgreſſion, will be previouſly incenſed againſt me. My ſiſter and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my diſgrace. ---Yet, on all events, I am determined on a diſcovery. I dread it, and am reſolved to haſten it. It is ſurrounded with more horrors every inſtant, as it appears every inſtant more neceſſary. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall.

Enter a ſervant leading in Serjeant Flower, *and Counſellors* Traverſe *and* Trueman---*all booted.*

Servant. THIS way, if you pleaſe, gentlemen! my maſter is at breakfaſt with the family at preſent---but I'll let him know, and he will wait on you immediately.

Flower. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Servant. Pleaſe to favour me with your names.

Flower. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Serjeant Flower, and two other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on him according to his appointment.

Servant. I will, Sir. [*going.*

Flower. And harkee, young man! [*ſervant returns.*] Deſire my ſervant---Mr. Serjeant Flower's ſervant---to bring in my green and gold ſaddle-cloth and piſtols, and lay them down here in the hall with my portmanteau.

Servant. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Manent Lawyers.

Flower. Well, gentlemen! the ſettling theſe marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almoſt juſt on the eve of the circuits.---Let me ſee---the Home, the Midland, and Weſtern,---ay, we can all croſs the country well enough to our ſeveral deſtinations.---Traverſe, when do you begin at Hertford?

Traverſe. The day after to-morrow.

Flower. That is a commiſſion-day with us at Warwick too.---But my clerk has retainers for every cauſe in the paper, ſo it will be time enough if I am there the next morning.---Beſides, I have about half a dozen caſes that have lain by me ever ſince the ſpring aſſizes, and I muſt tack opinions to them

before I ſee my country clients again—ſo I will take the evening before me—and then *currente calamo*, as I ſay---eh, Traverſe!

Traverſe. True, Mr. Serjeant — and the eaſieſt thing in the world too—for thoſe country attornies are ſuch ignorant dogs, that in caſe of the deviſe of an eſtate to A. and his heirs for ever, they'll make a query, whether he takes in fee or in tail.

Flower. Do you expect to have much to do on the Home circuit theſe aſſizes?

Traverſe. Not much *niſi prius* buſineſs, but a good deal on the crown ſide, I believe.—The gaols are brimfull—and ſome of the felons in good circumſtances, and likely to be tolerable clients.—Let me ſee! I am engaged for three highway robberies, two murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingſton.

Flower. A pretty decent gaol-delivery!—Do you expect to bring off Darkin, for the robbery on Putney-Common? Can you make out your *alibi?*

Traverſe. Oh no! the crown witneſſes are ſure to prove our identity. We ſhall certainly be hanged: but that don't ſignify.—But, Mr. Serjeant, have you much to do?—any remarkable cauſe on the Midland this circuit?

Flower. Nothing very remarkable,—except two rapes, and Rider and Weſtern at Nottingham, for *crim. con.*—but, on the whole, I believe a good deal of buſineſs.---Our aſſociate tells me, there are above thirty *venires* for Warwick.

Traverſe. Pray, Mr. Serjeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas at Lincoln?

Flower. I am—for the plaintiff.

Traverſe. And what do you think on't?

Flower. A nonſuit.

Traverſe. I thought ſo.

Flower. Oh, no manner of doubt on't—*luce clarius*,—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Tra-

Traverſe. What's that?

Flower. Why, my Lord Chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commiſſion, the cauſe will come on before him.

Trueman. Ay, that may do, indeed, if you can but throw duſt in the eyes of the defendant's counſel.

Flower. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair? [*to* Trueman.

Trueman. I am, Sir—I have the honour to be related to his Lordſhip, and hold ſome courts for him in Somerſetſhire—go the Weſtern circuit—and attend the ſeſſions at Exeter, merely becauſe his Lordſhip's intereſt and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flower. Ha!—and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

Trueman. About nine years and three quarters.

Flower. Ha!—I don't know that I ever had the pleaſure of ſeeing you before.—I wiſh you ſucceſs, young gentleman!

Enter Sterling.

Sterl. Oh, Mr. Serjeant Flower, I am glad to ſee you—Your ſervant, Mr. Serjeant! gentlemen, your ſervant!—Well, are all matters concluded? Has that ſnail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret of Gray's Inn, ſettled the articles at laſt? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold? tight and ſtrong?—Eh, maſter Serjeant?

Flower. My friend Ferret's ſlow and ſure, Sir—But then, *ſerius aut citius*, we ſay,—ſooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is ſure to put his buſineſs out of hand as he ſhould do.—My clerk has brought the writings, and all other inſtruments along with him, and the ſettlement is, I believe, as good a ſettlement as any ſettlement on the face of the earth!

Sterl. But that damn'd mortgage of 60,000 *l.*—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Tra-

Traverſe. I can anſwer for that, Sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the firſt part of Miſs Sterling's portion.—You agree, on your part, to come down with 80,000*l.*—

Sterl. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow if he pleaſes—he ſhall have it in India bonds, or notes, or how he chuſes.—Your lords, and your dukes, and your people at the court-end of the town ſtick at payments ſometimes—debts unpaid, no credit loſt with them—but no fear of us ſubſtantial fellows—eh, Mr. Serjeant!—

Flower. Sir John having laſt term, according to agreement, levied a fine, and ſuffered a recovery, has thereby cut off the entail of the Ogleby eſtate for the better effecting the purpoſes of the preſent intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby eſtate, a jointure of 2000*l. per ann.* is ſecured to your eldeſt daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, ſpinſter, and the whole eſtate, after the death of the aforeſaid Earl, deſcends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil, on the body of the aforeſaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Traverſe. Very true—and Sir John is to be put immediate poſſeſſion of as much of his Lordſhip's Somerſetſhire eſtate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three thouſand *per ann.* and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further ſum of ſeventy thouſand——

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Sterl. Ah, Sir John! Here we are—hard at it—paving the road to matrimony—Firſt the lawyers, then comes the doctor—Let us but diſpatch the long-robe, we ſhall ſoon get pudding-ſleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir John. I am ſorry to interrupt you, Sir—but I hope that both you and theſe gentlemen will excuſe me—having ſomething very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg

beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Sterl. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Serjeant, you'll excuſe it—Buſineſs muſt be done, you know.—The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flower. I muſt be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Sterl. Nay, nay, I ſhan't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promiſe you.—My houſe is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your ſervants, and ſtabling for all your horſes.—Will you take a turn in the garden, and view ſome of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuſe yourſelves on the green with a game of bowls and a cool tankard?—My ſervants ſhall attend you—Do you chuſe any other refreſhment?—Call for what you pleaſe;—do as you pleaſe;—make yourſelves quite at home, I beg of you.—Here,—Thomas! Harry! William! wait on theſe gentlemen!—[*follows the lawyers out, bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John.*] And now, Sir, I am entirely at your ſervice.—What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negotiation between our families to ſo great a length, after having aſſented ſo readily to all your propoſals, as well as received ſo many inſtances of your chearful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cauſe of any uneaſineſs.

Sterl. Uneaſineſs! what uneaſineſs!—Where buſineſs is tranſacted as it ought to be, and the parties underſtand one another, there can be no uneaſineſs. You agree, on ſuch and ſuch conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the ſame conditions I agree to receive you as a ſon-in-law; and as to all the reſt, it follows of courſe, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir

Sir John. Pardon me, Sir; more uneaſineſs has ariſen than you are aware of. I am myſelf, at this inſtant, in a ſtate of inexpreſſible embarraſſment; Miſs Sterling, I know, is extremely diſconcerted too; and unleſs you will oblige me with the aſſiſtance of your friendſhip, I foreſee the ſpeedy progreſs of diſcontent and animoſity through the whole family.

Sterl. What the deuce is all this? I don't underſtand a ſingle ſyllable.

Sir John. In one word then—it will be abſolutely impoſſible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miſs Sterling.

Sterl. How, Sir John! Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuſe to—

Sir John. Be aſſured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront, nor forſake your family.—My only fear is, that you ſhould deſert me; for the whole happineſs of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the neareſt and tendereſt ties in the world.

Sterl. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was abſolutely impoſſible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir John. True.—But you have another daughter, Sir——

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Who has obtained the moſt abſolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my paſſion to her; nay, Miſs Sterling herſelf is alſo apprized of it, and if you will but give a ſanction to my preſent addreſſes, the uncommon merit of Miſs Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a perſon of equal, if not ſuperior rank to myſelf, and our families may ſtill be allied by my union with Miſs Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughter, like ſervants at a ſtatute-fair? Do you think that I will ſuffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my houſe, like the

Grand

Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief firſt to one, and then to t'other, juſt as he pleaſes? Do you think I drive a kind of African ſlave-trade with them? and——

Sir John. A moment's patience, Sir! Nothing but the exceſs of my paſſion for Miſs Fanny ſhou'd have induced me to take any ſtep that had the leaſt appearance of any diſreſpect to any part of your family; and even now I am deſirous to atone for my tranſgreſſion, by making the moſt adequate compenſation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compenſation! what compenſation can you poſſibly make in ſuch a caſe as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of ſenſe, a man of buſineſs, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you ſhall ſee that I don't deſire a change of meaſures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconſtancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I'll tell you, Sir.—You know that by the articles at preſent ſubſiſting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miſs Sterling, you agree to pay down the groſs ſum of eighty thouſand pounds.

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but conſent to my waving that marriage——

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impoſſible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, Sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thouſand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thouſand, d'ye ſay?

Sir John. Yes, Sir; and accept of Miſs Fanny with fifty thouſand, inſtead of fourſcore.

Sterl. Fifty thouſand— [*pauſing.*

Sir John. Inſtead of fourſcore.

Sterl.

Sterl. Why,—why,—there may be ſomething in that.—Let me ſee; Fanny with fifty thouſand inſtead of Betſey with fourſcore—But how can this be, Sir John?—For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe—between you and me, Sir John,—is not overſtocked with ready money at preſent; and threeſcore thouſand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the preſent incumbrances on the eſtate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is eaſily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thouſand, which would remain as a ſurplus of the fourſcore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his Lordſhip for my uſe, that we might ſet off with ſome little *eclat* on our marriage; and the other ten for his own.—Ten thouſand pounds, therefore, I ſhall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thouſand, you ſhall have a mortgage on that part of the eſtate which is to be made over to me, with whatever ſecurity you ſhall require for the regular payment of the intereſt, till the principal is duly diſcharged.

Sterl. Why—to do you juſtice, Sir John, there is ſomething fair and open in your propoſal; and ſince I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family——

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling.—And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—ſuch things happen every day—and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiſer, if we have but diſcretion enough to keep our own counſel.

Sterl. True, true; and ſince you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring ſo much ſtock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing.

Sterl. Odſo! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our hoſt here. There is another difficulty—

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Sterl. I can't ſtir a ſtep in this buſineſs without conſulting my ſiſter Heidelberg.—The family has very great expectations from her, and we muſt not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this meaſure, ſurely ſhe will be ſo kind as to conſent—

Sterl. I don't know that—Betſey is her darling, and I can't tell how far ſhe may reſent any ſlight that ſeems to be offered to her favourite niece.—However, I'll do the beſt I can for you.—You ſhall go and break the matter to her firſt, and by that time that I may ſuppoſe that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to liſten to reaſon, I will ſtep in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately: you promiſe me your aſſiſtance?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thouſand thanks for it! and now ſucceſs attend me! [*going.*

Sterl. Harkee, Sir John!

Sir John *returns.*

Sterl. Not a word of the thirty thouſand to my ſiſter, Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir, [*going.*

Sterl. You remember it is thirty thouſand.

Sir John. To be ſure I do.

Sterl. But Sir John!—one thing more. [*Sir* John *returns.*] My Lord muſt know nothing of this ſtroke of friendſhip between us.

Sir John. Not for the world.—Let me alone! let me alone! [*offering to go.*

Sterl. [*holding him.*]—And when every thing is agreed, we muſt give each other a bond to be held faſt to the bargain.

Sir John. To be ſure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you pleaſe. [*Exit haſtily.*

Sterling

Sterling *alone.*

I ſhould have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a play-thing one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the ſtocks.—Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the intereſt of the nation, truly!—Here does this whirligig man of faſhion offer to give up thirty thouſand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china-orange.—By this mortgage, I ſhall have a hold on his *Terra-firma*, and if he wants more money, as he certainly will,—let him have children by my daughter or no, I ſhall have his whole eſtate in a net for the benefit of my family.—Well; thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove perſons of faſhion; and thus it is, that perſons of faſhion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another apartment.*

Enter Mrs. Heidelberg, *and Miſs* Sterling.

Miſs Sterl. This is your gentle-looking, ſoft-ſpeaking, ſweet-ſmiling, affable Miſs Fanny for you!

Mrs. Heidel. My Miſs Fanny! I diſclaim her. With all her arts ſhe never could inſinuate herſelf into my good graces—and yet ſhe has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miſs Sterl. O ay; ſhe wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and ſimplicity.

Mrs. Heidel. Juſt as I was drawn at Amſterdam, when I went over to viſit my huſband's relations.

Miſs Sterl. And then ſhe's ſo mighty good to ſervants—*pray, John, do this—pray, Tom, do that—thank you,*

you, Jenny—and then ſo humble to her relations—*to be ſure, Papa!—as my Aunt pleaſes—my Siſter knows beſt*—But with all her demureneſs and humility ſhe has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it ſeems, nor to any wickedneſs that can make her ſo.

Mrs. Heidel. She Lady Melville? Compoſe yourſelf, niece! I'll ladyſhip her indeed:—a little creppin, cantin—She ſhan't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correſpond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't ſee a concatunation here.

Miſs Sterl. There I was deceived, Madam. I took all their whiſperings and ſtealing into corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own inſipid happineſs, but to conſpire againſt mine.—But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's reſentment to me. I could not ſtoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and ſo I have loſt his intereſt.

Mrs. Heidel. My ſpurrit to a T.—my dear child! [*kiſſing her.*]—Mr. Heidelberg loſt his election for member of parliament, becauſe I would not demean myſelf to be ſlobbered about by drunken ſhoemakers, beaſtly cheeſemongers, and greaſy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help diſfurring a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and ſagucity makes me ſtill ſuſpect, that there is ſomething more between her and that Lovewell, notwithſtanding this affair of Sir John.—I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfaſt.—Sir John, I obſerved, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had paſſed in the garden. You ſeemed to ſit upon thorns too: But Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another-gueſs ſort of a figur; and were as perfect a pictur of two diſtreſt lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo.—As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miſs Sterl. Matter of fact, Madam? Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? Was not Sir John kneeling at her feet, and kiſſing her hands? Did not he look all love, and ſhe all confuſion? Is not that matter of fact? And did not Sir John, the moment that Papa was called out of the room to the lawyer-men, get up from breakfaſt, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you that by this time he has made propoſals to him to marry my ſiſter—Oh, that ſome other perſon, an earl, or a duke, would make his addreſſes to me, that I might be revenged on this monſter!

Mrs. Heidel. Be cool, child! you *ſhall* be Lady Melvil, in ſpite of all their caballins, if it coſts me ten thouſand pounds to turn the ſcale. Sir John may apply to my brother, indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miſs Sterl. As I live, Madam, yonder comes Sir John. A baſe man! I can't endure the ſight of him. I'll leave the room this inſtant. [*diſordered.*

Mrs. Heidel. Poor thing! Well, retire to your own chamber, child; I'll give it him, I warrant you; and by and by I'll come and let you know all that has paſt between us.

Miſs Sterl. Pray do, Madam!—[*looking back.*]—A vile wretch! [*Exit in a rage.*

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Sir John. Your moſt obedient humble ſervant, Madam! [*bowing very reſpectfully.*

Mrs. Heidel. Your ſervant, Sir John!

[*dropping a half-curtſey, and pouting.*

Sir John. Miſs Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the viſible coolneſs of your behaviour to me, Madam, convince me that ſhe has acquainted you with what paſt this morning.

Mrs. Heidel. I am very ſorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that ſhould induce me to change the opinion, which I could always wiſh to entertain of a perſon of qualaty. [*pouting.*

Sir

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the beſt opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when ſhe comes to weigh all circumſtances, I flatter myſelf—

Mrs. Heidel. You *do* flatter yourſelf, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John.—And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to Miſs Betty Sterling, as an affront to myſelf, Sir John. [*warmly.*

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, Madam! but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, however ill-founded, I hope your diſcernment and good ſenſe will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil ſo ſtrictly as I ought; and that you will excuſe the change in my inclinations, ſince the new object, as well as the firſt, has the honour of being your niece, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. I diſclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miſs Sterling diſclaims her as a ſiſter, and the whole fammaly muſt diſclaim her, for her monſtrous baſeneſs and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed ſhe has been guilty of none, Madam. Her hand and heart are, I am ſure, entirely at the diſpoſal of yourſelf, and Mr. Sterling.

Enter Sterling *behind.*

And if you ſhould not oppoſe my inclinations, I am ſure of Mr. Sterling's conſent, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. Indeed!

Sir John. Quite certain, Madam.

Sterl. [*behind.*] So! they ſeem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. Heidel. To marry Fanny?

[Sterling *advances by degrees.*

Sir John. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother has given his conſent, you ſay?

Sir John. In the moſt ample manner, with no other reſtriction than the failure of your concurrence, Madam.—[*ſees* Sterling.]—Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. Heidel. What! have you conſented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Sterl. Give her up! no, not give her up, ſiſter; only in caſe that you—Zounds, I am afraid you have ſaid too much, Sir John. [*apart to Sir* John.

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, yes. I ſee now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin againſt her.—Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. No, I warrant you. I thought ſo.—And ſo his Lordſhip and myſelf truly, are not to be conſulted 'till the laſt.

Sterl. What! did not you conſult my Lord? Oh, fie for ſhame, Sir John!

Sir John. Nay, but Mr. Sterling—

Mrs. Heidel. We, who are the perſons of moſt conſequence and experunce in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, 'till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his Lordſhip, I am ſure, will have more generoſaty than to countenance ſuch a perceding.—And I could not have expected ſuch behaviour from a perſon of your quallaty, Sir John—And as for you, brother—

Sterl. Nay, nay, but hear me, ſiſter!

Mrs. Heidel. I am perfectly aſhamed of you—Have you no ſpurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to conſent—

Sterl. Conſent?—I conſent?—As I hope for mercy, I never gave my conſent. Did I conſent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not abſolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's concurrence. But in caſe of her approbation—

Sterl.

Sterl. Ay, I grant you, if my ſiſter approved—But that's quite another thing, you know—

[*to Mrs.* Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. Your ſiſter approve, indeed!—I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling!—What! approve of having your eldeſt daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger?—I am ſurprized how you could liſten to ſuch a ſcandalus propoſal.

Sterl. I tell you, I never did liſten to it.—Did not I ſay that I would be governed entirely by my ſiſter, Sir John!—And unleſs ſhe agreed to your marrying Fanny—

Mrs. Heidel. I agree to his marrying Fanny? abominable! The man is abſolutely out of his ſenſes.—Can't that wiſe head of yours foreſee the conſequence of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortin!—No.—After you have ſettled the largeſt part of your property on your youngeſt daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldeſt? No.—Does not this overturn the whole ſyſtum of the fammaly? Yes, yes, yes. You know I was always for my niece Betſey's marrying a perſon of the very firſt quallaty. That was my maxum. And, therefore, much the largeſt ſettlement was of courſe to be made upon her.—As for Fanny, if ſhe could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thouſand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common-council-man for a huſband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match ſhould offer itſelf, why ſhould not it be accepted, Madam?

Mrs. Heidel. What at the expence of her elder ſiſter! O fie, Sir John! How could you bear to hear of ſuch an indignaty, brother Sterling!

Sterl. I! Nay, I ſhan't hear of it I promiſe you.—I can't hear of it indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. Heidel. But you *have* heard of it, brother Sterling. You know you have; and ſent Sir John

to propoſe it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I ſhan't forſake my niece, I aſſure you. Ah! if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg and our ſweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved ſo.

Sterl. Did I, Sir John? nay ſpeak!---Bring me off, or we are ruined. [*apart to Sir* John.

Sir John. Why to be ſure, to ſpeak the truth---

Mrs. Heidel. To ſpeak the truth, I'm aſhamed of you both. But have a care what you are about, brother! have a care, I ſay. The counſellors are in the houſe, I hear; and if every thing is not ſettled to my liking, I'll have nothing more to ſay to you, if I live theſe hundred years---I'll go over to Holland, and ſettle with Mr. Vanderſpracken, my poor huſband's firſt couſin, and my own ſammaly ſhall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promiſe you. [*Exit.*

Manent Sir John *and* Sterling.

Sterl. I thought ſo. I knew ſhe never would agree to it.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! What can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Nothing.

Sir John. What muſt our agreement break off, the moment it is made then?

Sterl. It can't be helped, Sir John. The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my ſiſter; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourſelf that ſhe threatens to leave us.---My brother Heidelberg was a warm man; a very warm man; and died worth a Plumb at leaſt; a Plumb! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a Plumb and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I---

Sterl. And then, my ſiſter has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents. and old South-Sea annuities, beſides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds.---The greateſt

greateſt part of all this ſhe means to leave to our family.

Sir John. I can only ſay, Sir---

Sterl. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thouſand, was very fair and handſome, to be ſure, Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, but I am even willing to---

Sterl. Ay, but if I was to accept it againſt her will, I might loſe above a hundred thouſand; ſo you ſee the balance is againſt you, Sir John.

Sir John. But is there no way, do you think, of prevailing on Mrs. Heidelberg to grant her conſent?

Sterl. I am afraid not.---However, when her paſſion is a little abated---for ſhe's very paſſionate---you may try what can be done: but you muſt not uſe my name any more, Sir John.

Sir John. Suppoſe I was to prevail on Lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Sterl. I think he would be more likely to perſuade her to it than any other perſon in the family. She has a great reſpect for Lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir John. I'll apply to him this very day.---And if he ſhould prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendſhip, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ay, I ſhall be glad to oblige you, when it is in my power; but as the account ſtands now, you ſee it is not upon the figures. And ſo your ſervant, Sir John. [*Exit.*

Sir John Melvil *alone.*

What a ſituation am I in!---Breaking off with her whom I was bound by treaty to marry; rejected by the object of my affections; and embroiled with this turbulent woman, who governs the whole family.---And yet oppoſition, inſtead of ſmothering, increaſes my inclination. I muſt have her. I'll apply immediately to Lord Ogleby; and if he can but bring

over the aunt to our party, her influence will overcome the ſcruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny, and I ſhall be the happieſt of mankind. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room.

Enter Sterling, *Mrs.* Heidelberg, *and Miſs* Sterling.

Sterl. WHAT! will you ſend Fanny to town, ſiſter?

Mrs. Heidel. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Sterl. Indeed?

Mrs. Heidel. Poſatively.

Sterl. But conſider, ſiſte., at ſuch a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. Heidel. Not half ſo odd as her behaviour, brother.---This time was intended for happineſs, and I'll keep no incendaries here to deſtroy it. I inſiſt on her going off to-morrow morning.

Sterl. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betſey.

Miſs Sterl. No, indeed, Papa. My aunt knows that it is not.---For all Fanny's baſeneſs to me, I am ſure I would not do, or ſay any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt for the world.

Mrs. Heidel. Hold your tongue, Betſey!---I will have my way.---When ſhe is packed off, every thing will go on as it ſhould do.---Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them ſee that we can act with vigur on our part; and the ſending her out of the way ſhall be the purlimunary ſtep to all the reſt of my perceedings.

Sterl. Well, but ſiſter---

Mrs. Heidel. It does not ſignify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm reſolved to be rid of her, and I will.

---Come

---Come along, child! [*to Miſs* Sterling.]---The poſt-ſhay ſhall be at the door by ſix o'clock in the morning; and if Miſs Fanny does not get into it, why I will, and ſo there's an end of the matter.

[*bounces out with Miſs* Sterling.

Mrs. Heidelberg *returns.*

Mrs. Heidel. One word more, brother Sterling!---I expect that you will take your eldeſt daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby of Sir John Melvil's behaviour.---Do this, brother; ſhew a proper regard for the honour of your fammaly yourſelf, and I ſhall throw in my mite to the raiſing of it. If not---but now you know my mind. So act as you pleaſe, and take the conſequences. [*Exit.*

Sterling *alone.*

The devil's in the woman for tyranny-----mothers, wives, miſtreſſes, or ſiſters, they always will govern us.—As to my ſiſter Heidelberg, ſhe knows the ſtrength of her purſe, and domineers upon the credit of it.—" I will do this"—and " you ſhall do that" —and " you ſhall do t'other, or elſe the fammaly ſha'n't have a farden of"—[*mimicking.*]—So abſolute with her money!—but to ſay the truth, nothing but money *can* make us abſolute, and ſo we muſt e'en make the beſt of her.

SCENE *changes to the garden.*

Enter Lord Ogleby, *and* Canton.

Lord Ogle. What! Mademoiſelle Fanny to be ſent away!—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Cant. Je ne ſcais pas.—I know noting of it.

Lord Ogle. It can't be; it ſha'n't be. I proteſt againſt the meaſure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the reſt of the family were annihilated than

than that ſhe ſhould leave us.—Her vulgar father, that's the very abſtract of 'Change-Alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert ſiſter, for ever ſhewing that ſhe is one, are horrid company indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! ſhe's the thing. Is n't ſhe, Cant.?

Cant. Dere is very good ſympatie entre vous, and dat young lady, mi Lor.

Lord Ogle. I'll not be left among theſe Goths and Vandals, your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if ſhe goes, I'll poſitively go too.

Cant. In de ſame poſt-chay, my Lor? You have no object to dat I believe, nor Mademoiſelle neider too—ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogle. Prithee hold thy fooliſh tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiſs ſtupidity imagine that I can ſee and talk with a fine girl without deſires?—My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl—

Cant. As de fine girl to you, my Lor, ha! ha! ha! you alway fly togedre like un pair de pigeons.—

Lord Ogle. Like un pair de pigeons—[*mocks him.*]—Vous etes un ſot, Monſ. Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never ſeeſt me *badiner*, but you ſuſpect miſchief, you old fool, you.

Cant. I am fool, I confeſs, but not always fool in dat, my Lor, he! he! he!

Lord Ogle. He! he! he!---Thou art incorrigible, but thy abſurdities amuſe one.---Thou art like my rappee here, [*takes out his box.*] a moſt ridiculous ſuperfluity, but a pinch of thee now and then is a more delicious treat.

Cant. You do me great honeur, mi Lor.

Lord Ogle. 'Tis fact, upon my ſoul.---Thou art properly my cephalic ſnuff, and art no bad medicine againſt megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking---ha! ha! ha!

Cant.

Cant. Your flatterie, my Lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord Ogle. The girl has ſome little partiality for me, to be ſure: but prithee, Cant. is not that Miſs Fanny yonder?

Cant. [*Looking with a glaſs.*] En verité, 'tis ſhe, my Lor --- 'tis one of de pigeons, --- de pigeons d'amour.

Lord Ogle. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey. [*ſmiling.*

Cant. I am monkeè, I am ole, but I have eye, I have ear, and a little underſtand, now and den.---

Lord Ogle. Taiſez vous bête!

Cant. Elle vous attend, my Lor.---She vil make a love to you.

Lord Ogle. Will ſhe? Have at her then! A fine girl can't oblige me more.---Egad, I find myſelf a little enjoué---come along, Cant.! ſhe is but in the next walk---but there is ſuch a deal of this damned crinkum-crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one ſees people for half an hour before one can get to them---Allons, Monſ. Canton, allons donc!

[*Exeunt ſinging in French.*

Another part of the garden.

Lovewell, *and* Fanny.

Lovew. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your diſtreſs! it overcomes all my reſolutions, and I am prepared for the diſcovery.

Fanny. But how can it be effected before my departure?

Lovew. I'll tell you.---Lord Ogleby ſeems to entertain a viſible partiality for you; and notwithſtanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am ſure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an exceſs; but withall extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himſelf to a lady.---Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irreſiſtible perſuaſion from

from you than from myſelf; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendſhip and protection at once.---His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's ſolicitations, remove your aunt's and ſiſter's unkindneſs and ſuſpicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fanny. Heaven grant it! Where is my Lord?

Lovew. I have heard him and Canton ſince dinner ſinging French ſongs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may diſcloſe the whole immediately.

Fanny. Dreadful as the taſk is, I'll do it.---Any thing is better than this continual anxiety.

Lovew. By that time the diſcovery is made, I will appear to ſecond you.---Ha! here comes my Lord.---Now, my dear Fanny, ſummon up all your ſpirits, plead our cauſe powerfully, and be ſure of ſucceſs.---

[*going.*

Fanny. Ah, don't leave me!

Lovew. Nay, you muſt let me.

Fanny. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll obey you, if I have the power. Oh, Lovewell!

Lovew. Conſider, our ſituation is very critical. To-morrow morning is fixt for your departure, and if we loſe this opportunity, we may wiſh in vain for another.---He approaches---I muſt retire.---Speak, my dear Fanny, ſpeak, and make us happy!

[*Exit.*

Fanny *alone.*

Good heaven, what a ſituation am I in! what ſhall I do? what ſhall I ſay to him? I am all confuſion.

Enter Lord Ogleby, *and* Canton.

Lord Ogle. To ſee ſo much beauty ſo ſolitary, Madam, is a ſatire upon mankind, and 'tis fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our ſex.---I ſay *one*, Madam, for poor Canton

Canton here, from age and infirmities, ſtands for nothing.

Cant. Noting at all, inteed.

Fanny. Your Lordſhip does me great honour.---I had a favour to requeſt, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. A favour, Madam!---To be honoured with your commands, is an inexpreſſible favour done to me, Madam.

Fanny. If your Lordſhip could indulge me with the honour of a moment's---What is the matter with me? [*aſide.*

Lord Ogle. The girl's confuſed---he!---here's ſomething in the wind, faith---I'll have a tete-a-tete with her---allez vous en! [*to Canton.*

Cant. I go---ah, pauvre Mademoiſelle! my Lor, have *pitié* upon the poor *pigeone!*

Lord Ogle. I'll knock you down, Cant. if you're impertinent. [*ſmiling.*

Cant. Den I mus avay--- [*ſhuffles along.*]---You are moſh pleaſe, for all dat. [*aſide, and exit.*

Fanny. I ſhall ſink with apprehenſion. [*aſide.*

Lord Ogle. What a ſweet girl!---ſhe's a civiliz'd being, and atones for the barbariſm of the reſt of the family.

Fanny. My Lord! I--- [*ſhe curtſeys, and bluſhes.*

Lord Ogle. [*addreſſing her.*] I look upon it, Madam, to be one of the luckieſt circumſtances of my life, that I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the ſatisfaction of confirming with my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expreſſed---that I am literally---the humbleſt of your ſervants.

Fanny. I think myſelf greatly honoured, by your Lordſhip's partiality to me; but it diſtreſſes me, that I am obliged in my preſent ſituation to apply to it for protection.

Lord Ogle. I am happy in your diſtreſs, Madam, becauſe it gives me an opportunity to ſhew my zeal. Beauty to me is a religion, in which I was born and

bred

bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.---I'm in tolerable ſpirits, faith! [*aſide.*

Fanny. There is not perhaps at this moment a more diſtreſſed creature than myſelf. Affection, duty, hope, deſpair, and a thouſand different ſentiments, are ſtruggling in my boſom; and even the preſence of your Lordſhip, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord Ogle. Does it, Madam?---Venus forbid!---My old fault; the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women. [*aſide, and ſmiling.*] Take courage, Madam! dear Miſs Fanny, explain.---You have a powerful advocate in my breaſt, I aſſure you---My heart, Madam---I am attached to you by all the laws of ſympathy, and delicacy.---By my honour, I am.

Fanny. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind---Sir John Melvil, my Lord, by the moſt miſplaced, and miſtimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappieſt of women.

Lord Ogle. How, Madam! Has Sir John made his addreſſes to you?

Fanny. He has, my Lord, in the ſtrongeſt terms. But I hope it is needleſs to ſay, that my duty to my family, love to my ſiſter, and regard to the whole family, as well as the great reſpect I entertain for your Lordſhip [*curtſeying*] made me ſhudder at his addreſſes.

Lord Ogle. Charming girl!---Proceed, my dear Miſs Fanny, proceed!

Fanny. In a moment---give me leave, my Lord!---But if what I have to diſcloſe ſhould be received with anger or diſpleaſure---

Lord Ogle. Impoſſible, by all the tender powers!---Speak, I beſeech you, or I ſhall divine the cauſe before you utter it.

Fanny. Then, my Lord, Sir John's addreſſes are not only ſhocking to me in themſelves, but are more particularly

particularly disagreeable to me at this time---as---as [*hesitating.*

Lord Ogle. As what, Madam?

Fanny. As---pardon my confusion---I am entirely devoted to another.

Lord Ogle. If this is not plain, the devil's in it---[*aside.*] But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where---Tell me---

Enter Canton *hastily.*

Cant. My Lor, my Lor, my Lor!

Lord Ogle. Damn your Swiss Impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Cant. I demande pardonne, my Lor! Sir John Melvil, my Lor, sent me to beg you do him de honeur to speak a little to your Lordship.

Lord Ogle. I'm not at leisure---I'm busy---Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll---

Cant. Fort bien, my Lor. [Cant. *goes out on tiptoe.*

Lord Ogle. By the laws of gallantry, Madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed---Let us return, Madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds---a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fanny. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it---and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen.

Lord Ogle. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation. [*aside.*] I presume, Madam, (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that---

Fanny. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my Lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend——

Lord Ogle. Upon me, Madam?

Fanny. Upon you, my Lord. [*ſighs.*

Lord Ogle. There's no ſtanding this: I have caught the infection---her tenderneſs diſſolves me. [*ſighs.*

Fanny. And ſhould you too ſeverely judge of a raſh action which paſſion prompted, and modeſty has long concealed---

Lord Ogle. [*taking her hand.*] Thou amiable creature---command my heart, for it is vanquiſhed---Speak but thy virtuous wiſhes, and enjoy them.

Fanny. I cannot, my Lord---indeed, I cannot---Mr. Lovewell muſt tell you my diſtreſſes---and when you know them---pity and protect me. --- [*Exit in tears.*

Lord Ogleby *alone.*

How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much---too much---I can't bear it---I muſt give way to this amiable weakneſs---[*wipes his eyes.*] My heart overflows with ſympathy, and I feel every tenderneſs, I have inſpired---[*ſtifles the tear.*] How blind have I been to the deſolation I have made!---How could I poſſibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature ſhould have gathered to this burſt of paſſion! Can I be a man and withſtand it? No---I'll ſacrifice the whole ſex to her. ---But here comes the father, quite *apropos.* I'll open the matter immediately, ſettle the buſineſs with him, and take the ſweet girl down to Ogleby-houſe to-morrow morning---But what the devil! Miſs Sterling too! What miſchief's in the wind now?

Enter Sterling, *and Miſs* Sterling.

Sterl. My Lord, your ſervant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a diſagreeable affair. Speak to his Lordſhip, Betſey!

Lord Ogle. Your eyes, Miſs Sterling---for I always read the eyes of a young lady---betray ſome little emotion---What are your commands, Madam?

Miſs

Miſs Sterl. I have but too much cauſe for my emotion, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. I cannot commend my kinſman's behaviour, Madam. He has behaved like a falſe knight, I muſt confeſs. I have heard of his apoſtaſy. Miſs Fanny has informed me of it.

Miſs Sterl. Miſs Fanny's baſeneſs has been the cauſe of Sir John's inconſtancy.

Lord Ogle. Nay, now, my dear Miſs Sterling, your paſſion tranſports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a paſſion for Miſs Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miſs Sterling, believe me, Miſs Fanny has no paſſion for Sir John. She has a paſſion, indeed, a moſt tender paſſion. She has opened her whole ſoul to me, and I know where her affections are placed. [*conceitedly.*

Miſs Sterl. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my Lord; for I have great reaſon to think that her ſeeming attachment to him, is, by his conſent, made uſe of as a blind to cover her deſigns upon Sir John.

Lord Ogle. Lovewell! No, poor lad! She does not think of him. [*ſmiling.*

Miſs Sterl. Have a care, my Lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of Sir John's artifice and my ſiſter's diſſimulation! You don't know her---indeed, my Lord, you don't know her---a baſe, inſinuating, perfidious!---It is too much---She has been beforehand with me, I perceive. Such unnatural behaviour to me!---But ſince I ſee I can have no redreſs, I am reſolved that ſome way or other I will have revenge. [*Exit.*

Sterl. This is fooliſh work, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. I have too much ſenſibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Sterl. It is touching indeed, my Lord---and very moving for a father.

Lord Ogle. To be ſure, Sir!---You muſt be diſtreſt beyond meaſure!---Wherefore, to divert your too

exquiſite feeling, ſuppoſe we change the ſubject, and proceed to buſineſs.

Sterl. With all my heart, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. You ſee, Mr. Sterling, we can make no union in our families by the propos'd marriage.

Sterl. And very ſorry I am to ſee it, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Have you ſet your heart upon being allied to our houſe, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. 'Tis my only wiſh, at preſent, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord Ogle. Your wiſhes ſhall be fulfill'd.

Sterl. Shall they, my Lord!---but how---how?

Lord Ogle. I'll marry in your family.

Sterl. What! my ſiſter Heidelberg?

Lord Ogle. You throw me into a cold ſweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your ſiſter---but your daughter.

Sterl. My daughter!

Lord Ogle. Fanny!---now the murder's out!

Sterl. What *you*, my Lord?---

Lord Ogle. Yes---I, I, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. No, no, my Lord---that's too much. [*ſmiling.*

Lord Ogle. Too much?---I don't comprehend you.

Sterl. What, you, my Lord, marry my Fanny!—Bleſs me, what will the folks ſay?

Lord Ogle. Why, what will they ſay?

Sterl. That you're a bold man, my Lord—that's all.

Lord Ogle. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit for aught I know—Do you court my alliance?

Sterl. To be ſure, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Then I'll explain.—My nephew won't marry your eldeſt daughter—nor I neither—Your youngeſt daughter won't marry him—I will marry your youngeſt daughter.

Sterl. What! with a youngeſt daughter's fortune, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, Sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the dæmon Intereſt ſinks before him. So, Sir, as I ſaid before,

I will

I will marry your youngeſt daughter; your youngeſt daughter will marry me.—

Sterl. Who told you ſo, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. Her own ſweet ſelf, Sir.

Sterl. Indeed?

Lord Ogle. Yes, Sir; our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble—your daughter will be a Counteſs directly—I ſhall be the happieſt of beings—and you'll be father to an Earl inſtead of a Baronet.

Sterl. But what will my ſiſter ſay?—and my daughter?

Lord Ogle. I'll manage that matter—, nay, if they won't conſent, I'll run away with your daughter in ſpite of you.

Sterl. Well ſaid, my Lord!—your ſpirit's good—I wiſh you had my conſtitution!—but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my ſiſter has none.

Lord Ogle. I'll anſwer for your ſiſter, Sir. Apropos! the lawyers are in the houſe—I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Sterl. Very well: and I'll diſpatch Lovewell to London immediately for ſome freſh papers I ſhall want, and I ſhall leave you to manage matters with my ſiſter. You muſt excuſe me, my Lord, but I can't help laughing at the match—He! he! he! what will the folks ſay? [*Exit.*

Lord Ogle. What a fellow am I going to make a father of?—He has no more feeling than the poſt in his warehouſe—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the reſt of the family.

Enter Lovewell *haſtily.*

Lovew. I beg your Lordſhip's pardon, my Lord; are you alone, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. No, my Lord, I am not alone! I am in company, the beſt company.

Lovew. My Lord!

Lord Ogle. I never was in ſuch exquiſite enchanting company ſince my heart firſt conceived, or my ſenſes taſted pleaſure.

Lovew. Where are they, my Lord? [*looking about.*

Lord Ogle. In my mind, Sir.

Lovew. What company have you there, my Lord? [*ſmiling.*

Lord Ogle. My own ideas, Sir, which ſo croud upon my imagination, and kindle it to ſuch a delirium of extaſy, that wit, wine, muſic, poetry, all combined, and each perfection, are but mere mortal ſhadows of my felicity.

Lovew. I ſee that your Lordſhip is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord Ogle. You *ſhall* rejoice at it, Sir; my felicity ſhall not ſelfiſhly be confined, but ſhall ſpread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not ſay, Lovewell, that you ſhall have your ſhare of it.

Lovew. Shall I, my Lord?—then I underſtand you—you have heard—Miſs Fanny has informed you—

Lord Ogle. She has—I have heard, and ſhe ſhall be happy—'tis determin'd.

Lovew. Then I have reached the ſummit of my wiſhes—And will your Lordſhip pardon the folly?

Lord Ogle. O yes, poor creature, how could ſhe help it?—'Twas unavoidable—Fate and neceſſity.

Lovew. It was indeed, my Lord—Your kindneſs diſtracts me.

Lord Ogle. And ſo it did the poor girl, faith.

Lovew. She trembled to diſcloſe the ſecret, and declare her affections?

Lord Ogle. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Lovew. [*bowing.*]—You are too good, my Lord.—And do you really excuſe the raſhneſs of the action?

Lord Ogle. From my very ſoul, Lovewell.

Lovew. Your generoſity overpowers me.—[*bowing.*]—I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

Lord

Lord Ogle. More fool you then.

Who pleads her cauſe with never-failing beauty,
Here finds a full redreſs. [*ſtrikes his breaſt.*

She's a fine girl, Lovewell.

Lovew. Her beauty, my Lord, is her leaſt merit. She has an underſtanding——

Lord Ogle. Her choice convinces me of that.

Lovew.—[*bowing.*]—That's your Lordſhip's goodneſs. Her choice was a diſintereſted one.

Lord Ogle. No—no—not altogether—it began with intereſt, and ended in paſſion.

Lovew. Indeed, my Lord, if you were acquainted with her goodneſs of heart, and generoſity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and perſon—

Lord Ogle. I am ſo perfectly convinced of their exiſtence, and ſo totally of your mind touching every amiable particular of that ſweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Lovew. My Lord!

Lord Ogle. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Lovew. Marry her!—Who do you mean, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. Miſs Fanny Sterling, that is—the Counteſs of Ogleby that ſhall be.

Lovew. I am aſtoniſhed.

Lord Ogle. Why, could you expect leſs from me?

Lovew. I did not expect this, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Trade and accounts have deſtroyed your feeling.

Lovew. No, indeed, my Lord. [*ſighs.*

Lord Ogle. The moment that love and pity entered my breaſt, I was reſolved to plunge into matrimony, and ſhorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Lovew. No, indeed, my Lord—[*ſighs.*]—What an accident!

Lord Ogle. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou ſeem'ſt to have loſt thy faculties. Why don't you wiſh me joy, man?

Lovew. O, I do, my Lord. [*ſighs.*

Lord Ogle. She ſaid, that you would explain what ſhe had not power to utter—but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Lovew. But has your Lordſhip conſidered the conſequences of your reſolution?

Lord Ogle. No, Sir, I am above conſideration, when my deſires are kindled.

Lovew. But conſider the conſequences, my Lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

Lord Ogle. Sir John has conſidered no conſequences himſelf, Mr. Lovewell.

Lovew. Mr. Sterling, my Lord, will certainly refuſe his daughter to Sir John.

Lord Ogle. Sir John has already refuſed Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Lovew. But what will become of Miſs Sterling, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. What's that to you?—You may have her, if you will.—I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city-philoſophy, to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his ſon-in-law, inſtead of Sir John Melvil, Baronet. Don't you think that your maſter may be brought to that, without having recourſe to his calculations? Eh, Lovewell!

Lovew. But, my Lord, that is not the queſtion.

Lord Ogle. Whatever is the queſtion, I'll tell you my anſwer.—I am in love with a fine girl, whom I reſolve to marry.

Enter Sir John Melvil.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a meſſenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my Lord.—I have this day had a ſevere engagement, and wanting your Lordſhip as an auxiliary, I have at laſt muſtered up reſolution

reſolution to declare, what my duty to you and to myſelf have demanded from me ſome time.

Lord Ogle. To the buſineſs then, and be as conciſe as poſſible; for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell? [*he ſmiles, and* Lovewell *bows.*

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my Lord, to ſtruggle againſt the force of inclination.

Lord Ogle. Very true, Nephew, I am your witneſs, and will ſecond the motion—ſhan't I Lovewell? [*ſmiles, and* Lovewell *bows.*

Sir John. Your Lordſhip's generoſity encourages me to tell you—that I cannot marry Miſs Sterling.

Lord Ogle. I am not at all ſurpriz'd at it—ſhe's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to ſwallow it, and not I, it was your buſineſs, and not mine—Any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my Lord—that I may be permitted to make my addreſſes to the other ſiſter.

Lord Ogle. O yes---by all means---have you any hopes there, Nephew?---Do you think he'll ſucceed, Lovewell? [*ſmiles, and winks at* Lovewell.

Lovew. I think not, my Lord. [*gravely.*

Lord Ogle. I think ſo too; but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your Lordſhip favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obſtacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord Ogle. Mrs. Heidelberg!---Had not you better begin with the young lady firſt? it will ſave you a great deal of trouble; won't it, Lovewell?---[*ſmiles.*]---but do what you pleaſe, it will be the ſame thing to me---won't it, Lovewell?---[*conceitedly.*]---Why don't you laugh at him?

Lovew. I do, my Lord. [*forces a ſmile.*

Sir John. And your Lordſhip will endeavour to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to conſent to my marriage with Miſs Fanny?

Lord Ogle. I'll ſpeak to Mrs. Heidelberg, about the adorable Fanny, as ſoon as poſſible.

Sir John. Your generoſity tranſports me.

Lord Ogle. Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in poſſeſſion of the town. [*aſide.*

Sir John. And your Lordſhip is not offended at this ſeeming inconſtancy?

Lord Ogle. Not in the leaſt. Miſs Fanny's charms will even excuſe infidelity---I look upon women as the *feræ naturæ*,---lawful game---and every man who is qualified, has a natural right to purſue them; Lovewell as well as you, and I as well as either of you.---Every man ſhall do his beſt, without offence to any ---what ſay you, kinſmen?

Sir John. You have made me happy, my Lord.

Lovew. And me, I aſſure you, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. And I am ſuperlatively ſo---*allons donc* ---to horſe and away, boys!---you to your affairs, and I to mine---ſuivons l'amour. [*ſings.*

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Fanny's *apartment.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Fanny—*followed by* Betty.

Fanny. WHY did you come ſo ſoon, Mr. Lovewell? the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard ſomebody liſtening near the chamber-door.

Betty. My miſtreſs is right, Sir! evil ſpirits are abroad; and I am ſure you are both too good, not to expect miſchief from them.

Lovew. But who can be ſo curious, or ſo wicked?

Betty. I think we have wickedneſs and curioſity enough in this family, Sir, to expect the worſt.

Fanny. I do expect the worſt.—Prithee, Betty, return to the outward door, and liſten if you hear

any

any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Betty. I warrant you, Madam—the Lord bleſs you both! [*Exit.*

Fanny. What did my father want with you this evening?

Lovew. He gave me the key of his cloſet, with orders to bring from London ſome papers relating to Lord Ogleby.

Fanny. And why did not you obey him?

Lovew. Becauſe I am certain that his Lordſhip has open'd his heart to him about you, and thoſe papers are wanted merely on that account—but as we ſhall diſcover all to-morrow, there will be no occaſion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark!—hark! bleſs me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Lovew. And for me too, my ſweet Fanny. Your apprehenſions make a coward of me.—But what can alarm you? your aunt and ſiſter are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the reſt of the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every thing, and every moment—My mind is in continual agitation and dread;—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this ſituation may have very unhappy conſequences. [*weeps.*

Lovew. But it ſhan't—I would rather tell our ſtory this moment to all the houſe, and run the riſque of maintaining you by the hardeſt labour, than ſuffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! ſhall I ſacrifice all my beſt hopes and affections, in your dear health and ſafety, for the mean, and in ſuch a caſe, the meaneſt conſideration—of our fortune! Were we to be abandon'd by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds, will weigh againſt the moſt affluent circumſtances.—I ſhould not have propos'd the ſecrecy of our marriage, but for your ſake; and with hopes that the moſt

moſt generous ſacrifice you have made to love and me, might be leſs injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fanny. Huſh! huſh! for heav'n ſake, my dear Lovewell, don't be ſo warm!—your generoſity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we ſhall be diſcovered.—I am ſatisfied, indeed I am.—Excuſe this weakneſs, this delicacy—this what you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Lovew. That one word has charm'd me, as it always does, to the moſt implicit obedience; it would be the worſt of ingratitude in me to diſtreſs you a moment. [*kiſſes her.*

Re-enter Betty.

Betty. [*in a low voice.*] I'm ſorry to diſturb you.

Fanny. Ha! what's the matter?

Lovew. Have you heard any body?

Betty. Yes, yes, I have, and they have heard *you* too, or I am miſtaken—if they had *ſeen* you too, we ſhould have been in a fine quandary.

Fanny. Prithee don't prate now, Betty!

Lovew. What did you hear?

Betty. I was preparing myſelf, as uſual, to take me a little nap.

Lovew. A nap!

Betty. Yes, Sir, a nap; for I watch much better ſo than wide awake; and when I had wrap'd this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ach from the key-hole, I thought I heard a kind of a ſort of a buzzing, which I firſt took for a gnat, and ſhook my head two or three times, and went ſo with my hand—

Fanny. Well—well—and ſo—

Betty. And ſo, Madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—and pulling off my handkerchief ſoftly—I could hear this ſort of noiſe—[*makes an indiſtinct noiſe like ſpeaking.*

Fanny. Well, and what did they ſay?

Betty.

Betty. Oh! I could not underſtand a word of what was ſaid.

Lovew. The outward door is lock'd?

Betty. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worſt.

Fanny. Why did you? they muſt have heard you, if they were near.

Betty. And I did it on purpoſe, Madam, and cough'd a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice—when I was ſilent, they were ſilent, and ſo I came to tell you.

Fanny. What ſhall we do?

Lovew. Fear nothing; we know the worſt; it will only bring on our cataſtrophe a little too ſoon—but Betty might fancy this noiſe—ſhe's in the conſpiracy, and can make a man of a mouſe at any time.

Betty. I can diſtinguiſh a man from a mouſe, as well as my betters—I'm ſorry you think ſo ill of me, Sir.

Fanny. He compliments you, don't be a fool!—Now you have ſet her tongue a running, ſhe'll mutter for an hour. [*to* Lovewell.] I'll go and hearken myſelf. [*Exit.*

Betty. I'll turn my back upon no girl, for ſincerity and ſervice. [*half aſide, and muttering.*

Lovew. Thou art the firſt in the world for both; and I will reward you ſoon, Betty, for one and the other.

Betty. I'm not mercenary neither—I can live on a little, with a good *carreter.*

Re-enter Fanny.

Fanny. All ſeems quiet—ſuppoſe, my dear, you go to your own room—I ſhall be much eaſier then—and to-morrow we will be prepared for the diſcovery.

Betty. You may diſcover, if you pleaſe; but, for my part, I ſhall ſtill be ſecret. [*half aſide, and muttering.*

Lovew. Should I leave you now,—if they ſtill are upon the watch, we ſhall loſe the advantage of our delay.—Beſides, we ſhould conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs.—Let Betty go to her own room, and lock

the

the outward door after her; we can faſten this; and when ſhe thinks all ſafe, ſhe may return and let me out as uſual.

Betty. Shall I, Madam?

Fanny. Do! let me have my way to-night, and you ſhall command me ever after.—I would not have you ſurprized here for the world.—Pray leave me! I ſhall be quite myſelf again, if you will oblige me.

Lovew. I live only to oblige you, my ſweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment. [*going.*

Fanny. Let us liſten firſt at the door, that you may not be intercepted.—Betty ſhall go firſt, and if they lay hold of her——

Betty. They'll have the wrong ſow by the ear, I can tell them that. [*going haſtily.*

Fanny. Softly—ſoftly—Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noiſe.—Softly, I beg of you!—See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiſcretion!

Lovew. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all.

[*Exeunt all ſoftly.*

SCENE *changes to a gallery, which leads to ſeveral bed-chambers.*

Enter Miſs Sterling, *leading Mrs.* Heidelberg *in a night-cap.*

Miſs Sterl. This way, dear Madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. Heidel. Nay, but Niece—conſider a little—don't drag me out in this figur---let me put on my fly-cap!---if any of my Lord's fammaly, or the counſellors at law, ſhould be ſtirring, I ſhould be perdigus diſconcarted.

Miſs Sterl. But, my dear Madam, a moment is an age, in my ſituation. I am ſure my ſiſter has been plotting my diſgrace and ruin in that chamber---O ſhe's all craft and wickedneſs.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, but ſoftly, Betſey!---you are all in emotion---your mind is too much fluſtrated---you

can neither eat nor drink, nor take your natural reſt---compoſe yourſelf, child; for if we are not as wary-ſome as they are wicked, we ſhall diſgrace ourſelves and the whole fammaly.

Miſs Sterl. We are diſgraced already, Madam.---Sir John Melvil has forſaken me; my Lord cares for nobody but himſelf; or, if for any body, it is my ſiſter; my father, for the ſake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change-broker; ſo that if you, Madam, don't continue my friend---if you forſake me---if I am to loſe my beſt hopes and conſolation---in your tenderneſs---and affec-tions---I had better---at once---give up the matter---and let my ſiſter enjoy---the fruits of her treachery---trample with ſcorn upon the rights of her elder ſiſter, the will of the beſt of aunts, and the weakneſs of a too intereſted father.

[*ſhe pretends to be burſting into tears all this ſpeech.*

Mrs. Heidel. Don't, Betſey---keep up your ſpurrit---I hate whimpering---I am your friend---depend upon me in every partickler---but be compoſed, and tell me what new miſchief you have diſcover'd.

Miſs Sterl. I had no deſire to ſleep, and would not undreſs myſelf, knowing that my Machiavel ſiſter would not reſt till ſhe had broke my heart:---I was ſo uneaſy that I could not ſtay in my room, but when I thought that all the houſe was quiet, I ſent my maid to diſcover what was going forward; ſhe immediately came back and told me that they were in high conſultation; that ſhe had heard only, for it was in the dark, my ſiſter's maid conduct Sir John Melvil to her miſtreſs, and then lock the door.

Mrs. Heidel. And how did you conduct yourſelf in this dalimma?

Miſs Sterl. I return'd with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they ſaid diſtinctly; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they have ſettled the matter, and will

will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. Heidel. Why the brazen ſlut! has ſhe got her ſiſter's huſband (that is to be) lock'd up in her chamber! at night too!---I tremble at the thoughts!

Miſs Sterl. Huſh, Madam! I hear ſomething.

Mrs. Heidel. You frighten me---let me put on my fly-cap---I would not be ſeen in this figur for the world.

Miſs Sterl. 'Tis dark, Madam; you can't be ſeen.

Mrs. Heidel. I proteſt there's a candle coming, and a man too!

Miſs Sterl. Nothing but ſervants; let us retire a moment! [*they retire.*

Enter Bruſh *half drunk, laying hold of the* Chamber-maid, *who has a candle in her hand.*

Ch. Maid. Be quiet, Mr. Bruſh; I ſhall drop down with terror!

Bruſh. But my ſweet, and moſt amiable chamber-maid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reaſon; that cannot poſſibly do your virtue any harm.

Ch. Maid. But you will do me harm, Mr. Bruſh, and a great deal of harm too—pray let me go—I am ruin'd if they hear you—I tremble like an aſp.

Bruſh. But they ſhan't hear us—and if you have a mind to be ruined, it ſhall be the making of your fortune, you little ſlut, you!—therefore I ſay it again, if you have no love, hear a little reaſon!

Ch. Maid. I wonder at your impurence, Mr. Bruſh, to uſe me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I aſſure you.—You are a town rake I ſee, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Bruſh. Nothing, by heav'ns, but your frowns, moſt amiable chamber-maid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not uſed to drink Port, and your

your maſter's is ſo heady, that a pint of it overſets a claret-drinker.

Ch. Maid. Don't be rude! bleſs me!—I ſhall be ruin'd—what will become of me?

Bruſh. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Ch. Maid. You are a baſe man to uſe me ſo—I'll cry out, if you don't let me go.—That is Miſs Sterling's chamber, that Miſs Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's. [*pointing.*

Bruſh. And that my Lord Ogleby's, and that my Lady what d'ye call 'em: I don't mind ſuch folks when I'm ſober, much leſs when I am whimſical—rather above that too.

Ch. Maid. More ſhame for you, Mr. Bruſh!—you terrify me—you have no modeſty.

Bruſh. O but I have, my ſweet ſpider-bruſher!—for inſtance, I reverence Miſs Fanny—ſhe's a moſt delicious morſel, and fit for a prince—with all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myſelf—but for her ſiſter——

Miſs Sterl. There, there, Madam, all in a ſtory!

Ch. Maid. Bleſs me, Mr. Bruſh!—I heard ſomething!

Bruſh. Rats, I ſuppoſe, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbiſh; and then I ſhould get rid of two damn'd things at once.

Ch. Maid. Law! law! how you blaſpheme!—we ſhall have the houſe upon our heads for it.

Bruſh. No, no, it will laſt our time—but as I was ſaying, the elder ſiſter—Miſs Jezabel——

Ch. Maid. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Bruſh. No—we have ſmoak'd her already; and unleſs ſhe marries our old Swiſs, ſhe can have none of us—no, no, ſhe won't do—we are a little too nice.

Ch. Maid. You're a monſtrous rake, Mr. Bruſh, and don't care what you ſay.

Bruſh. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to miſchief; and if you won't have pity upon me, I will break open that door and raviſh Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [*coming forward.*] There's no bearing this—you profligate monſter!

Ch. Maid. Ha! I am undone!

Bruſh. Zounds! here ſhe is, by all that's monſtrous. [*runs off.*

Miſs Sterl. A fine diſcourſe you have had with that fellow!

Mrs. Heidel. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monſter!

Miſs Sterl. What have you to ſay for yourſelf?

Ch. Maid. I can ſay nothing.—I am ſo frighten'd, and ſo aſham'd—but indeed I am vartuous—I am vartuous indeed.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, well—don't tremble ſo; but tell us what you know of this horrable plot here.

Miſs Sterl. We'll forgive you, if you'll diſcover all.

Ch. Maid. Why, Madam—don't let me betray my fellow ſervants—I ſhan't ſleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. Heidel. Then you ſhall ſleep ſomewhere elſe to-morrow night.

Ch. Maid. O dear!—what ſhall I do?

Mrs. Heidel. Tell us this moment,—or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Ch. Maid. Why our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Bruſh forc'd us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miſs Sterl. Holiday! for what?

Ch. Maid. Nay I only made one.

Miſs Sterl. Well, well; but upon what account?

Ch. Maid. Becauſe, as how, Madam, there was a change in the family they ſaid,—that his honour, Sir John—was to marry Miſs Fanny inſtead of your Ladyſhip.

Miſs

Miſs Sterl. And ſo you made a holiday for that—Very fine!

Ch. Maid. I did not make it, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. But do you know nothing of Sir John's being to run away with Miſs Fanny to-night?

Ch. Maid. No, indeed, Ma'am!

Miſs Sterl. Nor of his being now locked up in my ſiſter's chamber?

Ch. Maid. No, as I hope for marcy, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling—

Ch. Maid. Now, Ma'am!—'Tis ſo very late, Ma'am—

Mrs. Heidel. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the houſe—that the houſe is o'fire—tell him to come here immediately—go, I ſay!

Ch. Maid. I will, I will, though I'm frighten'd out of my wits. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Heidel. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll put myſelf in order, to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counter-plot 'em too. [*Exit into her chamber.*

Miſs Sterl. I have as much pleaſure in this revenge, as in being made a counteſs!—Ha! they are unlocking the door.—Now for it! [*retires.*

Fanny's *door is unlock'd—and* Betty *comes out with a candle.* *Miſs* Sterling *approaches her.*

Betty. [*calling within.*] Sir, Sir!—now's your time—all's clear. [*Seeing Miſs Sterl.*] Stay, ſtay—not yet—we are watch'd.

Miſs Sterl. And ſo you are, Madam Betty!

[*Miſs* Sterling *lays hold of her, while* Betty *locks the door, and puts the key into her pocket.*

Betty. [*turning round.*] What's the matter, Madam?

Miſs Sterl. Nay, that you ſhall tell my father and aunt, Madam.

Betty. I am no tell-tale, Madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miſs Sterl. You have a great deal of courage,

Betty; and conſidering the ſecrets you have to keep, you have occaſion for it.

Betty. My miſtreſs ſhall never repent her good opinion of me, Ma'am.

Enter Sterling.

Sterl. What is all this? what's the matter? why am I diſturbed in this manner?

Miſs Sterl. This creature, and my diſtreſſes, Sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter Mrs. Heidelberg, *with another head-dreſs.*

Mrs. Heidel. Now I'm prepar'd for the rancounter —well, brother, have you heard of this ſcene of wickedneſs?

Sterl. Not I—but what is it? Speak!—I was got into my little cloſet—all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almoſt loſt my ſenſes in the confuſion of Lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarmed with a fooliſh girl, who could hardly ſpeak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I am quite in the dark.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no, there's no rape, brother!— all parties are willing, I believe.

Miſs Sterl. Who's in that chamber?

[*detaining* Betty, *who ſeemed to be ſtealing away.*

Betty. My miſtreſs.

Miſs Sterl. And who is with your miſtreſs?

Betty. Why, who ſhould there be?

Miſs Sterl. Open the door then, and let us ſee!

Betty. The door is open, Madam. [*Miſs* Sterling *goes to the door.*] I'll ſooner die than peach!

[*Exit haſtily.*

Miſs Sterl. The door's lock'd; and ſhe has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's ſchool!

Sterl. But, zounds! what is all this about? You tell me of a ſum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs

Mrs. Heidel. Sir John Melvil is lock'd up in your daughter's bed-chamber.---There is the particular!

Sterl. The devil he is?---That's bad!

Miſs Sterl. And he has been there ſome time too.

Sterl. Ditto!

Mrs. Heidel. Ditto! worſe and worſe, I ſay. I'll raiſe the houſe, and expoſe him to my Lord, and the whole fammaly.

Sterl. By no means! we ſhall expoſe ourſelves, ſiſter!---the beſt way is to inſure privately---let me alone!---I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miſs Sterl. Make him marry her! this is beyond all patience!---You have thrown away all your affection; and I ſhall do as much by my obedience: unnatural fathers make unnatural children.---My revenge is in my own power, and I'll indulge it.---Had they made their eſcape, I ſhould have been expoſed to the deriſion of the world: but the deriders ſhall be derided; and ſo--help! help, there! thieves! thieves!

Mrs. Heidel. Tit-for-tat, Betſey! you are right, my girl.

Sterl. Zounds! you'll ſpoil all---you'll raiſe the whole family,---the devil's in the girl.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no; the devil's in *you*, brother. I am aſham'd of your principles.---What! would you connive at your daughter's being lock'd up with her ſiſter's huſband? Help! thieves! thieves! I ſay. [*cries out.*

Sterl. Siſter, I beg you!---daughter, I command you!---If you have no regard for me, conſider yourſelves!---we ſhall loſe this opportunity of ennobling our blood and getting above twenty *per cent.* for our money.

Miſs Sterl. What, by my diſgrace and my ſiſter's triumph! I have a ſpirit above ſuch mean conſiderations; and to ſhew you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar 'Change-Alley ſpirit---help! help! thieves! thieves! thieves! I ſay.

Sterl. Ay, ay, you may ſave your lungs---the houſe is in an uproar;---women at beſt have no diſcretion; but in a paſſion they'll fire a houſe, or burn themſelves in it, rather than not be revenged.

Enter Canton, *in a night-gown and ſlippers.*

Cant. Eh, diable! vat is de raiſon of dis great noiſe, dis tintamarre?

Sterl. Aſk thoſe ladies, Sir; 'tis of their making.

Lord Ogleby [*calls within.*]

Bruſh! Bruſh!---Canton! where are you?---What's the matter? [*rings a bell.*] Where are you?

Sterl. 'Tis my Lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Cant. I com, mi Lor!--- [*Exit* Canton.]--- [*Lord* Ogleby *ſtill rings.*

Serjeant Flower [*calls within.*]

A light! a light here!---where are the ſervants? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Sterl. Lights here! lights for the gentlemen! [*Exit* Sterling.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother feels, I ſee---your ſiſter's turn will come next.

Miſs Sterl. Ay, ay, let it go round, Madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter Sterling, *with lights, before Serjeant* Flower *(with one boot and a ſlipper) and* Traverſe.

Sterl. This way, Sir! this way, gentlemen!

Serjeant Flower. Well; but Mr. Sterling, no danger I hope.---Have they made a burglarious entry?---Are you prepared to repulſe them?---I am very much alarm'd about thieves at circuit-time.---They would be particularly ſevere with us gentlemen of the bar.

Traverſe. No danger, Mr. Sterling,---no treſpaſs, I hope?

Sterl. None, gentlemen, but of thoſe ladies making.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll be aſham'd to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and ſtudies about this

young lady are thrown away---Sir John Melvil is at this moment lock'd up with this lady's younger ſiſter.

Serjeant Flower. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be ſure---but, why were we to be frighten'd out of our beds for this? Could not we have try'd this cauſe to-morrow morning?

Miſs Sterl. But, Sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your aſſiſtance would not have been of any ſervice---the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter Lord Ogleby [*in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, &c.---leaning on* Canton.]

Lord Ogle. I had rather loſe a limb than my night's reſt---what's the matter with you all?

Sterl. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!---Here's my Lord too.

Lord Ogle. What's all this ſhrieking and ſcreaming?---Where's my angelick Fanny? She's ſafe, I hope!

Mrs. Heidel. Your angelick Fanny, my Lord, is lock'd up with your angelick nephew in that chamber.

Lord Ogle. My nephew! then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. Heidel. Your nephew, my Lord, has been plotting to run away with the younger ſiſter; and the younger ſiſter has been plotting to run away with your nephew: and if we had not watch'd them and call'd up the fammaly, they had been upon the ſcamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord Ogle. Look'ee, ladies!---I know that Sir John has conceived a violent paſſion for Miſs Fanny; and I know too that Miſs Fanny has conceived a violent paſſion for another perſon; and I am ſo well convinc'd of the rectitude of her affections, that I will ſupport them with my fortune, my honour, and my life.---Eh, ſhan't I, Mr. Sterling? [*ſmiling.*] what ſay you?---

Sterl. [*ſulkily.*] To be ſure, my Lord.---Theſe bawling women have been the ruin of every thing. [*aſide.*

Lord Ogle. But come, I'll end this buſineſs in a trice---if you, ladies, will compoſe yourſelves, and Mr. Sterling will inſure Miſs Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whiſper thro' the keyhole.

Mrs. Heidel. The horrid creatures!---I ſay, my Lord, break the door open.

Lord Ogle. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate!---Now to our experiment! [*advancing towards the door.*

Miſs Sterl. Now, what will they do?---my heart will beat through my boſom.

Enter Betty, *with the key.*

Betty. There's no occaſion for breaking open doors, my Lord; we have done nothing that we ought to be aſham'd of, and my miſtreſs ſhall face her enemies.--- [*going to unlock the door.*

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence.

Lord Ogle. The myſtery thickens. Lady of the bedchamber! [*to* Betty.] open the door, and intreat Sir John Melvil (for theſe ladies will have it that he is there) to appear and anſwer to high crimes and miſdemeanors.---Call Sir John Melvil into the court!

Enter Sir John Melvil, *on the other ſide.*

Sir John. I am here, my Lord.

Mrs. Heidel. Heyday!

Miſs Sterl. Aſtoniſhment!

Sir John. What is all this alarm and confuſion? there is nothing but hurry in the houſe; what is the reaſon of it?

Lord Ogle. Becauſe you have been in that chamber; *have* been! nay, you *are* there at this moment, as theſe ladies have proteſted, ſo don't deny it---

Traverſe. This is the cleareſt *alibi* I ever knew, Mr. Serjeant.

Flower.

Flower. Luce clarius.

Lord Ogle. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often theſe frolicks, it would be really entertaining to paſs a whole ſummer with you. But come [*to* Betty.] open the door, and intreat your amiable miſtreſs to come forth, and diſpel all our doubts with her ſmiles.

Betty. [*opening the door.*] Madam, you are wanted in this room. [*pertly.*

Enter Fanny, *in great confuſion.*

Miſs Sterl. You ſee ſhe's ready dreſſed---and what confuſion ſhe's in!

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack of, bag and baggage! ---her guilt confounds her!---

Flower. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I *am* confounded, indeed, Madam!

Lord Ogle. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! but with your own peculiar modeſty declare your ſtate of mind.---Pour conviction into their ears and raptures into mine. [*ſmiling.*

Fanny. I am at this moment the moſt unhappy---moſt diſtreſt---the tumult is too much for my heart---and I want the power to reveal a ſecret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and miſery of my---my--- [*faints away.*

Lord Ogle. She faints; help, help! for the faireſt, and beſt of women!

Betty. [*running to her.*] O my dear miſtreſs!---help, help, there!---

Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her aſſiſtance.

} *ſpeaking all at once.*

Lovewell *ruſhes out from the chamber.*

Lovew. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer.---Prudence were now a crime; all other cares were loſt in this!---ſpeak, ſpeak to me, my deareſt Fanny!---let me but hear thy voice, open your eyes, and bleſs me with the ſmalleſt ſign of life!

[*during this ſpeech they are all in amazement.*

Miſs Sterl. Lovewell!---I am eaſy.---

Mrs. Heidel. I am thunderſtruck!

Lord Ogle. I am petrify'd!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fanny. [*recovering.*] O Lovewell!---even ſupported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his Lordſhip in the face.

Sterl. What now! did not I ſend you to London, Sir?

Lord Ogle. Eh!---What!---How's this?---by what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber?

Lovew. By that right which makes me the happieſt of men; and by a title which I would not forego, for any the beſt of kings could give.

Betty. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnimity.

Lord Ogle. I am annihilated!

Sterl. I have been choaked with rage and wonder; but now I can ſpeak.---Zounds, what have you to ſay to me?---Lovewell, you are a villain.---You have broke your word with me.

Fanny. Indeed, Sir, he has not---You forbad him to think of me, when it was out of his power to obey you; we have been married theſe four months.

Sterl. And he ſhan't ſtay in my houſe four hours. What baſeneſs and treachery! As for you, you ſhall repent this ſtep as long as you live, Madam.

Fanny. Indeed, Sir, it is impoſſible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in conſequence of my diſobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to ſtruggle with affection, I feel that I muſt be miſerable for ever without your forgiveneſs.

Sterl. Lovewell, you ſhall leave my houſe directly;---and you ſhall follow him, Madam. [*to* Fanny.

Lord Ogle. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Look ye, Mr. Sterling, there have been ſome miſtakes,

miſtakes, which we had all better forget for our own ſakes; and the beſt way to forget them is to forgive the cauſe of them; which I do from my ſoul.---Poor girl! I ſwore to ſupport her affection with my life and fortune;---'tis a debt of honour, and muſt be paid---you ſwore as much too, Mr. Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuſe *you*, I ſuppoſe; for you never ſtrike a balance without errors excepted.

Sterl. I am a father, my Lord; but for the ſake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other ſilly girls like herſelf to throw themſelves away without the conſent of their parents.

Lovew. I hope there will be no danger of that, Sir. Young ladies with minds, like my Fanny's, would ſtartle at the very ſhadow of vice; and when they know to what uneaſineſs only an indiſcretion has expoſed her, her example, inſtead of encouraging, will rather ſerve to deter them.

Mrs. Heidel. Indiſcretion, quoth a! a mighty pretty delicat word to expreſs obedience!

Lord Ogle. For my part, I indulge my own paſſions too much to tyrannize over thoſe of other people. Poor ſouls, I pity them. And you muſt forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. Why, why---as to that, my Lord---to be ſure he is a relation of yours, my Lord---what ſay *you*, ſiſter Heidelberg?

Mrs. Heidel. The girl's ruined, and I forgive her.

Sterl. Well---ſo do I then.---Nay, no thanks---[*to Lovewell and Fanny, who ſeem preparing to ſpeak.*] there's an end of the matter.

Lord Ogle. But Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Lovew. Your kindneſs, my Lord---I can ſcarce believe my own ſenſes---they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your Lordſhip.

ſhip. For you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, ſpent gratefully in your ſervice, will in ſome meaſure compenſate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodneſs to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myſelf, will not for the future ſuſpect me of artifice and intrigue---I ſhall be happy to oblige and ſerve you.---As for you, Sir John——

Sir John. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deſerve any. All I have to offer in excuſe for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your ſituation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have ſaved me, and yourſelf, and that lady, (who I hope will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneaſineſs. Give me leave, however, to aſſure you, that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have ſenſibility enough to be aſhamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happineſs.

Lovew. And now, my deareſt Fanny, though we are ſeemingly the happieſt of beings, yet all our joys will be dampt, if his Lordſhip's generoſity and Mr. Sterling's forgiveneſs ſhould not be ſucceeded by the indulgence, approbation, and conſent of theſe our beſt benefactors. [*To the audience.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

CHARACTERS *of the* EPILOGUE.

Lord Minum - - - - -	Mr. DODD.
Colonel Trill - - - - -	Mr. VERNON.
Sir Patrick Mahony - - -	Mr. MOODY.
Miſs Crotchet - - - - -	Mrs. ———
Mrs. Quaver - - - - -	Mrs. LEE.
Firſt Lady - - - - - -	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Second Lady - - - - -	Miſs MILLS.
Third Lady - - - - -	Mrs. DORMAN.

SCENE, an Aſſembly.

Several Perſons at Cards, at different Tables; among the reſt *Col.* Trill, *Lord* Minum, *Mrs.* Quaver, *Sir* Patrick Mahony.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. T. LADIES, with Leave---

2d Lady. Paſs!

3d Lady. Paſs!

Mrs. Qu. You muſt do more.

Col. T. Indeed I can't.

Mrs. Qu. I play in Hearts.

Col. T. Encore!

2d Lady. What Luck!

Col. T. To-night at Drury-Lane is play'd
A Comedy, and *toute nouvelle*---a Spade!
Is not Miſs Crotchet at the Play?

Mrs. Q. My Niece
Has made a Party, Sir, to damn the Piece.

At the Whiſt Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a Playhouſe---Trump!---It makes me ſick.

1ſt Lady. We're two by Honours, Ma'am.

Ld. Min. And we th' odd Trick.
Pray do you know the Author, Colonel Trill?

Col. T. I know no Poets, Heav'n be prais'd!---Spadille!---

1ſt Lady. I'll tell you who, my Lord! [*Whiſpers my Lord.*

Ld. Min. What, he again?
"And dwell ſuch daring Souls in little Men?"
Be whoſe it will, they down our Throats will cram it!

Col. T. O, no.---I have a Club---the beſt.---We'll damn it.

Mrs.

EPILOGUE.

Mrs. Qu. O bravo, Colonel! Muſic is my Flame.
Ld. Min. And mine, by Jupiter!---We've won the Game.
Col. T. What, do you love all Muſick?
Mrs. Qu. No, not Handel's.
And naſty Plays---
Lord Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.
[*Riſe from the Table and pay.*
From the Piquette Table.
Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth! that Shakeſpeare was no Fool!
Col. T. I'm glad you like him, Sir!---So ends the Pool!
[*Pay and riſe from Table.*

SONG *by the Colonel.*

I hate all their Nonſenſe,
Their Shakeſpeares and Johnſons,
Their Plays, and their Playhouſe, and Bards;
'Tis ſinging, not ſaying;
A Fig for all playing,
But playing, as we do, at Cards!

I love to ſee Jonas,
Am pleas'd too with Comus;
Each well the Spectator rewards.
So clever, ſo neat in
Their Tricks, and their Cheating!
Like them we would fain deal our Cards.

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching!---And how fine to ſee
Ould Hamlet's Ghoſt!---"To be, or not to be."---
What are your Op'ras to Othello's Roar?
Oh, he's an Angel of a Blackamoor!
Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his Wife?---
Col. T. And calls her Whore?
Sir Pat. King Richard calls his Horſe---And then Macbeth,
Whene'er he murders---takes away the Breath.
My Blood runs cold at every Syllable,
To ſee the Dagger---that's inviſible.
[*All laugh.*
Sir Pat. Laugh if you pleaſe, a pretty Play---
Ld. Min. Is pretty.
Sir Pat. And when there's Wit in't---
Col. T. To be ſure 'tis witty.
Sir Pat. I love the Playhouſe now---ſo light and gay,
With all thoſe Candles, they have ta'en away!
[*All laugh.*
For all your Game, what makes it ſo much brighter?
Col. T. Put out the Lights, and then---
Ld. Min. 'Tis ſo much lighter.
Sir Pat. Pray do you mane, Sirs, more than you expreſs?
Col. T. Juſt as it happens---
Ld. Min. Either more, or leſs.

EPILOGUE.

Mrs. Qu. An't you aſham'd, Sir? [*To Sir Patrick.*

Sir Pat. Me!---I ſeldom bluſh:---
For little Shakeſpeare, faith! I'd take a Puſh!

Ld. Min. News, News!---here comes Miſs Crotchet from the Play.

Enter Miſs Crotchet.

Mrs. Qu. Well, Crotchet, what's the News?

Miſs Cro. We've loſt the Day.

Col. T. Tell us, dear Miſs, all you have heard and ſeen.

Miſs Cro. I'm tir'd---a Chair---here, take my Capuchin!

Ld. Min. And isn't it damn'd, Miſs?

Miſs Cro. No, my Lord, not quite:
But we ſhall damn it.

Col. T. When?

Miſs Cro. To-morrow Night.
There is a Party of us, all of Faſhion,
Reſolv'd to exterminate this vulgar Paſſion:
A Playhouſe, what a Place!---I muſt forſwear it.
A little Miſchief only makes one bear it.
Such Crowds of City Folks!---ſo rude and preſſing!
And their Horſe-Laughs, ſo hideouſly diſtreſſing!
Whene'er we hiſs'd, they frown'd and fell a ſwearing,
Like their own Guildhall Giants---fierce and ſtaring!

Col. T. What ſaid the Folks of Faſhion? were they croſs?

Ld. Min. The reſt have no more Judgment than my Horſe.

Miſs Cro. Lord Grimly ſwore 'twas execrable Stuff.
Says one, Why ſo, my Lord?---My Lord took Snuff,
In the firſt Act Lord George began to doze,
And criticis'd the Author---through his Noſe;
So loud indeed, that as his Lordſhip ſnor'd,
The Pit turn'd round, and all the Brutes encor'd.
Some Lords, indeed, approv'd the Author's Jokes.

Ld. Min. We have among us, Miſs, *ſome* fooliſh Folks.

Miſs Cro. Says poor Lord Simper---Well, now to my Mind
The Piece is good;---but he's both deaf and blind.

Sir Pat. Upon my Soul a very pretty Story!
And Quality appears in all its Glory!---
There was ſome Merit in the Piece, no Doubt;

Miſs Cro. O, to be ſure!---if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, Miſs, the Subject of the Play.

Miſs Cro. Why, 'twas a Marriage---yes, a Marriage---Stay!
A Lord, an Aunt, two Siſters, and a Merchant---
A Baronet---ten Lawyers---a fat Serjeant---
Are all produc'd---to talk with one another;
And about ſomething make a mighty Pother;
They all go in, and out; and to, and fro;
And talk, and quarrel---as they come and go---
Then go to Bed, and then get up---and then---
Scream, faint, ſcold, kiſs,---and go to Bed again.

[*All laugh.*

Such

EPILOGUE.

Such is the Play---Your Judgment! never ſham it.

Col. T. Oh, damn it!

Mrs. Qu. Damn it!

1ſt Lady. Damn it!

Miſs Cro. Damn it!

Ld. Min. Damn it!

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you ſpeak your Minds, and I'll be free --
Good Night! this Company's too good for me. [*Going.*

Col. T. Your Judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud.
[*All laugh.*

Sir Pat. Laugh if you pleaſe, but pray don't laugh too loud.
[*Exit.*

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the Barbarian's gone, Miſs, tune your Tongue,
And let us raiſe our Spirits high with Song!

RECITATIVE.

Miſs Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon Cœur*---I've one in *petto*,
Which you ſhall join, and make it a *Duetto.*

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. Bella Signora, et Amico mio!
I too will join, and then we'll make a *Trio.*---

Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd Chorus,
And drive all Tragedy and Comedy before us!

All the Company riſe, and advance to the Front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go to ſee a Tragedy?

Miſs Cro. Never, never.

Col. T. A Comedy?

Ld. M. Never, never,
Live for ever!
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

Col. T. Lord M. and Miſs Cro.
Live for ever!
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to ſee, *&c.*

CYMON.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

The MUSIC by Mr. ARNE.

——————SOLI CANTARI PERITI
ARCADES. *Virg.*

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON,
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand. MDCCLXX.

PROLOGUE,

For New Year's Day.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

I Come, *obedient at my Brethren's Call,*
From Top to Bottom, to ſalute you all;
Warmly to wiſh, before our Piece you view,
A happy Year—to you—you—you—and you!
Box[s]—Pit—1 Gall[y]—2 Gall[y].
From you the Play'rs enjoy and feel it here,
The merry Chriſtmas, *and the* happy Year.
There is a good old Saying—pray attend it;
As you begin the Year, you'll ſurely end it.
Should any one this Night incline to Evil,
He'll play for twelve long Months, the very Devil!
Should any married Dame exert her Tongue,
She'll ſing the Zodiac *round, the ſame ſweet Song:*
And ſhould the Huſband join his Muſic too,
Why then 'tis Cat *and* Dog, *the whole Year thro'.*
Ye Sons of Law *and* Phyſic, *for your Eaſe,*
Be ſure this Day you never take your Fees:
Can't you refuſe?—Then the Diſeaſe grows ſtrong,
You'll have two Itching Palms—Lord knows how long!
Writers of News by this ſtrange Fate are bound,
They fib To-day, and fib the whole Year round.
You Wits aſſembled here, both great and ſmall,
Set not this Night afloat your Critic Gall;
If you ſhould ſnarl, and not incline to Laughter,
What ſweet Companions for a Twelvemonth after!
You muſt be muzzled for this Night at leaſt;
Our Author has a Right this Day to feaſt.
He has not touch'd one Bit as yet.—Remember,
'Tis a long Faſt *from now to next December.*

'Tis

'Tis Holiday! *you are* our Patrons *now*;
(to the upper Gallery.
If you but grin, the Critics won't Bow, wow.
As for the Plot, Wit, Humour, Language—I
Beg you such Trifles kindly to pass by;
The most essential Part, which something means,
As Dresses, Dances, Sinkings, Flyings, Scenes,—
They'll make you stare—nay, there is such a thing,
Will make you stare still more!—for I must sing:
And should your Taste, and Ears, be over nice,
Alas! you'll spoil my Singing in a Trice.
If you should growl, *my Notes will alter soon,*
I can't be in—*if you are* out *of Tune!*
Permit my Fears your Favour to bespeak,
My Part's a strong one, and poor I but weak.
(alluding to his late Accident.
If you but smile, I'm firm, if frown, I stumble—
Scarce well of one, *spare me a* second *Tumble!*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MERLIN,	Mr. Bensley.
CYMON,	Mr. Vernon.
DORUS,	Mr. Parsons.
LINCO,	Mr. King.
DAMON,	Mr. Fawcett.
DORILAS,	Mr. Fox.
HYMEN,	Mr. Giorgi.
CUPID,	Miſs Rogers.

Demons of Revenge, Mr. Champness, &c. &c.

Knights, Shepherds, &c. &c. &c. &c.

URGANDA,	Mrs. Baddeley.
SYLVIA,	Mrs. Arne.
FATIMA,	Mrs. Abington.
Firſt SHEPHERDESS,	Miſs Reynolds.
Second SHEPHERDESS,	Miſs Plym.
DORCAS,	Mrs. Bradshaw.

SCENE, Arcadia.

CYMON.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE, URGANDA'S *Palace.*

Enter MERLIN *and* URGANDA.

URGANDA.

BUT hear me, Merlin, I beſeech you, hear me.

MERLIN.

Hear you! I have heard you—for years have heard your vows, your proteſtations—Have you not allur'd my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable paſſion was to be rewarded for its conſtancy—What have you done?—Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true ſpirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy, an ideot.

URGANDA.

Ev'n this I can bear from Merlin.

MERLIN.

You have injur'd me, and muſt bear more.

URGANDA.

I'll repair that injury.

MERLIN.

Then ſend back your fav'rite Cymon to his diſconſolate friends.

URGANDA.

How can you imagine that ſuch a poor ignorant object as Cymon is can have any charms for me?

MERLIN.

Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; the ſucceſs of rakes and fools, is a ſufficient warning to us, could we be wiſe enough to take it.

URGANDA.

You miſtake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's ſtate of mind, and friendſhip for his father, have induc'd me to endeavour at his cure.

MERLIN.

Falſe, prevaricating Urganda! Love was your inducement. Have you not ſtolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while a hundred knights are in ſearch after him? Does not every thing about you prove the conſequence of your want of honour and faith to me? Were you not plac'd on this happy ſpot of Arcadia, to be the guardian of its peace and innocence? and have not the Arcadians

Arcadians liv'd for ages the envy of leſs happy, becauſe leſs virtuous people?

URGANDA.

Let me beſeech you, Merlin, ſpare my ſhame.

MERLIN.

And are they not at laſt, by your example, ſunk from the ſtate of happineſs and tranquillity to that of care, vice, and folly! Their once happy lives are now imbitter'd with envy, paſſion, vanity, ſelfiſhneſs, and inconſtancy;—and who are they to curſe for this change? Urganda, the loſt Urganda.

A I R.

If pure are the ſprings of the fountain,
As purely the river will flow,
If noxious the ſtream from the mountain,
It poiſons the valley below:
So of vice, or of virtue, poſſeſt,
The throne makes the nation,
Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or bleſt.

Omitted in the repreſentation.

URGANDA.

Let us talk calmly of this matter.

MERLIN.

I'll converſe with you no more—becauſe I will be no more deceiv'd: I cannot hate you, tho' I ſhun you—Yet, in my miſery, I have this conſolation, that the pangs of my jealouſy are at leaſt equall'd by the torments of your fruitleſs paſſion.

Still wiſh and ſigh, and wiſh again,
Love is dethron'd, Revenge ſhall reign!
Still ſhall my pow'r your arts confound,
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound. [*Exit* Merlin.

URGANDA.

"*And* Cymon's *cure ſhall be* Urganda's *wound!*" What myſtery is couch'd in theſe words?—What can he mean?

Enter Fatima, *looking after* Merlin.

FATIMA.

I'll tell you, madam, when he is out of hearing—He means miſchief, and terrible miſchief too; no leſs, I believe, than raviſhing you, and cutting my tongue out—I wiſh we were out of his clutches.

URGANDA.

Don't fear, Fatima.

FATIMA.

I can't help it, he has great power, and is miſchievouſly angry.

URGANDA.

Here is your protection, (*ſhewing her wand.*) My power is at leaſt equal to his—(*muſes.*) "*And* Cymon's *cure ſhall be* Urganda's *wound!*"

FATIMA.

Don't trouble your head with theſe odd ends of verſes, which were ſpoke in a paſſion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's ſake.—Think a little to clear us from this old miſchief-making conjurer—What will you do, madam?

URGAN-

URGANDA.

What can I do, Fatima?

FATIMA.

You might very eaſily ſettle matters with him, if you cou'd as eaſily ſettle 'em with yourſelf.

URGANDA.

Tell me how?

FATIMA.

Marry Merlin, and ſend away the young fellow. (*Urganda ſhakes her head.*) I thought ſo—we are all alike, and that folly of ours of preferring two-and-twenty to two-and-forty, runs thro' the whole ſex of us—but, before matters grow worſe, give me leave to reaſon a little with you, madam.

URGANDA.

I am in love, Fatima (*ſighing.*)

FATIMA.

And poor reaſon may ſtay at home—me exactly!—Ay, ay, we are all alike—but with this difference, madam—your paſſion is ſurely a ſtrange one—you have ſtolen away this young man; who, bating his youth and figure, has not one ſingle circumſtance to create affection about him: He is half an ideot, madam, which is no great compliment to your wiſdom, your beauty, or your power.

URGANDA.

I deſpiſe them all—for they can neither relieve my paſſion, or create one where I would have them.

AIR.

What is knowledge, and beauty, and power,
Or what is my magical art?
Can I for a day, for an hour,
Have beauty to make the youth kind,
Have pow'r o'er his mind,
Or knowledge to warm his cold heart:
O! no—a weak boy all my magic disarms,
And I sigh all the day with my power and my charms.

FATIMA.

Sigh all the day!---More shame for you, madam—Cymon is incapable of being touch'd with any thing; nothing gives him pleasure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies—he'll make a sad lover indeed, madam—

URGANDA.

I can wait with patience for the recovery of his understanding; it begins to dawn already.

FATIMA.

Where pray?

URGANDA.

In his eyes.

FATIMA.

Eyes!—Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Love has none, madam—the heart only sees, on these occasions—Cymon was born a fool—and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

URGANDA.

Don't make me despair, Fatima.

FATIMA.

Don't loſe your time then; 'tis the buſineſs of beauty to make fools, and not cure 'em—Even I, poor I, could have made twenty fools of wiſe men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool ſenſible—O! 'tis a ſad way of ſpending one's time.

URGANDA.

Hold your tongue, Fatima—my paſſion is too ſerious to be jeſted with.

FATIMA.

Far gone indeed, madam—and yonder goes the precious object of it. (*looking out.*

URGANDA.

He ſeems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

FATIMA.

He's a fool, or he might make himſelf very merry among us—I'll leave you to make the moſt of him.

URGANDA.

Stay, Fatima—and help me to divert him.

FATIMA.

A ſad time, when a lady muſt call in help to divert her gallant!—but I'm at your ſervice.—

URGANDA.

AIR.

Hither, all my ſpirits, bend,
With your magic powers attend,
Chaſe the miſts that cloud his mind:
Muſick, melt the frozen boy,
Raiſe his ſoul to love and joy;
Dulneſs makes the heart unkind.

Enter

Enter Cymon *melancholy.*

CYMON.

What do you ſing for?—Heigho! (*ſighing.*

FATIMA.

What's the matter, young gentleman?

CYMON.

Heigho!

URGANDA.

Are you not well, Cymon?

CYMON.

Yes,—I am very well.

URGANDA.

Why do you ſigh then?

CYMON.

Eh! (*looks fooliſhly.*)

FATIMA.

Do you ſee it in his eyes, now, madam?

URGANDA.

Prithee, be quiet—What is it you want? tell me, Cymon—Tell me your wiſhes, and you ſhall have 'em.

CYMON.

Shall I?

URGANDA.

Yes indeed, Cymon.

FATIMA.

Now, for it.

CYMON.

I wiſh—heigho!

URGANDA.

Theſe ſighs muſt mean ſomething.
(*aſide to* Fatima.)

FATIMA.

I wiſh you joy then; find it out, madam.

URGANDA.

What do you ſigh for?

CYMON.

I want— (*ſighs.*)

URGANDA.

What, what, my ſweet creature? (*eagerly.*)

CYMON.

To go away.

FATIMA.

O la!—the meaning's out.

URGANDA.

What would you leave me then?

CYMON.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Why would you leave me?

CYMON.

I don't know.

URGANDA.

Where would you go?

CYMON.

Any where.

URGANDA.

Had you rather go any where, than ſtay with me?

CYMON.

I had rather go any where, than ſtay with any body.

URGANDA.

But you can't love me, if you would leave me, Cymon.

CYMON.

Love you! what's that.

URGANDA.

Do you feel nothing here? In your heart, Cymon?

CYMON.

Yes, I do.

URGANDA.

What is it?

CYMON.

I don't know. (*ſighs.*)

URGANDA.

That's a ſigh, Cymon—am I the cauſe of it?

CYMON.

Yes, indeed you are.

URGANDA.

Then I am bleſt!

FATIMA.

Poor lady!

URGANDA.

But how do I cauſe it?

CYMON.

You won't let me go away.

FATIMA.

Poor lady! (*aſide.*)

URGANDA.

Will you love me, If I let you go?

CYMON.

Any thing, if you'll let me go—pray let me go.

URGANDA.

You can't love me, and go too.

CYMON.

Let me try.

FATIMA.

I'm out of all patience—what the deuce would you have, young gentleman? Had you one grain of underſtanding, or a ſpark of ſenſibility in you, you would know and feel yourſelf to be the happieſt of mortals.

CYMON.

I had rather go, for all that.

FATIMA.

The picture of the whole ſex! Oh! madam—fondneſs will never do, a little coquetry is the thing; I bait my hook with nothing elſe; and I always catch fiſh. (*aſide to* Urganda.)

URGANDA.

What! had you rather go away than live here in ſplendor, be careſs'd by me, and have all your commands obey'd?

CYMON.

All my commands obey'd?

URGANDA.

Yes, my dear Cymon; give me your affections, and I will give you my power—you ſhall be lord of me and mine.

CYMON.

O la!

FATIMA.

O, the fool!

URGANDA.

I will ſhew him my power, and captivate his heart thro' his ſenſes.

FATIMA.

You'll throw away your powder and ſhot.

Urganda *waves her wand, and the ſtage changes to a magnificent garden.* Cupid *and the* Loves *deſcend.*

CUPID.

AIR.

O! why will you call me again,
'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain;
The pow'rs of a god
Cannot quicken this clod,
Alas!—It is labour in vain:
O Venus my mother, ſome new object give her!
This blunts all my arrows, and empties my quiver.

A dance by Cupid *and followers.*

During the entertainments of Singing and Dancing, Cymon *at firſt ſtares about him, then grows inattentive, and at laſt falls aſleep.*

URGANDA.

Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his inſenſibility—and yet, what a beautiful ſimplicity!

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Turn him out among the ſheep, madam, and think no more of him—'Tis all labour in vain, as the ſong ſays, I aſſure you.

URGANDA.

Cymon, Cymon! what are you dead to theſe entertainments?

CYMON.

Dead! I hope not. (*ſtarts.*)

URGANDA.

How can you be ſo unmov'd?

CYMON.

They tir'd me ſo, that I wiſh'd 'em a good night, and went to ſleep—But where are they?

URGANDA.

They are gone, Cymon.

CYMON.

Then let me go too. (*going.*)

FATIMA.

The old ſtory!

URGANDA.

Whither would you go?—Tell me, and I'll go with you, my ſweet youth.

CYMON.

No, I'll go by myſelf.

URGANDA.

And ſo you ſhall; but where?

CYMON.

Into the fields.

URGANDA.

But is not this garden pleaſanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the ſhepherds?

CYMON.

Why how can I tell till I try; you won't let me chuſe.

AIR.

You gave me laſt week a young linnet.
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how ſad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how did it flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then ſo merry was he,
And becauſe he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

And ſo ſhould I too, if you would let me go.

URGANDA.

And would you return to me again?

CYMON.

Yes I would—I have no where elſe to go.

FATIMA.

Let him have his humour—when he is not confin'd, and is ſeemingly diſregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you pleaſe.—'Tis a receipt for the whole ſex.

URGANDA.

I'll follow your advice—Well, Cymon, you ſhall go wherever you pleaſe, and for as long as you pleaſe.

CYMON.

O la! and I'll bring you a bird's neſt, and ſome cowſlips—and ſhall I let my linnet out too?

FATIMA.

O, ay, pretty creatures; pray, let 'em go together.

URGANDA.

And take this, Cymon, wear it for my ſake, and don't forget me. (*Gives* Cymon *a noſegay.*) Tho' it won't give paſſion, it will encreaſe it, if he ſhould think kindly of me, and abſence may befriend me (*Aſide*) Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

CYMON.

Then I'm out of my cage, and ſhall mope no lo. ger. (*overjoyed.*)

URGANDA.

His tranſports diſtract me!—I muſt retire to conceal my uneaſineſs. (*Retires.*)

FATIMA.

And I'll open the gate to the priſoners. [*Exit.*

CYMON.

And I'll fetch my bird, and we'll fly away together.

AIR.

AIR.

Oh liberty, liberty!
Dear happy liberty!
Nothing's like thee!
So merry are we,
My linnet and I,
From priſon we're free,
Away we will fly,
To liberty, liberty,
Dear happy liberty!
Nothing's like thee!

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Rural Proſpect.*

Enter two Shepherdeſſes.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

WHAT to be left and forſaken! and ſee the falſe fellow make the ſame vows to another, almoſt before my face! I can't bear it, and I won't!

SECOND SHEPERDESS.

Why, look ye, Sifter, I am as little inclin'd to bear theſe things as yourſelf; and if my ſwain had been faithleſs too, I ſhould have been vex'd at it, to be ſure; but how can you help yourſelf?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

I have not thought of that; I only feel I can't bear it; and as to the *won't*, I muſt truſt in a little miſchief of my own to bring it about.—O, that I had the power of our enchantreſs yonder! I wou'd play the devil with them all.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

And yet folks ſay, ſhe has no power in love-matters; you know, notwithſtanding her charms, and her ſpirits, ſhe is in love with a fool, and has not wit enough to make him return it.

FIRST SHEPERDESS.

No matter for that; if I could not make folks love me, I would make them miſerable, and that's the next pleaſure to it.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

And yet, to do juſtice to her who makes all this diſturbance among you, ſhe does not in the leaſt encourage the ſhepherds, and ſhe can't help their falling in love with her.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

May be ſo, nor can I help hating and deteſting her, becauſe they do fall in love with her.—Sylvia's good qualities cannot excuſe her to me; my quarrel to her is, that all the young fellows follow her, not becauſe ſhe does not follow the young fellows.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Well, but really now, ſiſter, 'tis a little hard, that a girl, who has beauty to get lovers, or merit enough to keep 'em, ſhould be hated for her good qualities. *(Affectedly.)*

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Marry come up, my inſulting ſiſter; becauſe you think your ſhepherd conſtant, you have no feeling for the falſe-heartedneſs of mine.—But don't be too vain with your ſucceſs; my Dorilas is made of the ſame ſtuff as your Damon; and I can't for the life of me ſee that you have any particular ſecurity for your fool, more than I had for mine.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Why are you ſo angry, my dear ſiſter?—I am not Sylvia, and to oblige you, I will abuſe her wherever I go, and whenever you pleaſe; I think ſhe is a moſt provoking creature, and I

wiſh ſhe was out of the country with all my ſoul.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

And ſo ſhe ought to be. She has no buſineſs here with her good qualities. Nobody knows who ſhe is, or whence ſhe came.—She was left here with old Dorcas; but how, or by whom, or for what, except to make miſchief among us, I know not—There is ſome myſtery about her, and I'll find it out.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

But will your quarrelling with her bring back your ſweetheart?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

No matter for that—when the heart is over-loaded, any vent is a relief to it; and that of the tongue is always the readieſt and moſt natural —So if you won't help me to find her, you may ſtay where you will.

LINCO, *ſinging without.*

Care flies from the lad that is merry.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt ſorrow.—If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or ſinging away his own, you may get ſome information from him.

Enter Linco *ſinging.*

LINCO.

What, my girls of ten thouſand! I was this moment defying love and all his miſchief, and you are ſent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it—I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

AIR.

Care flies from the lad that is merry,
Who's heart is as ſound,
And cheeks are as round,
As round, and as red as a cherry.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

What, are you always thus?

LINCO.

Ay, or Heav'n help me! What would you have me do as you do—walking with your arms acroſs, thus—heighho'ing by the brook ſide among the willows. Oh! fye for ſhame, laſſes! young and handſome, and ſighing after one fellow a-piece, when you ſhould have a hundred in a drove, following you like---like—you ſhall have the ſimile another time.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

No; prithee, Linco, give it us now.

LINCO.

You ſhall have it—or, what's better, I'll tell you what you are *not* like——you are not like our Shepherdeſs Sylvia—ſhe's ſo cold, and ſo coy, that ſhe flies from her lovers, but is never without a ſcore of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you—froſt and fire, that's all.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Don't imagine, that I am in the pining condition my poor ſiſter is—I am as happy as ſhe is miſerable.

LINCO.

Good lack, I'm ſorry for't.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

What, ſorry that I am happy?

LINCO.

O! no, prodigious glad.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

That I am miſerable?

LINCO.

No, no:—prodigious ſorry for that----and prodigious glad of the other.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Be my friend, Linco; and I'll confeſs my folly to you.——

LINCO

Don't trouble yourſelf---'tis plain enough to be ſeen—but I'll give you a receipt for it without fee or reward—there's friendſhip for you.

FIRST SHEPERDESS.

Prithee, be ſerious a little.

LINCO.

No; Heav'n forbid! if I am ſerious, 'tis all over with me—I ſhould ſoon change my roſes for your lilies.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Don't be impudent, Linco—But give us your receipt.

LINCO.

AIR.

I laugh, and I ſing,
I am blithſom and free,
The rogue's little ſting,
It can never reach me:
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
It can never reach me.

II.

My ſkin is ſo tough,
Or ſo blinking is he,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or he miſſes poor me.
For with fal, la, la la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
He miſſes poor me.

III.

O, never be dull,
By the ſad willow tree:
Of mirth be brim full,
And run over like me.
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
Run over like me.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

It won't do!

LINCO.

Then you are far gone, indeed.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

And as I can't cure my love, I'll revenge it.

LINCO.

But how, how, ſhepherdeſs?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

I'll tear Sylvia's eyes out.

LINCO.

That's your only way—for you'll give your nails a feaſt, and prevent miſchief for the future—Oh! tear her eyes out by all means.

SECOND

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

How can you laugh, Linco, at my ſiſter in her condition?

LINCO.

I muſt laugh at ſomething; ſhall I be merry with you?

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

The happy ſhepherd can bear to be laugh'd at.

LINCO.

Then Sylvia might take your ſhepherd without a ſigh, tho' your ſiſter would tear her eyes out.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

My ſhepherd! what does the fool mean?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Her ſhepherd! pray tell us, Linco. (*Eagerly.*

LINCO.

'Tis no ſecret I ſuppoſe—I only met Damon and Sylvia together.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

What, *my* Damon?

LINCO.

Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia's Damon if ſhe would accept of him.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Her Damon! I'll make her to know----a wicked ſlut!-- a vile fellow—Come, ſiſter, I'm ready to go with you—well give her her own—if our old governor continues to caſt a ſheep's eye at me, I'll have her turn'd out of Arcadia, I warrant you.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

This is ſome comfort, however, ha, ha, ha!

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Very well, ſiſter! you may laugh, if you pleaſe—but perhaps it is too ſoon—Linco may be miſtaken; it may be your Dorilas that was with her.

LINCO.

And your Damon too, and Strephon, and Colin, and Alexis, and Egon, and Croydon, and every fool of the pariſh but Linco, and he,

Sticks to fal, lal, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha!

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

I can't bear to ſee him ſo merry, when I am ſo miſerable. [*Exit.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

There is ſome ſatisfaction in ſeeing one's ſiſter as miſerable as one's ſelf. [*Exit.*

LINCO.

Ha, ha, ha! O how the pretty ſweet temper'd creatures are ruffled.

AIR.

This love puts 'em all in commotion,
For preach what you will,
They cannot be ſtill,
No more than the wind or the ocean. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *changes to a rural proſpect.*

Sylvia *is diſcover'd, lying upon a bank.*

Enter Merlin.

MERLIN.

My art ſucceeds—which hither has convey'd,
To catch the eye of Cymon, this ſweet maid.
Her charms ſhall clear the miſts which cloud his mind,
And make him warm, and ſenſible, and kind;
Her yet cold heart with paſſion's ſighs ſhall move,
Melt as he melts, and give him Love for Love.
This magic touch ſhall to theſe flow'rs impart
[*Touches a baſket of flowers with his wand.*
A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart;
A power, the falſe enchantreſs ſhall confound;
And Cymon's *cure ſhall be* Urganda's *wound.*
[Exit.

Enter Cymon *with his Bird.*

CYMON.

Away, priſoner, and make yourſelf merry. (*Bird flies.*) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you—much good may it do you, Bob.—What a ſweet place this is! Hills, and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and ſun, and birds!—Dear me, 'tis juſt as if I had never ſeen it before!

[*Whiſtles about till he ſees* Sylvia, *then ſtops and ſinks his whiſtling by degrees, with a look and attitude of fooliſh aſtoniſhment.*

O la!—what's here!———'Tis ſomething dropp'd from the Heavens ſure, and yet 'tis like a woman too!—Bleſs me! is it alive! (*Sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a roſe, and it moves about the heart of it—I am afraid of it, and yet can't leave it.————I begin to feel ſomething ſtrange here. (*Lays his hand on his heart and ſighs.*) I don't know what's the matter with me.—I wiſh it would wake, that I might ſee its eyes.—If it ſhould look gentle, and ſmile upon me, I ſhould be glad to play with it—Ay, ay, there's ſomething now in my breaſt that they told me of—It feels oddly to me—and yet I don't diſlike it.

A I R.

All amaze!
Wonder, Praiſe,
Here for ever could I gaze!
Creep ſtill near it, (advancing.)
Yet I fear it, (retiring.)
I can neither ſtay nor go,
Can't forſake it, (advancing.)
Dare not wake it, (retiring.)
Shall I touch it?—no, no, no! (advances and retires.)

II.

Cymon, *ſure thou art poſſeſt,*
Something's got into thy breaſt,
Gently ſtealing,
Strangely feeling,
And my heart is panting ſo,
I'm ſad and merry, ſick and well,
What it is I cannot tell,
Makes me thus—heigho! heigho.

This ſtanza omitted in the acting.

I am

I am glad I came abroad!—I have not been ſo pleas'd ever ſince I can remember—but, perhaps, it may be angry with me—I can't help it, if it is.—I had rather ſee her angry with me than Urganda ſmile upon me—Stay, ſtay—(*Sylvia ſtirs.*) La, what a pretty foot it has!

(Cymon *retires.*)

Sylvia *raiſing herſelf from the bank.*

AIR.

Yet awhile, ſweet Sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to ſtray,
Quitting young the parent's neſt,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to reſt.

[Sylvia *ſees* Cymon *with emotion, while he gazes ſtrongly on her, and retires gently, pulling off his cap.*

SYLVIA, (*confuſed*)

Who's that?

CYMON.

'Tis I. (*bowing and heſitating.*)

SYLVIA.

What's your name?

CYMON.

Cymon.

SYLVIA.

What do you want, young man?

CYMON.

Nothing, young woman.

SYLVIA.

What are you doing there?

CYMON.

Looking at you there.

SYLVIA.

What a pretty creature it is! (*Aside.*)

CYMON.

What eyes it has! (*Aside.*)

SYLVIA.

You don't intend me any harm?

CYMON.

Not I indeed!—I wiſh you don't do me ſome. Are you a fairy, pray?

SYLVIA.

No—I am a poor harmleſs ſhepherdeſs.

CYMON.

I don't know that—You have bewitch'd me, I believe.

SYLVIA.

Indeed, I have not; and if it was in my power to harm you, I'm ſure it is not in my inclination.

CYMON.

I'm ſure, I would truſt you to do any thing with me.

SYLVIA.

Would you? (*Sighs.*)

CYMON.

Yes, indeed, I would. (*Sighs.*)

SYLVIA.

Why do you look ſo at me?

CYMON.

Why do you look ſo at me?

SYLVIA.

I can't help it. (*Sighs.*)

CYMON.

Nor I neither—(*Sighs.*) I wiſh you'd ſpeak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

SYLVIA.

What the Enchantreſs? Do you belong to her?

CYMON.

I had rather belong to you—I would not deſire to go abroad, if I did.

SYLVIA.

Does Urganda love you?

CYMON.

So ſhe ſays.

SYLVIA.

I'm ſorry for it.

CYMON.

Why are you ſorry, pray?

SYLVIA.

I ſhall never ſee you again—I wiſh I had not ſeen you now!

CYMON.

If you did but wiſh as I do, all the enchantreſſes in the world could not hinder us from ſeeing one another.

SYLVIA.

Do you love Urganda?

CYMON.

Do you love the Shepherds?

SYLVIA.

I did not know what Love was this morning.

CYMON.

Nor I, 'till this afternoon.—Who taught you, pray?

SYLVIA.

Who taught you?

CYMON.

(*Baſhful.*) You.

SYLVIA.

(*Bluſhing.*) You.

CYMON.

You could teach me any thing, if I was to live with you—I ſhould not be call'd Simple Cymon any more.

SYLVIA.

Nor I, hard-hearted Sylvia.

CYMON.

Sylvia—what a ſweet name!—I could ſpeak it for ever. (*Tranſported.*)

SYLVIA.

I can never forget that of Cymon: Tho' Cymon may forget me. (*ſighs.*)

CYMON.

Never, never, my ſweet Sylvia. [*Falls on his knees, and kiſſes her hand.*

SYLVIA.

We ſhall be ſeen and ſeparated for ever! Pray let me go—we are undone if we are ſeen——I muſt go—I am all over in a flutter!

CYMON.

When ſhall I ſee you again?—In half an hour?

SYLVIA.

Half an hour! that will be too ſoon——No, no, it muſt be—three quarters of an hour.

CYMON.

And where, my ſweet Sylvia?

SYLVIA.

Any where, my ſweet Cymon.

CYMON.

In the grove by the river there.

SYLVIA.

And you ſhall take this to remember it. (*Gives him the noſegay enchanted by* Merlin.) I wiſh it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

CYMON.

How my heart is tranſported!——and here is one for you too; which is of no value to me, unleſs you will receive it—take it, my ſweet *Sylvia.* [Cymon *gives her* Urganda's *noſegay.*

DUET.

DUET.

Syl. *O take this noſegay, gentle youth,*
Cym. *And you, ſweet maid, take mine;*
Syl. *Unlike theſe flowers, be thy fair truth;*
Cym. *Unlike theſe flowers be thine.*
Theſe changing ſoon,
Will ſoon decay,
Be ſweet till noon,
Then paſs away.
Fair for a time their tranſient charms appear;
But truth unchang'd ſhall bloom for ever here.
[Each preſſing their Hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Urganda's *Palace.*

Enter Urganda *and* Fatima.

URGANDA.

IS he not return'd yet, Fatima?

FATIMA.

He has no feelings but thoſe of hunger; when that pinches him, he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

URGANDA.

Indeed, Fatima, his inſenſibility aſtoniſhes and diſtracts me.—I have exhauſted all my arts to overcome it; I have run all dangers to make an impreſſion upon him; and, inſtead of finding my paſſion in the leaſt abated by his ingratitude, I am only a greater ſlave to my weakneſs, and more incapable of relief.

FATIMA.

Why then I may as well hold my tongue—but before I would waſte all the prime of my womanhood in playing ſuch a loſing game, I would—but I ſee you don't mind me, madam, and therefore I'll ſay no more—I know the conſequence, and muſt ſubmit.

URGANDA.

What can I do in my ſituation?

FATIMA.

What you ought to do—and you belye your beauty and underſtanding by not doing it.

URGANDA.

Explain yourſelf.

FATIMA.

To ſecure my tongue, and your honour, (for Merlin will have you by hook or by crook) marry him directly—it will prevent miſchief at leaſt—ſo much for prudence.—During your honey-moon, I will hide the young gentleman, and if he has any tinder in him, kindle him up for you. If your huſband ſhould be tired of you, as ten to one he will, I'll ſtep in his way, he may be glad of the change, and in return, I'll reſtore young Simplicity to you.—That's what I call a faſhionable ſcheme.

URGANDA.

I can't bear trifling at this time—you'll make me angry with you—But ſee where Cymon approaches—he ſeems tranſported—Look, look, Fatima! He is kiſſing and embracing my noſegay—it has had the deſired effect, and I am happy—we'll be inviſible, that I may obſerve his tranſports.

Urganda *waves her wand, and retires with* Fatima.

Enter Cymon, *hugging a noſegay.*

CYMON.

Oh my dear, ſweet, charming noſegay!—To ſee thee, to ſmell thee, and to taſte thee, (*Kiſſes it.*)

it.) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. (*Kiſſes it.*)

FATIMA.

What does he ſay?

URGANDA.

Huſh, huſh!—all tranſport, and about me? What a change is this?

CYMON.

With this I can want for nothing.—I poſſeſs every thing with this.—My mind and heart are expanded: I feel—I know not what.—Every thought that delights, and every paſſion that tranſports, gather, like ſo many bees, about this treaſure of ſweetneſs.—Oh, the dear, dear noſegay, and the dear, dear giver of it!

URGANDA.

The dear, dear giver. Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind!—heigho!—

FATIMA.

I'm all amazement!—in a dream!—but is that your noſegay?

URGANDA.

Mine! how can you doubt it?

FATIMA.

Nay, I'm near ſighted.

CYMON.

She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by theſe flowers.—This is the colour of her hair—this of her ſkin—this of her cheek—this of her eyes—this of her lips—ſweet, ſweet—and thoſe roſe buds—Oh! I ſhall go out of my wits with pleaſure!

FATIMA.

'Tis pity to loſe 'em the moment you have found 'em.——

URGANDA.

O Fatima! I never was proud of my power, or vain of my beauty, till this tranſporting moment!

CYMON.

Where ſhall I put it? Where ſhall I conceal it from every body?—I'll keep it in my boſom, next my heart, all the day; and at night, I will put it upon my pillow, and talk to it—and ſigh to it—and ſwear to it—and ſleep by it—and kiſs it for ever and ever!

AIR.

What exquiſite pleaſure!
This ſweet treaſure
From me they ſhall never
Sever;
In thee, in thee,
My charmer I ſee.
I'll ſigh, and careſs thee,
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee
Thus, thus, to my boſom for ever and ever.

Urganda *and* Fatima *come forward,*
Cymon *ſtarts at ſeeing* Urganda, *and puts the noſegay in his boſom with great confuſion.*

URGANDA. (*Smiling.*)

Pray, what is that you would kiſs, and preſs to your boſom for ever and ever?

CYMON.

Nothing but the end of an old ſong the ſhepherds taught me, "*I'll ſigh and careſs thee, I'll kiſs*

kiſs thee and preſs thee,"—that's all—

[*Pretends to ſing.*

FATIMA.

Upon my word! a very hopeful youth indeed, and much improved in his ſinging—What think you know? [*Aſide to* Urganda.

URGANDA.

Nothing but his baſhfulneſs ſtruggling with his paſſion. What was that you was talking to?

CYMON.

Myſelf, to be ſure, I had nothing elſe to talk to.

URGANDA.

Yes, but you have, Cymon---don't be aſham'd of what you ought to be proud of—there is ſomething in your boſom, next you heart.

CYMON.

Yes, ſo there is.

URGANDA.

What is it, Cymon? (*Smiling.*)

FATIMA.

Now his modeſty is giving way; we ſhall have him at laſt. (*aſide.*

CYMON.

Nothing but a noſegay.

URGANDA.

That which I gave you?—let me ſee it.

CYMON.

What! give a thing, and take it away again?

URGANDA.

I would not take it away for the world.

CYMON.

CYMON.

Nor would I give it you, for a hundred worlds.

FATIMA.

See it by all means, madam:---I have my reaſons. (*aſide to* Urganda.)

URGANDA.

I muſt ſee it, Cymon, and therefore no delay ---you cannot have the love you ſeem'd to have but now, and refuſe me.

CYMON.

O but I can, and for that reaſon.

URGANDA.

Don't provoke me—I will ſee it, or ſhut you up for ever.

CYMON.

What a ſtir is here about nothing! Now are you ſatisfied?

[*He holds the noſegay at a diſtance.* Urganda *and* Fatima *look at one another with ſurprize.*

FATIMA.

I was right.

URGANDA.

And I am miſerable!

CYMON.

Have you ſeen it enough?

URGANDA.

That is not mine, Cymon.

CYMON.

No—'tis mine.

URGAN-

URGANDA.

Who gave it you?

CYMON.

A perſon.

URGANDA.

What perſon—male or female?

CYMON.

La! how can I tell?

FATIMA.

Finely improved indeed!—a genius! (*aſide.*)

URGANDA.

I muſt diſſemble. (*aſide.*) Lookee, Cymon; I did but ſport with you—the noſegay was your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

CYMON.

Indeed, but I did not—I only gave it for this—which as it is ſo much finer and ſweeter, I thought would not vex you.

URGANDA.

Heigho! (*aſide.*)

FATIMA.

Vex her! O not in the leaſt.—But you ſhould not have given away her preſent to a vulgar creature.

CYMON.

How dare you talk to me ſo? I would have you to know, ſhe is neither ugly, nor vulgar.

FATIMA.

Oh ſhe!—your humble ſervant, young Simplicity!---La, how can you tell whether it is male or female!

(*Mimicks* Cymon, *who ſeems confounded.*

URGAN-

URGANDA.

Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon—I give you leave to follow your own inclinations.—I brought you hither for your pleaſure, indulge yourſelf in every thing you like—and be as happy as following your deſires can make you.

CYMON.

Then I am happy, indeed—thank you, Lady, you have made me quite another creature! I'm out of my wits with joy—I may follow my inclinations—thank you, and thank you, and thank you again.

" I'll ſigh and careſs thee,
" I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee
" Thus, thus, to my boſom for ever and
" ever."— [*Exit* Cymon *ſinging*.

FATIMA.

You are a philoſopher, indeed!

URGANDA.

A female one—Fatima: I have hid the moſt racking jealouſy under this falſe appearance, in order to deceive him.— I ſhall by this means diſcover the cauſe of his joy, and my miſery; and when that is known, you ſhall ſee whether I am moſt of a woman, or a philoſopher.

FATIMA.

Ill lay ten to one of the woman, in matters of this nature.

URGANDA.

Let him have liberty to go wherever he pleaſes—I will have him watch'd; that office be your's, my faithful Fatima—about it inſtantly—don't loſe ſight of him—no reply—not a word more.——

FATIMA.

That's very hard—but I'm gone. [*Exit.*

URGANDA.

When I have diſcover'd the object of his preſent tranſports, I will make her more wretched than any of her ſex——except myſelf.

AIR.

Hence every hope, and every fear!
Awake, awake, my power and pride,
Let Jealouſy, ſtern Jealouſy appear!
With Vengeance at her ſide!

II.

Who ſcorns my charms, my power ſhall prove.
Revenge ſucceeds to ſlighted love!
Revenge!—But Oh, my ſighing heart
With rebel Love takes part;
Now pants again with all her fears,
And drowns her rage in tears. [Exit.

SCENE, Dorcas's *Cottage.*

Sylvia *at the door with* Cymon's *noſegay in her hand.*

AIR.

Theſe flowers, like our hearts, are united in one,
And are bound up ſo faſt, that they can't be undone;
So well are they blended, ſo beauteous to ſight,
There ſprings from their union a tenfold delight;
Nor poiſon, nor weed here, our paſſion to warn;
But ſweet without briar, the roſe without thorn.

The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel Cymon in my heart and mind——Ever since I have seen him, heard his vows, and received this nosegay from him, I am in continual agitation, and cannot rest a moment.——I wander without knowing where——I speak without knowing to whom,——and I look without knowing at what.——Heigho! how my poor heart flutters in my breast!——Now I dread to lose him,——and now again I think him mine for ever!

A I R.

O why should we sorrow, who never knew sin!
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

II.

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain!
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

(LINCO *is seen listening to her singing.*)

LINCO.

If you were as wicked, shepherdess, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt justice herself, unless she was deaf, as well as blind.

SYLVIA.

I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

LINCO.

LINCO.

O, but I did tho'—and, notwithſtanding I come as the deputy of a deputy governor, to bring you before my principal, for ſome complaints made againſt you by a certain ſhepherdeſs, I will ſtand your friend, tho' I loſe my place for it——there are not many ſuch friends, ſhepherdeſs.

SYLVIA.

What have I done to the ſhepherdeſſes, that they perſecute me ſo?

LINCO.

You are much too handſome, which is a crime the beſt of 'em can't forgive you.

SYLVIA.

I'll truſt myſelf with you, and face my enemies.

[*As they are going*, Dorcas *calls from the Cottage.*

DORCAS.

Where are you going, child?—Who is that with you, Sylvia?

LINCO.

Now ſhall we be ſtopp'd by this good old woman, who will know all—and can ſcarce hear any thing.

DORCAS (*coming forward.*)

I'll ſee who you have with you.

LINCO.

'Tis I, dame, your kinſman Linco.

(*Speaks loud in her ear.*

DORCAS.

O, is it you, honeſt Linco! (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now.

LINCO.

The governor deſires to ſpeak with Sylvia; a friendly enquiry, that's all. (*Speaks loud.*)

DORCAS.

For what, for what—tell me that—I have nothing to do with his deſires, nor ſhe neither ——he is grown very inquiſitive of late about ſhepherdeſſes —Fine doings, indeed! No ſuch doings when I was young—if he wants to examine any body, why don't he examine me? I'll give him an anſwer, let him be as inquiſitive as he pleaſes.

LINCO.

But I am your kinſman, dame, and you dare truſt me ſure. (*Speaks loud.*

DORCAS.

Thou art the beſt of 'em, that I'll ſay for thee —but the beſt of you are bad when a young woman is in the caſe—I have gone through great difficulties myſelf, I can aſſure you, in better times than theſe: why muſt not I go too?

LINCO.

We ſhall return to you again—before you can get there. (*Still ſpeaking loud.*)

SYLVIA.

You may truſt us, mother,—my own innocence, and Linco's goodneſs, will be guard enough for me.

DORCAS.

Eh! what!

LINCO.

She ſays, you may truſt me with her innocence. (*Speaking louder.*

DORCAS.

Well, well—I will then—thou art a ſweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child—(*kiſſes* Sylvia.) When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woeful day for me.—Well, well, go thy ways with Linco—I dare truſt thee any where—I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honeſt kinſman along with you.

LINCO.

We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil.

DORCAS.

Before what!

LINCO.

We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil.

(*Speaks very loud, and goes off with* Sylvia.

DORCAS.

Heav'n ſhield thee, for the ſweeteſt, beſt creature that ever bleſt old age—What a comfort ſhe is to me! All I have to wiſh for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to ſee thee as happy as thou haſt made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her?—I wiſh I had gone too—I'd have talk'd to him, and to the purpoſe—We had no ſuch doings when I was a young woman! they never made ſuch a fuſs with me!

AIR.

AIR.

When I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!

II.

When I were fair—tho' now so so,
No hearts were given to rove,
Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
But all was faith and love;
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two! [Exit.

SCENE, *the Magistrate's House.*

Enter Dorus, *and Second Shepherdess.*

DORUS.

This way, this way, damsel——now we are alone, I can hear your grievances, and will redress them, that I will——you have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I want words, your honour and worship, to thank you fitly.

DORUS.

DORUS.

Smile upon me, damſel——Smile, and command me——your hand is whiter than ever, I proteſt——you muſt indulge me with a chaſte ſalute. (*kiſſes her hand.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

La! your honour. (*Curtſies.*)

DORUS.

You have charm'd me, damſel; and I can deny you nothing—another chaſte ſalute—'tis a perfect cordial—(*kiſſes her hand.*) Well, what ſhall I do with this Sylvia, this ſtranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll ſend her where ſhe ſhall never vex thee again—an impudent, wicked—(*kiſſes her hand.*) I'll ſend her packing this very day.

SECOND SHEHEPRDESS.

I vow your worſhip is too good to me.

(*Leering at him.*

DORUS.

Nothing's too good for thee——I'll ſend her off directly.—Don't fret and teaze thyſelf about her——go ſhe ſhall, and ſpeedily too.——I have ſent my deputy Linco for that Dorcas, who has harbour'd this Sylvia without my knowledge, and the country ſhall be rid of her to-morrow morning.——Smile upon me, damſel—ſmile upon me.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I wou'd I were half as handſome as Sylvia, I might ſmile to good purpoſe.

DORUS.

I'll Sylvia her! an impudent vagrant——She can neither ſmile or whine to any purpoſe, while I am to govern.—She ſhall go to-morrow, damſel——this hand, this lily hand, has ſign'd her fate. (*kiſſes it.*)

Enter Linco.

LINCO.

No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

DORUS.

You are too bold, Linco——Where did you learn this impertinence to your ſuperiors?

LINCO.

From an old ſong, and pleaſe your honour, where I get all my wiſdom——Heav'n help me.

AIR.

If ſhe whiſpers the judge, be he ever ſo wiſe,
Tho' great and important his truſt is;
His hand is unſteady, a pair of black eyes
Will kick up the balance of juſtice.

II.

If his paſſions are ſtrong, his judgment grows weak,
For love thro' his veins will be creeping;
And his worſhip, when near to a round dimple cheek,
Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

DORUS.

DORUS.

Poo, poo, 'tis a very fooliſh ſong, and you're a fool for ſinging it.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Linco's no friend of mine; Sylvia can ſing, and has enchanted him.

LINCO.

My ears have been feaſted, that's moſt certain —but my heart, damſel, is as uncrack'd as your virtue, or his honour's wiſdom. There is not too much preſumption in that, I hope.

DORUS.

Linco, do your duty, and know your diſtance —What is come to the fellow? he is ſo altered, I don't know him again.

LINCO.

Your honour's eye-ſight is not ſo good as it was—I am always the ſame, and Heav'n forbid that mirth ſhould be a ſin—I am always laughing and ſinging —let who will change, I will not.— I laugh at the times, but I can't mend 'em—They are woefully alter'd for the worſe—but here's my comfort.

[*Shewing his tabor and pipe.*

DORUS.

I'll hear no more of this ribaldry—I hate poetry, and I don't like muſick—Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

LINCO.

In the juſtice-chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

DORUS.

Why did not you tell me ſo?

LINCO

I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female cauſes at one time.

DORUS.

You thought! I won't have you think, but obey—Times are chang'd indeed! Deputies muſt not think for their ſuperiors.

LINCO.

Muſt not they! What will become of our poor country! (*going.*

DORUS.

No more, impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

LINCO.

In the twinkling of your honour's eye. [*Exit.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I leave my griefs in your worſhip's hands.

DORUS.

You leave 'em in my heart, damſel, where they ſoon ſhall be changed into pleaſures—wait for me in the juſtice chamber—Smile, damſel, ſmile upon me, and edge the ſword of juſtice.

Enter Linco *and* Sylvia.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Here ſhe comes; ſee how like an innocent ſhe looks—But I'll be gone—I truſt in your worſhip—I hate the ſight of her—I cou'd tear her nafty eyes out. [*Exit*

DORUS.

DORUS.

[*Gazing at Sylvia.*

Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem!—that—ſhe does not look ſo miſchievous as I expected. [*Aſide, and turning from her.*

LINCO.

Bear up, ſweet ſhepherdeſs! your beauty and innocence will put injuſtice out of countenance.

SYLVIA.

The ſhame of being ſuſpected confounds me, and I can't ſpeak.

DORUS.

Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

LINCO.

The good old woman is ſo deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the buſineſs would be ſooner and better done by the young woman.

DORUS.

What at your thinking again--Young ſhepherdeſs, I hear—I hear—Hem!—Her modeſty pleaſes me.(*Aſide.*)—What is the reaſon, I ſay—Hem!—that—that I hear—She has very fine features.

[*Aſide, and turning from her.*

LINCO.

Speak, ſpeak, Sylvia, and the buſineſs is done.

DORUS.

Is not your name Sylvia?

LINCO.

Yes, your honour, her name is Sylvia.

DORUS.

I don't aſk you — What is your name? look up and tell me, ſhepherdeſs.

SYLVIA.

Sylvia! *(Sighs and curtſies.*

DORUS.

What a ſweet look with her eyes ſhe has! (*Aſide.*) What can be the reaſon, Sylvia — that that—Hem! I proteſt ſhe diſarms my anger.

[*Aſide, and turns from her.*

LINCO.

Now is your time; ſpeak to his reverence.

DORUS.

Don't whiſper the priſoner.

SYLVIA.

Priſoner! Am I a priſoner then?

DORUS.

No, not abſolutely a priſoner; but you are charged, damſel—Hem, hem—charged, damſel —I don't know what to ſay to her.

[*Aſide and turns from her.*

SYLVIA.

With what, your honour?

LINCO.

If he begins to damſel us, we have him ſure.

SYLVIA.

What is my crime?

LINCO.

A little too handſome, that's all.

DORUS.

Hold your peace—Why don't you look up in my face if you are innocent? (Sylvia *looks at* Dorus *with great modeſty.*) I can't ſtand it—ſhe has turn'd my anger, my juſtice, and my whole ſcheme, topſy-turvy—Reach me a chair, Linco.

LINCO.

One ſweet ſong, Sylvia, before his reverence gives ſentence. [*Reaches a chair for* Dorus.

DORUS.

No ſinging, her looks have done too much already.

LINCO.

Only to ſoften your rigour.

Sylvia *ſings.*

AIR.

From duty if the ſhepherd ſtray,
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will ſeize the harmleſs prey,
And innocence will bleed.

II.

In me a harmleſs lamb behold,
Oppreſt with every fear;
O guard, good ſhepherd, guard your fold,
For wicked wolves are near.

[*Kneels.*

DORUS.

DORUS.

I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin —and they ſhan't hurt thee—This is a melting ditty indeed! Riſe, riſe, my Sylvia.

[*Embraces her.*

Enter Second Shepherdeſs.

[Dorus *and ſhe ſtart at ſeeing each other.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

DORUS.

How now! What preſumption is this, to break in upon us ſo, and interrupt the courſe of juſtice?

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

May I be permitted to ſpeak three words with your worſhip?—

DORUS.

Well, well, I will ſpeak to you—I'll come to you in the the juſtice-chamber preſently.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I knew the wheedling ſlut would ſpoil all—but I'll be up with her yet. [*Aſide and Ex.*

DORUS.

I'm glad ſhe's gone—Linco, you muſt ſend her away—I won't ſee her now.

LINCO.

And ſhall I take Sylvia to priſon?

DORUS.

No, no, no; to priſon! mercy forbid!—What a ſin ſhould I have committed to

pleaſe

pleaſe that envious, jealous-pated ſhepherdeſs?—Linco, comfort the damſel—Dry your eyes, Sylvia—I will call upon you myſelf—and examine Dorcas myſelf—and protect you myſelf—and do every thing myſelf—I profeſs ſhe has bewitched me—I am all agitation—I'll call upon you to-morrow—perhaps to night—perhaps in half an hour--Take care of her, Linco--ſhe has bewitched me, and I ſhall loſe my wits if I look on her any longer—Oh! the ſweet, lovely, pretty, delightful creature!

LINCO.

Don't whimper now, my ſweet Sylvia—Juſtice has taken up the ſword and ſcales again, and your rivals ſhall cry their eyes out—The day's our own.

AIR.

Sing high derry derry,
The day is our own,
Be wiſe and be merry,
Let ſorrow alone;
Alter your tone,
To high derry derry,
Be wiſe and be merry.
The day is our own.

[*Exeunt.*

END *of the* THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *an old Caſtle.*

Enter URGANDA, *greatly agitated.*

URGANDA.

LOST, loſt Urganda!—Nothing can controul
The beating tempeſt of my reſtleſs ſoul!
While I prepare, in this dark witching hour,
My potent ſpells, and call forth all my power—
Ariſe, ye demons of revenge, ariſe!
Begin your rites—unſeen by mortal eyes;
Hurl plagues and miſchiefs thro' the poiſon'd air,
And give me vengeance to appeaſe deſpair!

Chorus—(*underground*) We come, we come, we come. (*She waves her wand, and the caſtle vaniſhes.*)

The firſt Demon of revenge ariſes.

AIR.

While mortals charm their cares in ſleep,
And demons howl below,
Urganda *calls us from the deep;*
Ariſe, ye ſons of woe!
Ever buſy, ever willing,
All thoſe horrid taſks fulfilling,
Which draw from mortal breaſts the groan,
And make their torments like our own.
Chorus—(*underground*) We come, we come, we come!

Demons

Demons ariſe and perform their rites.
Then Exeunt, *with* Urganda *at their head.*

SCENE, *the Country.*

Enter LINCO, *drawing in* DAMON *and* DORILAS.

LINCO

Nay, nay, but let me talk to you a little—by the lark you are early ſtirrers—has not that gad-fly jealouſy ſtung you up to this ſame miſchief you are upon?

DAMON.

We are commanded by our governor, who has orders from Urganda to bring Cymon and Sylvia before her.

LINCO.

And you are fond of this employment, are you? fye, for ſhame—I know more than you think I know.—You were each of you (good ſouls!) betroth'd to two ſhepherdeſſes—but Sylvia comes in the nick, and away go vows, promiſes, and proteſtations—ſhe loving Cymon, and deſpiſing you—and you.—You (hating one another) join cordially to diſtreſs them for loving one another—fye, for ſhame, ſhepherds!

DAMON.

What will the governor ſay to this? This is fine treatment of your betters.

LINCO.

If my betters are no better than they ſhould be, 'tis their fault, and not mine—Urganda, Dorus, and you, not being able to reach the

grapes, won't let any body elſe taſte them—fye, for ſhame, ſhepherds!

DAMON.

We have no time to loſe—we muſt raiſe the ſhepherds, and hunt after theſe young ſinners; and you, Mr. Deputy, for all your airs, muſt make one in the chaſe.

LINCO.

Before I would follow unlawful game to pleaſe a hot-liver'd enchantreſs, an old itching governor, and two ſuch jealous-pated noodles as yourſelves, I would thruſt my pipe through my tabor, chuck it into the river, and myſelf after it.

DAMON.

Here comes the governor; now we ſhall hear what you will ſay to him.

LINCO.

Juſt what I have ſaid to you; an honeſt laughing fellow, like myſelf, don't mind a governor, though I ſhould raiſe his ſpleen, and loſe my place into the bargain—there are not many deputies in Arcadia of the ſame mind.

DORILAS.

Come, come, let us mind our buſineſs, and not his impertinence.

DAMON.

If the governor would do as I wiſh him, you would have your deſerts, Mr. Deputy Linco.

LINCO.

And if Cymon could do as I wiſh him, you would have your deſerts, my gentle ſhepherds.

Enter

Enter Dorus *and* Arcadians.

DORUS.

Where have you been, Linco? I ſent for you an hour ago.

LINCO.

I was in bed, your honour; and as I don't walk in my ſleep, I could not be well with you before I was dreſs'd.

DORUS.

No joking—no joking—we are ordered by the Enchantreſs to ſearch for Cymon and Sylvia, and bring them before her.

LINCO.

I hate to ſpoil ſport—ſo I'll go home again. (*Going.*)

DORUS.

Stay, Linco (*he returns*). I command you to do your duty, and go with me in purſuit of theſe young criminals.

LINCO.

Criminals! heaven bleſs them, I ſay!—I'll go home again. (*Going.*)

DORUS.

Was there ever ſuch inſolence! Come back, Linco; how dare you diſobey what I order, and Urganda commands? Give me an anſwer.

LINCO.

Conſcience! conſcience! Governor—an old faſhion'd excuſe, but a true one——I cannot find in my heart to diſturb two ſweet young

creatures—whom as heaven has put together, I will not attempt to divide;—'twould be a crying ſin!—I'll go home again. (*Going.*

DORUS.

You are a ſcandal to your place, and you ſhall hold it no longer; I'll take it from you inſtantly.

LINCO.

You cannot take from me a quiet conſcience and a merry heart;---you are heartily welcome to all the reſt, Governor.

DORUS.

I diſmiſs you from this moment---you ſhall be no deputy of mine—you ſhall ſuffer for your arrogance;---I ſhall tell the Enchantreſs that you are leagu'd with this Sylvia, and will not do your duty.

LINCO.

A word with your honour---could you have been leagu'd with this Sylvia too, you would not have done your duty, Mr. Governor.

DORUS.

Hem!---Come along, ſhepherds, and don't mind his impudence.

[*Exeunt* Dorus *and Shepherds.*

LINCO.

I wiſh your reverence a good morning, and I thank you for all favours—any fool now that was leſs merry than myſelf, would be out of ſpirits for being out of place;—but as matters are now turn'd topſy turvy, I won't walk upon my head for the beſt office in Arcadia---And ſo my virtuous

virtuous old governor, get what deputy you pleaſe; I ſhall ſtick to my tabor and pipe, and ſing away the loſs of one place, till I can whiſtle myſelf into another.

A I R.

When peace here was reigning,
And love without waining,
Or care or complaining,
Baſe paſſions diſdaining;
This, this was my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh'd down the day,
Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

II.

Now ſad transformation
Runs thro' the whole nation;
Peace, love, recreation,
All chang'd to vexation;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

III.

While all are deſigning,
Their friends undermining,
Reviling, repining,
To miſchief inclining;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

Omitted in the repreſentation.

[Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE, *another Part of the Country.*

Enter FATIMA.

Truly a very pretty miſchievous errand I am ſent upon—I am to follow this fooliſh young fellow all about to find out his haunts—not ſo fooliſh neither, for he is ſo much improved of late, we ſhrewdly ſuſpect that he muſt have ſome female to ſharpen his intellects—For love, among many other ſtrange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I ſaw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I muſt make no noiſe, for fear of alarming him; beſides, I hate to diſturb the poor things in pairing time.

[*Looks thro' the buſhes.*

Enter MERLIN.

MERLIN.

I ſhall ſpoil your peeping, thou evil counſellor of a faithleſs miſtreſs—I muſt torment her a little for her good—Such females muſt feel much to be made juſt and reaſonable creatures.

Fatima, *peeping thro' the buſhes.*

There they are—our fool has made no bad choice—Upon my word, a very pretty couple! and will make my poor lady's heart ach.

MERLIN.

I ſhall twinge yours a little before we part.

FATIMA.

Well ſaid, Cymon! upon your knees to her! Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly

deſcribe this rival of ours; ſhe is much too handſome to live long, ſhe will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beaſts, or ſhut up in the Black Tower—the greateſt mercy ſhe can have will be to let her take her choice.

[*Takes out a pocket-book.*

MERLIN.

May be ſo—but we will prevent the prophecy, if we can.

Fatima, *writing in her book.*

She is of a good height, about my ſize—a fine ſhape, delicate features—charming hair—heav'nly eyes; not unlike my own—with ſuch a ſweet ſmile! She muſt be burnt alive! yes, yes, ſhe muſt be burnt alive.

[Merlin *taps her upon the ſhoulder with his wand.*

FATIMA.

Who's there! bleſs me!—Nobody—I proteſt it ſtartled me. I muſt finiſh my picture.

[*Writes on.*

[Merlin *waves his wand over her head.*

Now let me ſee what I have written.—Bleſs me, what's here! all the letters are as red as blood—My eyes fail me! Sure I am bewitched (*Reads and trembles.*) Urganda *has a ſhameful paſſion for* Cymon, Cymon *a moſt virtuous one for* Sylvia;—*as for* Fatima, *wild beaſts, the Black Tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.* (*Drops the book.*) I have not power to ſtir a ſtep—I knew what would come of affronting that devil Merlin. [Merlin *is viſible.*

MERLIN.

True, Fatima, and I am here at your ſervice.

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

O moſt magnanimous Merlin! don't ſet your wit to a poor fooliſh weak woman.

MERLIN.

Why, then, will a fooliſh weak woman ſet her wit to me? But we will be better friends for the future—Mark me, Fatima. [*Holds up his wand.*

FATIMA.

No conjuration, I beſeech your worſhip, and you ſhall do any thing with me.

MERLIN.

I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

FATIMA.

Will nothing elſe content your fury?

MERLIN.

Silence, babler.

FATIMA.

I am your own for ever, moſt merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever—O my poor tongue! I thought I never ſhould have wagg'd thee again—What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb?

MERLIN.

You ſee it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia—I will be their protector againſt all her arts, tho' ſhe has leagu'd herſelf with the demons of revenge—We have no power but what reſults from our virtue.

FATIMA.

I had rather loſe any thing than my ſpeech.

MERLIN.

As you profeſs yourſelf my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot ſee into a woman's mind) I will ſhew my gratitude, and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accompliſhment.

FATIMA.

What, ſhall I talk more than ever?

MERLIN. (*Smiling.*)

That would be no accompliſhment, Fatima. —No, I mean that you ſhould talk leſs—When you return to Urganda, ſhe will be very inquiſitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

FATIMA.

And may I without offence to your worſhip?

MERLIN.

Silence, and mark me well—obſerve me truly and punctually. Every anſwer you give to Urganda's queſtions, muſt be confined to two words, *Yes* and *No*—I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

FATIMA.

Not very clearly, indeed. (*Aſide*

MERLIN.

Beware of encroaching a ſingle monoſyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word eſcapes you, you are dumb.

FATIMA.

Heaven preſerve me! what will become of me!

MERLIN.

Remember what I ſay—as you obey or neglect me, you will be puniſhed, or rewarded.

[Merlin *ſtrikes the ſcene, which opens and diſcovers his dragons and chariot, which carry him away.*

Farewell (*bowing to her*). Remember me, Fatima.

FATIMA.

I ſhall never forget you, I am ſure—What a polite devil it is—and what a woeful plight am I in? This confining my tongue to two words is much worſe than being quite dumb. I had rather be ſtinted in any thing than my ſpeech—Heigho—There never ſure was a tax upon the tongue before.

AIR.

Tax my tongue, it is a ſhame:
Merlin, ſure, is much to blame,
Not to let it ſweetly flow.
Yet the favours of the great,
And the ſilly maiden's fate,
Often follow, Yes *or* No.

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted ſo,
To Yes *or* No.

II.

Should I want to talk and chat,
Tell Urganda *this or that.*
How ſhall I about it go!

Let her aſk me what ſhe will,
I muſt keep my clapper ſtill,
Striking only Yes *or* No.

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted ſo,
To Yes *or* No. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Enter* Cymon *and* Sylvia (*arm in arm*).

CYMON.

You muſt not ſigh, my Sylvia—love like ours can have no bitter mingled with its ſweets. It has given me eyes, ears, and underſtanding; and till they forſake me, I muſt be Sylvia's.

SYLVIA.

And while I retain mine, I know no happineſs but with Cymon;—and yet Urganda—

CYMON

Why will you ſully again the purity of our joys with the thoughts of that unhappy, becauſe guilty, woman.—Has not Merlin diſcovered all that was unknown to us? Has he not promiſed us his protection, and told us, that we are the care of ſuperior beings, and that more bleſſings, if poſſible, are in ſtore for us?—What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely bleſt?

SYLVIA.

Nothing but my Cymon; when that is ſecure to me, I have not a wiſh for more.

CYMON.

Thy wiſhes are fulfilled then, and *mine* in *thee!*

SYLVIA.

Take my hand, and with it a heart, which, till you had touch'd, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love; but my paſſion now is as ſincere as it is tender, and it would be ungrateful to diſguiſe my affections, as they are my greateſt pride and happineſs.

CYMON.

Tranſporting maid! [*Kiſſes her hand.*

SYLVIA.

AIR.

This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd;
In vain againſt Merit and Cymon *I ſtrove;*
What's life without paſſion—ſweet paſſion of love?

II.

The froſt nips the bud, and the roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſt-nipt no raptures can flow,
Elyſium to him but a deſert will prove;
What's life without paſſion—ſweet paſſion of love?

III.

The ſpring ſhou'd be warm, the young ſeaſon be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithſome ſweet May,
Love bleſſes the cottage, and ſings thro' the grove;
What's life without paſſion—ſweet paſſion of love?

CYMON.

Thus then I ſeize my treaſure, will protect it with my life, and will never reſign it, but to heaven who gave it me. [*Embraces her.*

Enter

Enter Damon *and* Dorilas *on one ſide, and* Dorus *and his followers on the other; who ſtart at ſeeing* Cymon *and* Sylvia.

DAMON.

Here they are!

SYLVIA.

Ha! bleſs me! (*ſtarting.*)

DORUS.

Fine doings indeed;
[Cymon *and* Sylvia *ſtand amaz'd and aſham'd.*

DORILAS.

Your humble ſervant, modeſt madam Sylvia!

DAMON.

You are much improv'd by your new tutor.

DORUS.

But I'll ſend her and her tutor where they ſhall learn better.—I am confounded at their aſſurance! Why don't you ſpeak, culprits?

CYMON.

We may be aſham'd without guilt, to be watch'd and ſurpriz'd by thoſe who ought to be more aſham'd at what they have done.

SYLVIA.

Be calm, my Cymon, they mean us miſchief.

CYMON.

But they can do us none;—fear them not, my ſhepherdeſs.

DORUS.

Did you ever hear or ſee ſuch an impudent couple? but I'll ſecure you from ſuch intemperate doings.

DAMON.

Shall we ſeize them, your worſhip, and drag 'em to Urganda?

DORUS.

Let me ſpeak firſt with that ſhepherdeſs.

[*As he approaches,* Cymon *puts her behind him.*

CYMON.

That ſhepherdeſs is not to be ſpoke with.

DORUS.

Here's impudence in perfection!—Do you know who I am, ſtripling?

CYMON.

I know you to be one who ought to obſerve the laws, and protect innocence; but having paſſions that diſgrace both your age and place, you neither do one or the other.

DORUS.

I am aſtoniſh'd! What are you the fooliſh young fellow I have heard ſo much of?

CYMON.

As ſure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard ſo much of.

DORUS.

Seize them both this inſtant.

CYMON.

That is ſooner ſaid than done, Governor.

[*As they approach on both ſides to ſeize them, he ſnatches a ſtaff from one of the ſhepherds and beats them back.*]

DORUS.

Fall on him, but don't kill him, for I muſt make an example of him.

CYMON.

In this cauſe I am myſelf an army; ſee how the wretches ſtare, and cannot ſtir.

AIR.

Come on, come on,
A thouſand to one,
I dare you to come on.
Tho' unpractis'd and young,
Love has made me ſtout and ſtrong;
Has given me a charm,
Will not ſuffer me to fall;
Has ſteel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,
To guard my precious all.
[*Looking at* Sylvia.
Come on, come on, &c. [*Exit.*

SYLVIA.

O Merlin, *now befriend him!*
From their rage defend him!

[*While* Cymon *drives off the party of ſhepherds on one ſide, enter* Dorus *and his party, who ſurround* Sylvia.]

DORUS.

Away with her, away with her—

SYLVIA.

Protect me, Merlin!—Cymon! Cymon! where art thou, Cymon?

DORUS.

Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting to mind his miſtreſs; away with her to Urganda, away with her.

[*They hurry her off.*

Enter Shepherds, running acroſs diſordered and beaten by Cymon.

Damon (*looking back.*)

'Tis the devil of a fellow! how he has laid about him!

[*Exit.*

DORILAS.

There is no way but this to avoid him.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cymon (*in confuſion and out of breath.*)

I have conquered, my Sylvia!—Where art thou?—my life, my love, my valour, my all!—What, gone!—torn from me!—then I am conquer'd, indeed!

[*He runs off, and returns ſeveral times during the ſymphony of the following ſong.*]

AIR.

AIR.

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?
To death they ſhall bear me,
To pieces ſhall tear me,
Before I'll forſake her!
Tho' faſt bound in a ſpell,
By Urganda *and hell,*
I'll burſt thro' their charms,
Seize my fair in my arms;
Then my valour ſhall prove,
No magick like virtue, like Virtue *and* Love!

END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Grotto.*

Enter URGANDA *and* FATIMA.

URGANDA.

YES!—No!—forbear this mockery—What can it mean?—I will not bear this trifling with my paſſion—Fatima, my heart's upon the rack, and muſt not be ſported with——Let me know the worſt, and quickly—to conceal it from me is not kindneſs, but the height of cruelty—Why don't you ſpeak? (*Fatima ſhakes her head.* Won't you ſpeak?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Go on then.

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

Will you ſay nothing but No?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGAN-

URGANDA.

Diſtracting, treacherous Fatima!—Have you ſeen my rival?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Thanks, dear Fatima!—well—now go on.

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

This is not to be born—Was Cymon with her?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Are they in love with each other?

FATIMA.

Yes. (*ſighing.*)

URGANDA.

Where did you ſee my rival? (Fatima *ſhakes her head.*) Falſe, unkind, obſtinate Fatima!—Won't you tell me?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

You are brib'd to betray me?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

What, ſtill Yes and No?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

And not a ſingle word more?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

Are you afraid of any body?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Are you not afraid of me too?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

Inſolence! Is my rival handſome? tell me that.

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Very handſome?

FATIMA.

Yes, yes.

URGANDA.

How handſome? handſomer than I, or you?

FATIMA.

Yes—No—(*heſitating.*)

URGAN-

URGANDA.

How can you ſee me thus miſerable, and not relieve me? have you no pity for me?

FATIMA.

Yes! (*ſighing.*)

URGANDA.

Convince me of it, and tell me all.

FATIMA.

No! (*ſighing.*)

URGANDA.

I ſhall go diſtracted!—Leave me.

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

And dare not come into my preſence.

FATIMA.

No. (*Curtſies, and Exit.*

Urganda *alone.*

She has a ſpell upon her, or ſhe could not do thus—Merlin's power has prevailed—he has inchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally diſappointed.—This is the completion of my miſery?

Enter DORUS.

DORUS.

May I preſume to intrude upon my ſovereign's contemplations?

URGANDA.

Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt partake of it.

DORUS.

I am gone—and Sylvia shall go too. (*Going.*)

URGANDA.

Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is she? Speak, speak—and give me life or death.

DORUS.

She is without, and attends your mighty will.

URGANDA.

Then I am queen again!—Forgive me, Dorus—I was lost in thought, sunk in despair; I knew not what I said—but now I am rais'd again!—Sylvia is safe!

DORUS.

Yes; and I am safe too, which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

URGANDA.

And Cymon—has he escap'd?

DORUS.

Yes, he has escap'd from us; and, what is better, we have escap'd from him.

URGANDA.

Where is he?

DORUS.

Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

URGANDA.

Well, no matter—I am in poſſeſſion of the preſent object of my paſſion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury!—Let 'em prepare my victim inſtantly for death.—

DORUS.

For death!—Is not that going too far?

URGANDA.

Nothing is too far—ſhe makes me ſuffer ten thouſand deaths, and nothing but her's can appeaſe me. (Dorus *going*.) Stay, Dorus—I have a richer revenge; ſhe ſhall be ſhut up in the Black Tower 'till her beauties are deſtroy'd, and then I will preſent her to this ungrateful Cymon—Let her be brought before me, and I will feaſt my eyes, and eaſe my heart, with this devoted Sylvia—No reply, but obey.

DORUS.

It is done—This is going too far. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders.*

Urganda.

Tho' ſtill of raging winds the ſport,
My ſhipwreck'd heart ſhall gain the port;
Revenge, the pilot, ſteers her way;
No more of tenderneſs and love,
The eagle in her gripe has ſeiz'd the dove,
And thinks of nothing but her prey.

Enter Sylvia, Dorus, *and* Guards.

URGANDA.

Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dar'd to be the rival of Urganda?

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I am no wretch, but the happy maid, who am poſſeſs'd of the affections of Cymon, and with them have nothing to hope or fear.

URGANDA.

Thou vain raſh creature!—I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy.

[*Waves her wand, and the ſcene changes to the Black Rocks.*

SYLVIA.

I am ſtill unmov'd. (*Smiling.*)

URGANDA.

Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment wilt be cloſed in a tower, where thou ſhalt never ſee Cymon, or any human being more.

SYLVIA.

While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about me, to ſcorn your power, or, what is more, your cruelty.

[Urganda *waves her wand, and the Black Tower appears.*]

URGANDA.

Open the gates, and incloſe her inſolence for ever.

SYLVIA.

I am ready. (*Smiling at* Urganda.)

AIR.

Tho' various deaths ſurround me,
No terrors can confound me;
Protected from above,
I glory in my love!

Againſt

Againſt thy cruel might,
And in this dreadful hour,
I have a ſure defence,
'Tis innocence!
That heav'nly right,
To ſmile on guilty power!

URGANDA.

Let me no more be tormented with her; I cannot bear to hear or ſee her.—Cloſe her in the tower for ever! [*They put* Sylvia *in the tower.*] Now let Merlin releaſe you if he can. [*Exultingly.*

[*It thunders; the tower and rocks give way to a magnificent amphitheatre, and* Merlin *appears in the place where the tower ſunk: All ſhriek, and run off except* Urganda, *who is ſtruck with terror.*]

MERLIN.

Still ſhall my power your arts confound;
And Cymon's *cure ſhall be* Urganda's *wound.*
[Urganda *waves her wand.*

MERLIN.

Ha! ha! ha!—your power is gone—

URGANDA.

I am all terror and ſhame—in vain I wave this wand—I feel my power is gone, yet I ſtill retain my paſſions—My miſery is complete!

MERLIN.

It is indeed! No power, no happineſs were ſuperior to thine till you ſunk them into your folly—you now find, but too late, that there is no magic like virtue. [*Sound of warlike inſtruments,*

URGANDA.

What mean thoſe ſounds of joy?—my heart forebodes, that they proclaim my fall and diſhonour.

MERLIN.

The knights of the different orders of chivalry, who where ſent by *Cymon*'s father in queſt of his ſon, were drawn hither, by my power, from their ſeveral ſtations to one ſpot, and at the ſame inſtant: the general aſtoniſhment at their meeting, was ſoon changed into general joy, when they were told, by what means, and upon what occaſion they were ſo unexpectedly aſſembled; and they are now preparing to celebrate and protect the marriage of *Cymon* with *Sylvia*.

URGANDA.

Death to my hopes!—then I am loſt indeed!

MERLIN.

From the moment you wrong'd me, and yourſelf, I became their protector—I counteracted all your ſchemes, I continued Cymon in his ſtate of ignorance till he was cured by Sylvia, whom I conveyed here for that purpoſe; that ſhepherdeſs is a princeſs equal to Cymon—They have obtained by their virtues the throne of Arcadia, which you have loſt by——But I have done; I ſee your repentance, and my anger melts into pity.

URGANDA.

Pity me not—I am undeſerving of it—I have been cruel and faithleſs, and ought to be wretched—Thus I deſtroy the ſmall remains of my ſovereignty. (*Breaks her wand.*) May power, baſely exerted, be ever thus broken and diſperſed! [*Throws away her wand.*

Forgive my errors and forget my name,
O drive me hence with penitence and ſhame;
From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly,
Beholding them, my ſhame can never die.
[*Exit* Urganda.

MERLIN.

Falſehood is puniſhed, virtue rewarded, and Arcadia is happy!

MARCH.

[Enter the proceſſion of knights of the different orders of *Chivalry*, with *Inchanters*, *&c.* who range themſelves round the amphitheatre, followed by *Cymon*, *Sylvia*, and *Merlin*, who are brought in triumph drawn by *Loves*, preceded by *Cupid* and *Hymen* walking arm in arm. Then enter the *Arcadian* ſhepherds, with *Dorus* and *Linco* at their head, *Damon* and *Dorilas*, with their ſhepherdeſſes, *&c.* *Merlin*, *Cymon* and *Sylvia* deſcend from the car. *Merlin* joins their hands, and then ſpeaks the following lines.]

MERLIN.

Now join your hands, whoſe hearts were join'd before,
This union ſhall *Arcadia*'s peace reſtore:
When Virtues ſuch as theſe adorn a throne;
The people make their ſovereign's bliſs their own:
Their joys, their virtues, ſhall each ſubject ſhare;
And all the land reflect the royal pair!

CHORUS.

Each heart and each voice
In Arcadia *rejoice*;

Let gratitude raiſe
To great Merlin *our praiſe:*
Long, long may we ſhare
The bleſſings of this pair!
Long, long may they live,
To ſhare the bliſs they give!

Cymon, Sylvia, *and* Merlin *retire to the knights, while* Linco *calls the ſhepherds about him.*

LINCO.

My good neighbours and friends (for now I am not aſham'd to call you ſo) your deputy Linco has but a ſhort charge to give you.—As we have turn'd over a new, fair leaf, let us never look back to our paſt blots and errors.

DORUS.

No more we will, Linco.—No retroſpection.

LINCO.

I meant to oblige your worſhip in the propoſition; I ſhall ever be a good ſubject (*bowing to* Cymon *and* Sylvia), and your friend and obedient deputy. Let us have a hundred marriages directly, and no more inconſtancy, jealouſy, or coquetry from this day—The beſt purifier of the blood is mirth, with a few grains of wiſdom—we will take it every day, neighbours, as the beſt preſervative againſt bad humours: *Be merry and wiſe*, according to the old proverb, and I defy the devil ever to get among you again;—and that we may be ſure to get rid of him, let us drive him quite away with a little more ſinging and dancing, for he hates mortally mirth and good fellowſhip.

A DANCE

A DANCE *of* Arcadian *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

AIR.

DAMON.

Each ſhepherd again ſhall be conſtant and kind,
And ev'ry ſtray'd heart ſhall each ſhepherdeſs find.

DELIA.

If faithful our ſhepherds, we always are true,
Our truth and our falſhood we borrow from you.

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians *ſtill ſhall be;*
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

FATIMA.

Let thoſe who the ſword and the balance muſt hold,
To intereſt be blind, and to beauty be cold:
When juſtice has eyes her integrity fails,
Her ſword becomes blunted, and down drop her ſcales.

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians *ſtill ſhall be;*
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

LINCO.

The bliſs of your heart no rude care ſhall moleſt,
While innocent mirth is your boſom's ſweet gueſt;
Of that happy pair let us worthy be ſeen,
Love, honour, and copy your king and your queen.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians *ſtill ſhall be*;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

SYLVIA.

Let love, peace, and joy ſtill be ſeen hand in hand,
To dance on this turf, and again bleſs the land.

CYMON.

Love and Hymen of bleſſings have open'd their ſtore,
For Cymon *with* Sylvia *can wiſh nothing more.*

BOTH.

Love and Hymen of bleſſings have open'd their ſtore,

HE.
For Cymon *with* Sylvia
SHE.
For Sylvia *with* Cymon
} *can wiſh nothing more.*

CHORUS.

Happy Arcadians *ſtill ſhall be*;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Written by GEORGE KEATE, Eſq.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

Enter, peeping in at the Stage-Door.

IS the ſtage clear?—bleſs me!—I've ſuch a dread!
It ſeems enchanted ground, where'er I tread!
[*Coming forward.*
What noiſe was that!—huſh!—'twas a falſe alarm—
I'm ſure there's no one here will do me harm:
Among'ſt you can't be found a ſingle knight,
Who would not do an injur'd damſel right.
Well—Heav'n be prais'd! I'm out of magic reach,
And have once more regain'd the pow'r of ſpeech:
Aye, and I'll uſe it—for it muſt appear,
That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear——
There's not a female here but ſhar'd my woe,
Ty'd down to YES, or ſtill more hateful NO.
NO is expreſſive—but I muſt confeſs,
If rightly queſtion'd, I'd uſe only YES.
In MERLIN's walk this broken wand I found,
[*Shewing a broken wand.*
Which to *two Words* my ſpeaking organs bound.
Suppoſe upon the town I try his ſpell——
Ladies, don't ſtir!—You uſe your tongues too well!
How tranquil every place, when, by my ſkill,
Folly is mute, and even *Slander* ſtill!
Old Goſſips ſpeechleſs—*Bloods* would breed no riot,
And all the tongues at *Jonathan*'s lie quiet!
Each *grave Profeſſion* muſt new buſh the wig;
Nothing to ſay, 'twere needleſs they look big!
The *reverend Doctor* might the change endure,
He would ſit ſtill, and have his *Sine Cure!*
Nor could *Great Folks* much hardſhip undergo;
They do their bus'neſs with an AYE or NO!—
But, come, I only jok'd—diſmiſs your fear;
Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not uſe it here.

I'll

EPILOGUE.

I'll only keep my magic as a guard,
To awe each critic who attacks our bard.
I ſee ſome malcontents their fingers biting,
Snarling, " The ancients never knew ſuch writing—
" The drama's loſt!—the managers exhauſt us
" With *Op'ras*, *Monkies*, *Mab*, and *Dr. Fauſtus*."
Dread Sirs, a word!—the public taſte is fickle;
All palates in their turn we ſtrive to tickle;
Our cat'rers *vary*; and you'll own, at leaſt,
It is *Variety* that makes the feaſt.
If this fair circle ſmile—and *the Gods* thunder,
I with this wand will keep the critics under.

P. J. De Loutherbourg inv. et fec.

The last Scene of part the 2d in the Christmas Tale.

A NEW

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

CALLED

A Chriſtmas Tale.

IN FIVE PARTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

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Embelliſhed with an Etching, by Mr. *Loutherbourg*.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand. 1774.
[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of the following Tale begs leave to make his acknowledgements to the publick, for their very favourable reception of it: He hopes that the ſucceſs attending this attempt, ſo well ſupported by the Scenery, Muſick, and Performers, will excite ſuperior talents to productions of the ſame kind, more worthy of their approbation.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Muſic plays, and ſeveral perſons enter with different kind of diſhes.

After them Mr. PALMER, *in the character of* CHRISTMAS.

GO on---prepare my bounty for my friends,
And ſee that mirth with all her crew attends:

To the AUDIENCE.

Behold a perſonage well known to fame;
*Once lov'd and honour'd---*Chriſtmas *is my name!*
My officers of ſtate my taſte diſplay;
Cooks, ſcullions, paſtry-cooks, prepare my way!
Holly, and ivy, round me honours ſpread,
And my retinue ſhew, I'm not ill-fed:
Mine'd pies by way of belt, my breaſt divide,
And a large carving knife, adorns my ſide;
'Tis no Fop's *weapon, 'twill be often drawn;*
This turban for my head is collar'd brawn!
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always merry:
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleaſant tale,
Jeſt, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery and ale,
I, Engliſh hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new ſtrange modes, imported by the ſcore,
You will not ſure turn Chriſtmas *out of door!*
Suppoſe yourſelves, well ſeated by a fire,
(Stuck cloſe, you ſeem more warm than you deſire)
Old father Chriſtmas *now in all his glory,*
Begs, with kind hearts, you'll liſten to his Story:
Clear well your minds from politicks and ſpleen,
Hear my Tale *out---ſee* all *that's to be ſeen!*
Take care, my children, that you well behave,
You, Sir, in blue, red cape---not quite ſo grave:

That

PROLOGUE.

That critick there in black---ſo ſtern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin---
You in the crimſon capuchin, I fear you,
Why, Madam, at this time ſo croſs appear you?
Excuſe me pray---I did not ſee your huſband near you.
Don't think, fair Ladies, I expect that you,
Should hear my tale---you've ſomething elſe to do:
Nor will our beaux, old Engliſh fare encourage;
No foreign taſte, could e'er digeſt plumb-porridge.
I have no ſauce to quicken lifeleſs ſinners,
My food is meant for * honeſt hearty grinners!
For you---you ſpirits with good ſtomachs bring;
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring;
Open your mouths, pray ſwallow every thing!
Criticks beware, how you our pranks deſpiſe;
Hear well my tale, or you ſhan't touch my pies;
The proverb change---be merry, but not wiſe.

* To the upper gallery.

DRAMATIS

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

BONORO, *Good Magician*,	Mr. BANNISTER,
FLORIDOR, *his Son*,	Mr. VERNON,
TYCHO, *his 'Squire*,	Mr. WESTON,
FALADEL, *Gentleman-Uſher*,	Mr. PARSONS,
NIGROMANT, *Bad Magician*,	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
RADEL,	Mr. DIMOND,
MESSENGERS.	Mr. GRIFFITH, Maſter BLANCHARD.

W O M E N.

CAMILLA,	Mrs. SMITH,
ROBINETTE,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

GOOD and EVIL SPIRITS, *in various Characters, by*

Mr. HURST, Mr. ACKMAN, Mr. W. PALMER,
Mr. WRIGHT, Mr. WRIGHTEN, Mr. COURTNEY,
Miſs PLATT, Mrs. JOHNSTON, Mrs. BRADSHAW,
Mrs. MILLIDGE, Mrs. SCOTT, *&c. &c. &c.*

D A N C E S.

By Sig. COMO, Mr. ATKINS, Mr. GEORGI,
Signiora CRESPI, Mrs. SUTTON, Mrs. GEORGI, *&c.*

The SCENERY invented by Mr. DE LOUTHERBOURG,

MUSICK, by Mr. DIBDIN.

A

CHRISTMAS TALE.

PART I.

SCENE I. *A beautiful Landſkip.*

Enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

TYCHO! Tycho! where are you, Tycho? ſure the fellow has taken me at my word, and gone to hang or drown himſelf----he threatned both----Lovers are great bullies, and ſwear a thouſand things they never intend to perform; if the poor woman ſhews any fear, the bullies rave the more, and ſhe gives up at once that nobleſt privilege of the ſex, making the wiſeſt fools, and the ſtouteſt miſerable---I have a tongue to be ſure that moves quick, and by out-running my wit ſometimes, may encourage young coxcombs to hope too much; but then my heart all the while, poor thing! knows nothing of the matter, and feels no more, than my ſhoe-knots.

SONG.

My eyes may ſpeak pleaſure,
Tongue flow without meaſure,
Yet my heart in my boſom lies ſtill;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's aſleep in his mill.

Though lovers ſurround me,
With ſpeeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my boſom lies ſtill;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's aſleep in his mill.

The little God eyes me,
And thinks to ſurpriſe me,
But my heart is awake in my breaſt;
Thus boys ſlily creeping,
Would catch the bird ſleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his neſt.

Where can this Tycho have hid himſelf? I'm ſure he went this way---ſtay, is not that my gentleman creeping along the ſide of the canal? It is either he, my other lover Faladel, or the monkey in his new livery; I muſt give him a little more hope, or we ſhall have no more ſport with him. [*Exit Rob.*

TYCHO *(peeping out of a tree.)*

There's a hard-hearted ſhe-devil for you!---do I look like a monkey in a new livery? I don't know how love may have alter'd me, but I know a few weeks ago, that I had the beſt face in this iſland, or my glaſs is a deceiver of youth. If I had not ſo much tenderneſs in my compoſition,

poſition, I would play the devil among theſe petticoats---But here ſhe comes again, and I can't ſay boo! to her for the life of me.

Re-enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

It was the monkey, and a very pretty fellow he is, now he is well dreſſed. *(Tycho ſighs in the tree.)* La! what's that?---did not I hear ſomebody ſigh? It muſt be my lover, Tycho!---where are you, Tycho?

TYCHO *(In the tree, and out of ſight.)*

Here am I! *(ſighing.*

ROBINETTE.

Where?

TYCHO.

Here. *(ſighing.*

ROBINETTE.

Where, I ſay? Pray ſhew your ſweet face.

TYCHO.

Here it is. *(peeping out)* When you loſe this, you won't get a better.

ROBINETTE.

Not till I buy a gingerbread one---What are you doing there?

TYCHO.

I was going to hang myſelf for love; but, having left the cord behind me, I fell aſleep 'till you waken'd me---Pray lend me your garters, for I will not live, that I am reſolv'd. *(ſighing.*

ROBINETTE.

Come down, and I'll lend you any thing---What can I poſſibly do with this ſtrange animal. *(aſide.*

Enter TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Here am I!

ROBINETTE.

What is it you want?

TYCHO.

Death or *you*.---I muſt have one of you.

ROBINETTE.

Have not I told you often, and I will now repeat it, that I can't leave Camilla; let but Floridor, *your* friend, get the conſent of Camilla, *my* friend, then I Robinette, *her* friend, take you Tycho, *his* friend---What would the fellow have?

TYCHO *(muttering.)*

Your friend, and *my* friend, and *his* friend, and *her* friend: then all are friends---Isn't it ſo?

ROBINETTE.

To be ſure---Now go about your buſineſs.

TYCHO.

O bleſs me! now I am come to myſelf, I muſt ſend Floridor immediately to his father, upon ſpecial matters: I thought to make away with myſelf, and quite forgot it.

ROBINETTE.

Floridor is as violent in love, as you are melancholy: You muſt both mend your manners, or Camilla and I ſhall look out for others---No more melancholy, Tycho, if you love, and would win me.

TYCHO.

Am I too melancholy for you? *(ſighing.*

ROBINETTE.

Too melancholy! your face ſeems preparing for a funeral inſtead of looking out for a wedding: I hate melancholy, and all melancholy people: A cloudy face betokens a cloudy heart, and I will have neither: Never will I ſail to the port of matrimony but with a ſmiling ſea, and clear ſky---that's the way to make a good voyage of it.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

And ſo it is, faith; he! he! he!---My face will become ſmiles, as well as a great deal of thinking: I have ſtudy'd myſelf into melancholy, but I'll burn my books, and be as merry as you pleaſe to make me. He! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

Now you dance about my heart, and will certainly run away with it.

TYCHO.

He! he! he!---But where's Faladel, Robinette?

ROBINETTE.

Perhaps ſleeping in ſome tree for love of me, as you did.

TYCHO.

If he would do the other thing for you, I ſhould be very happy. *(ſighing.*

ROBINETTE.

Melancholy and jealous too!---I declare off---Fye for ſhame! a man, a young man, of perſon, parts, addreſs, and converſation, to be jealous of an old ſimpering, ſwaggering, rhiming gentleman-uſher, who is as dry as a mummy, and talks of love; has no ſtrength, and talks of fighting giants; has no wit, and thinks to gain me! O fye, for ſhame!

TYCHO.

It is, indeed, both a ſin and a ſhame----I'll know myſelf better, and be afraid of nobody but you, Robinette: I would ſay more, but it is time for me to laugh, he! he! he! is it not?

ROBINETTE.

Now you ſhew yourſelf to advantage---But, look at the lovers there! they have had a freſh quarrel, I ſuppoſe; go and end it; and take the hot fool home to his father to cool him.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

I'll be melancholy no more---to pleaſe you, Robinette, I will dance when I am ſad; be pert and merry, tho' I have nothing to ſay, like other young gentlemen----I'll be quite in the mode, more of the monkey, and leſs of the man----Tol, lol, lol----Will that do? bye Robinette. Tol, lol, lol---Heigho! *(Dances off, and ſighs.*

ROBINETTE.

I do like this fellow a little, though I plague him ſo---and perhaps I plague him becauſe I like him---he's a ſtrange creature, and yet I like him---I'm a ſtrange creature too, and he likes me---he has a hundred faults---hold, hold, Signora Robinetta---have not you a little fault or two in the corner of your heart, if your neighbours could come at them?---------O woman! woman! what an agreeable, whimſical, fanciful, coy, coquettiſh, quick-ſighted, no-ſighted, angelical, deviliſh, jumble of agreeable matter art thou?

S O N G.

O the freaks of womankind!
As ſwift as thought we breed 'em:
No whims will ſtarve in woman's mind,
For vanity will feed 'em;
Teazing ever,
Steady never;
Who the ſhifting clouds can bind?
O the freaks of womankind! &c.

Quick of ear, and ſharp of eye,
Others faults we hear and ſpy,
But to our own,
Alone,
We are both deaf and blind.
O the freaks of womankind! &c.

[*Exit Rob.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

CAMILLA's *magnificent Garden.*

Enter FLORIDOR, CAMILLA, *and* TYCHO.

CAMILLA.

I cannot bear your jealouſy.

FLORIDOR.

My jealouſy would have merit with you, if you lov'd as I did---but I have done, Madam, and have nothing more to ſay.

TYCHO.

Then go to your father, who has ſomething to ſay to you.

FLORIDOR.

I'll follow you, Tycho. *(walks about in diſorder.*

TYCHO.

What do you ſtay for, if you have no more to ſay?

FLORIDOR.

I will but ſay three words, and then I'll come.

TYCHO.

If you have three words, the lady will have three thouſand; which, at about two hundred and fifty words a minute will juſt take up---I know my time, and will be with you again. [*Exit Tycho.*

CAMILLA.

Pray go to your father, I have told you my mind, Floridor, why will you preſs me to change it? Don't let an ill-opinion of your ſex miſlead *you*, and injure *me!*---I am reſolv'd---You have my heart, I confeſs it---'tis ungenerous to urge me farther, when you know my greateſt diſtreſs is to refuſe you any thing.

FLOR-

FLORIDOR.

My ſuſpicions, Camilla, are the ſtrongeſt proofs of my paſſion.

CAMILLA.

Can you ſuſpect me of ſuch falſehood, as to pretend a paſſion for you, and ſecretly indulge one for another.

FLORIDOR.

Nigromant, though a wicked, is a powerful magician, and his frequent viſits might alarm a heart leſs ſenſible than mine.

CAMILLA.

My pride will not let me anſwer an accuſation that reflects the greateſt diſhonour, both upon you and myſelf.

FLORIDOR.

How can you ſuffer me to be tortur'd with jealouſy, when you might---

CAMILLA.

Stop, Floridor! when I might---what? Scorn a father's commands, given me with his laſt breath and bleſſing!

FLORIDOR.

With his laſt breath, and bleſſing!

CAMILLA.

Upon his death bed he enjoin'd me, with tears in his eyes, not to give my hand but to him who could give me proofs of what this inchanted laurel would unfold.

FLORIDOR.

And what are they?---I conjure you tell me.

CAMILLA.

See, and behold!

(The laurel unfolds and diſcovers the words Valor, Conſtancy, *and* Honour, *in letters of gold.)*

You have prov'd your *Love* to me, by its unfolding at your requeſt---Now read what more is expected from you.

FLOR-

FLORIDOR *(reading.)*

Valor, *Conſtancy*, and *Honour!* Can the ſon of Honoro, and your lover, be ſuſpected?

CAMILLA.

I muſt not hear you, Floridor: Can you love me, and refuſe me theſe proofs?---Marriage, my father added, was too great a ſtake to venture upon common ſecurity: If your paſſion is a true one, you'll convince me by your obedience; if it is a common one, I am too proud to accept it, and too grateful to diſobey my father.

SONG.

Woman ſhould be wiſely kind,
Nor give her paſſion ſcope;
Juſt reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind,
Blight the ſweet bloſſom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
Sorrow then ſucceeds deſire;
Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
Feed the ſacred laſting flame!

FLORIDOR.

You ſhall have the proofs from me you deſire, and in return, I will exact but one from you.

CAMILLA.

If in my power, you ſhall command it.

FLORIDOR.

Never ſee that curs'd magician, Nigromant, more.

CAMILLA.

Do *you* keep him from me then; how can I avoid him; he is crafty and powerful; ſhould I enrage him, he would deſtroy our happineſs for ever.

FLORIDOR.

You have *Spells* to protect us.

CAMILLA.

You have *Valor* to protect us---it is you, Floridor, muſt deliver me from him; *Valor*, *Conſtancy*, and *Honour*, may ſubdue all evil ſpirits, and it is by them alone, you can only reach the ſummit of your wiſhes.

FLORIDOR.

Then I will prepare for the trial.

SONG.

'Tis Beauty *commands me, my heart muſt obey;*
'Tis Honour *that calls me, and* Fame *leads the way!*
From the ſoft ſilken fetters of Pleaſure *I fly,*
With my Love *I muſt live, or with* Honour, *will die.*

I wake from my trance,
Bring the ſword, ſhield, and lance,
My name ſhall be famous in ſtory;
Now danger has charms,
For love ſounds to arms,
And love is my paſſion and glory!

(going.

CAMIL-

CAMILLA.

Stay, Floridor! I have ſomething yet to do.

[*Exit Camilla.*

FLORIDOR *(amaz'd.)*

What can this mean?---What new trial for a heart, ſo devoted to the object of its paſſion, that every trifling circumſtance hurries the ſpirits to it, as if alarmed by approaching danger?

Re-enter CAMILLA, *(with a wreath of flowers.)*

SONG.

O take this wreath my hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love;
Theſe flow'rs will keep their brighteſt hue,
Whilſt you are conſtant, kind, and true.

But ſhould you, falſe to love and me,
Wiſh from my fondneſs to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die!

End of the Firſt Part.

PART II.

SCENE I. BONORO's *Cell, with Priſons round it.*

CHORUS of EVIL SPIRITS, from the Priſons.

MIGHTY maſter, hear our ſighs!
Let thy ſlaves be free!
With folded hands and lifted eyes
We call to thee!
O end the ſtrife!
You grant us life;
Grant us ſtill more---ſweet Liberty!

BONORO.

Wretched, baſe and blind,
Evil ſpirits peace!
Your clamours ceaſe;
By guilt confin'd,
In vain the mind,
Pants for freedom's happy hour;
In pity to your pains,
I loos'd your chains,
But circumſcrib'd your pow'r,
In pity to mankind.

BON-

BONORO.

What can be the meaning my ſon is not yet arrived? Love is his maſter now, and his father muſt wait, 'till ſuperior commands are obey'd. Tycho!---Tycho!

Enter TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Here am I!

BONORO.

Where is my ſon Floridor?

TYCHO.

Where I left him---at the old place.

BONORO.

With Camilla?

TYCHO.

To be ſure!

BONORO.

Did you tell him I wanted him.

TYCHO.

I did.

BONORO.

What ſaid he?

TYCHO.

That he would ſay but three words and follow me. I heard him ſay a hundred, and ſing a thouſand: Lovers are bad arithmeticians.

BONORO.

Why did not you return ſooner?

TYCHO.

I waited for him, to be ſure.

BON-

BONORO.

Have a care, Tycho---I will ſooner forgive your weakneſs, than your falſehood---tell me the truth; Robinette detain'd you.

TYCHO.

I was a little love bound, I muſt confeſs.

BONORO.

Confeſs the truth always, nor ever be aſham'd of the moſt natural, if not the nobleſt paſſion.

TYCHO.

I am half dead with it, I'm ſure. *(ſighing.)* But I muſt never be melancholy again, and that it is that makes me ſo merry: He! he! he!---Heigh-ho! *(ſighing.*

BONORO.

Let no paſſion raiſe your mind beyond its proper bounds, I knew of your fooliſh intentions---Such actions are the effects either of vice, cowardice, or poor paltry, miſtaken philoſophy.

TYCHO.

You need not throw away your leſſons upon me---I am in ſpirits now, and always a laughing. He! he! he!

BONORO.

That may be as fooliſh the other way; ſilly minds have no medium.

TYCHO.

There's no pleaſing ſome folks; full, or faſting.

BONORO.

I pity your weakneſs, and am a friend to your honeſt ſimplicity.

TYCHO.

I wiſh you wou'd give me ſome love powder for Robinette.

BON-

BONORO.

She is forward enough without it---If her blood riſes above temperate, you may repent the experiment---Here's my ſon---leave us.

TYCHO.

With all my heart---I'll go write to Robinette.

Enter FLORIDOR.

I wiſh you had made a little more haſte with your three words. *(aſide to Floridor and exit.*

BONORO.

No excuſes for your delay, ſon---Your miſtreſs detain'd you, and your father ought to wait.

FLORIDOR.

I am aſham'd of my neglect.

BONORO.

I excuſe it---I know the noble reſolutions you have made, which have more than half perform'd my commands. Camilla is an honour to her ſex; deſerve her, ſon, by your virtues, and my bleſſing ſhall attend your union.

FLORIDOR, *(kneeling.)*

Thus let me ſhew my thanks, duty, gratitude and love. *(kiſſing his hand.*

BONORO.

Riſe, ſon, and attend to me---ſome uncommon act of valor is expected from you----Before I obtain'd your mother's hand, I conquer'd, and impriſon'd theſe evil ſpirits, *(pointing to the Dens)* who moleſted the world in various characters: You are now upon *your* trial---What can ſo ſtrongly demand your valor, as the deſtruction at once of your rival Nigromant, and the leader of theſe evil ſpirits?

FLORIDOR.

Nothing----may I prove myſelf the ſon of ſuch a father!

BON-

BONORO.

Valor is beſt attended by faithfulneſs and ſimplicity; Tycho ſhall be your 'Squire---I will myſelf with the proper ceremony dip the ſhield and ſword in the lake of vapours---But theſe incantations will not do alone---*Valor*, *Conſtancy*, and *Honour*, muſt render all my charms effectual.

SONG.

Though ſtrong your nerves to poiſe the ſpear,
Or raiſe the maſſy ſhield;
Though ſwift as light'ning through the air,
The ſword of death you wield;

'Tis from the heart, the pow'r muſt flow,
To conquer, and forgive the foe.

Though edg'd by ſpells, and magic charms,
Your ſword may reap renown;
'Tis honour conſecrates your arms,
And gives the laurel crown!

'Tis from the heart, the pow'r muſt flow,
To conquer, and forgive the foe.

FLORIDOR.

As I feel your leſſons, 'tis the beſt earneſt of my executing them---but Sir! Father! I find you are inform'd that I am enjoin'd by Camilla to give proofs---

BONORO.

I am---Her father, the good Bianco, was my friend; his pow'r, now poſſeſt by his daughter, was a limitted one; he was oppreſſed at the end of his life by the ſuperior arts of the wicked Nigromant, for refuſing him her hand---Now what object can at once ſo warmly bring forth the proofs required of you, as ſo formidable a rival, and deteſted a monſter!

FLOR-

FLORIDOR.

My heart pants for the conteſt!

BONORO.

If you conquer, my ſon, you gain glory and Camilla; if you are vanquiſh'd---come to my arms---*(Embraces him)* I ſhall have that melancholy conſolation that you gave the beſt proofs of your virtues.

FLORIDOR.

Your words melt me, and exalt me above myſelf!

BONORO.

I muſt away to the lake with the ſword and ſhield---

FLORIDOR.

Shall I attend you, Sir?

BONORO.

No, I muſt be alone---Now mark me, ſon; ſtay you here, and in my abſence be a guardian of theſe evil ſpirits; this wand, ſhould they be riotous, or endeavour to tear off the Taliſmans from their dens, will defeat their projects---

(Gives him the wand.

To ſecure your wand, ſleep muſt not cloſe your eyes 'till my return----a drowſy watchman is the robber's beſt friend----evil ſpirits have power only over thoughtleſs, lazy minds.

[Exit Bonoro.

FLORIDOR.

SONG.

Tho' honour loudly ſtrikes my ear,
The ſofter notes of love prevailing,
Every ſenſe aſſailing,
Swell with hope, or ſink with fear!

Who for the goal of glory ſtart,
To love, as honour true,
Would ne'er forbid this trembling heart,
To ſigh a laſt adieu!

I go---my faith and truth to prove,
Valor ne'er was foe to love;
I will, I muſt obey the call,
Love's triumphant over all!

FLORIDOR.

Tycho!

Enter TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Here am I.

FLORIDOR.

Approach, my 'Squire.

TYCHO.

Your father has told me of my advancement, and if a man of honour may be ſaid to know himſelf, I will venture to ſay, that you are not very unfortunate in a 'Squire.

FLORIDOR.

I am convinc'd of it---and the firſt duty I ſhall put you upon, is to guard theſe evil ſpirits in my abſence-- I ſhall return directly, but I muſt ſee Camilla again---

TYCHO.

To ſpeak three words more---

FLOR.

FLORIDOR.

I have ſomething to ſay to her, which unſaid would damp the glory of any action I might atchieve, and which when ſaid, will lighten, and ſtrengthen my heart for any adventure.

TYCHO.

The moment your father has pardon'd one fault, you commit another---you keep his good nature in fine exerciſe.

FLORIDOR.

I will never again give him the leaſt cauſe of complaint--I muſt ſpeak with Camilla, and directly.

TYCHO.

I have three words too for Robinette---

FLORIDOR.

Don't be a fool, but mind what I ſay to you.

TYCHO.

A Knight may plunge over head and ears, while the poor 'Squire muſt not wet his feet.

FLORIDOR.

No talking but mark me---ſhould theſe evil ſpirits dare to be turbulent, this wand will controul them-----one caution above all is not to ſleep upon any pretence whatſoever; ſhould the wand drop from your hand, we are undone!---be wiſe, active, and vigilant! [*Exit Flor.*

TYCHO.

The young ſinner preaches well---I am forbid talking, and ſleeping, I wonder he did not add eating and drinking too! 'tis very hard that I may not take one look at Robinette; I am fleſh and blood as well as he---am as perſonable as he---as jealous as he---have as fine paſſions, and am as much belov'd as he---To divert my melancholy, I will ſhew myſelf fit for my office, (it is not every fool in office

can

can do that) and examine theſe culprits, ſinners, and evil ſpirits---I will not get too near 'em tho' for fear of their laying a claw upon me---*(he ſpeaks loud, and with an affected air)* Who are you in this lob's pound here?---

FIRſt SPIRIT.

Save you, ſweet Signior!

TYCHO.

Well, well, none of your parlaver---anſwer my queſtions directly, and keep your paws in your den---*(raps his knuckles)* What are you?

JESUIT.

I am a Jeſuit.

TYCHO.

The devil you are!---and how came you here?

JESUIT.

Having ſome *cardinal* virtues, and making larger ſtrides than they ſaid became me, they have laid me by the heels, and it is impoſſible for me to do any good here.

TYCHO.

No, nor any where elſe---ſo draw in your beak, cormorant---And who are you with your ſharp looks and your claws?

ATTORNEY.

I am an *Attorney*, at your ſervice.

TYCHO.

Not at mine, I beg of you---are *you* in for your *virtues* too?

ATTORNEY.

A little miſtake in practice only.

TYCHO.

Then for fear of more miſtakes, you ſhall ſtay where you are, Mr. Attorney.

POET.

POET.

Signior Tycho!---I beg your ears a moment.

TYCHO.

What have you loſt your own?

POET.

I am a poetical ſpirit, and here's a ſatire upon your neighbours, and a panegyrick upon yourſelf.

TYCHO.

I'll touch nothing that belongs to you---I love my neighbours, and I hate abuſe---ſo keep in your fingers. *(ſtrikes them)* But who are you that ſwell and look ſo big?

STATESMAN.

I am a political ſpirit, I had a ſoul of fire, that over-leap'd all laws and conſiderations---I was a ſtateſman!

TYCHO.

It was time to cool you a little, and ſpoil your leaping, by keeping your ſoul under lock and key---Who are *you*, friend?---and what are thoſe rattles in your hand?

GAMESTER.

A box and dice to divert us in our retirement.

TYCHO.

Gameſters, I ſuppoſe---pray, gentlemen, what brought you here?

GAMESTER.

We loſt good fortunes, by keeping bad company, and to retrieve a little---

TYCHO.

Became bad company yourſelves.

GAMESTER.

We did take an advantage, I muſt confeſs.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

So they took an advantage of you, and put you where you are---I wiſh all your family was with you, brothers, ſiſters, and all!

ACTRESS.

Turn your eyes this way, beautiful Sir, and look upon me with an eye of pity.

TYCHO.

O, the females have found me out at laſt! What are you, a *hen* Jeſuit?

ACTRESS.

I was an actreſs ſome months ago.

TYCHO.

An actreſs! what ſpirit's that?

ACTRESS.

A ſpirit to entertain the public, but quitting that for *private* practice---

TYCHO.

As you like private practice, I wiſh you joy of your ſituation.

ACTRESS.

If you wou'd permit me to come forth, and approach you, I would amuſe you with my hiſtory.

TYCHO.

Many thanks, fair lady; but as I know nothing of acting, we are both much better as we are---Pray who are you, licking your lips, and with your mouth open?

GLUTTON.

I am a luxurious ſpirit; I lov'd eating and drinking a little too much.

TYCHO.

O, a city ſpirit! I hope, friend, there is no great ſin in a little eating and drinking?

GLUTTON.

If I was out, good Sir, I would place ſuch ſavoury dainty diſhes before you! TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Hold your tongue, Sirrah; no bribery and corruption! He ſets my mouth a watering already---this fellow ſhall be my cook, if I ſhould ever get a good government.

WOMAN of QUALITY.

Turn to me, Signior; I have a right to be heard firſt.

TYCHO.

Then don't loſe your right, I beg you---Who are you, Madam?

WOMAN of QUALITY.

A ſpirit of quality!

TYCHO.

And what are you in there for, Madam?

WOMAN of QUALITY.

For being a woman of quality.

TYCHO.

A woman of bad qualities you mean---Fye upon you! who ever heard of a bad woman of quality? this is *ſcandalum magnatum horrendiſſimum!* You are a foul weed, and ought to be pluck'd out from the fair garden of nobility! I wiſh Robinette had heard me ſay that. *(aſide,)*

(A voice is heard accompanied with a guitar.

What have you ſingers and muſicians among you?

ACTRESS.

O yes, and dancers, actors, authors, and managers too: We could entertain you, ſweet Sir, if we were at liberty.

TYCHO.

No, no, you'll ſing better in your cage, my pretty birds: Come let me hear you: *(He ſits down.)* Whiſtle away---This is almoſt more than fleſh and blood can bear: Such ſweet looking ſpirits ſure could never hurt one. *(aſide.)* Come, come, whiſtle away, my ſweet Canary birds.

DUETTE.

DUETTE.

O hear me kind, and gentle ſwain,
Let love's ſweet voice delight you;
The ear of youth, ſhould drink each ſtrain,
When beauty's lips invite you:

As love and valor warm your heart,
And faith and honour guard you;
From wounded breaſts extract the dart,
And beauty will reward you:

Our tear-ſtain'd eyes, their wiſh diſcloſe,
Can cruel you refuſe 'em?
O wipe the dew from off the roſe,
And place it in your boſom.

(As they are ſinging, Tycho by degrees falls aſleep.)

TYCHO, *(half aſleep.)*

This is melting indeed! Bravo! bravo! Softly my angel; not ſo loud, I beſeech you---Sweet Robinetta! encore! encore! ſing again, or I'll---*As love and valor*, (ſings in his ſleep) *and beauty's lips.* Toll, lol, lal, lal!---Robinetta---obinetta---binetta---netta---etta---ta---a---

(Falls aſleep and drops his wand; upon which, it thunders; the dens burſt open, and various evil ſpirits of both ſexes enter promiſcuouſly, and riotouſly expreſs their joy.)

CHORUS.

CHORUS *of* EVIL SPIRITS.

'Tis done! 'tis done! 'tis done!
We break the galling chain!
We fly, we ſink, and run,
From tyranny,
To liberty!
To liberty---again!

Revel, riot, dance and play,
Folly *ſleeps, and* Vice *keeps holliday!*

End of the Second Part.

PART III.

SCENE, CAMILLA's *magnificent Garden.*

Enter CAMILLA *and* FLORIDOR.

CAMILLA.

WHY would you diſtreſs me thus, and doubly wound me by this raſh action? Your father will be incens'd at your diſobedience and hate me as the cauſe of it; Tycho may be work'd upon by the evil ſpirits, and undo us---my heart forebodes too---

FLORIDOR.

Can your heart be mine, and conceive any doubts of me?

CAMILLA.

Why ſhould I imagine that I have charms powerful enough to fix you mine for ever---change of place may occaſion change of ſentiment, new objects may eraſe former impreſſions.

FLORIDOR.

Indulge not theſe falſe alarms; thou art queen of my heart, and ſhalt reign there for ever, and alone.

CAMILLA.

My fancy teems with a thouſand apprehenſions, all my ſenſes are in diſorder! I heard, or thought I heard ſtrange noiſes in the air; even now my eyes are deceiv'd, or this garden, the trees, the flowers, the heav'ns change their colours to my ſight, and ſeem to ſay ſomething myſterious, which is not in my heart to expound.

(The objects in the garden vary their colours.

FLORIDOR.

Theſe are the phantoms of love and fear.

CAMILLA.

O, Floridor! you have taught me love, and love has taught me fear.

FLOR-

DIALOGUE SONG.

SHE.

Look round the earth, nor think it ſtrange
To doubt of you, when all things change;
The branching tree, the blooming flower,
Their form and hue, change every hour;
While all around ſuch change I ſee,
Alas! my heart muſt fear for thee.

HE.

Blighted and chill'd by cruel froſt,
Their vigor droops, their beauty's loſt;
My cheek may fade by your diſdain,
To change my heart, all pow'r is vain;
Look round the earth, the flow'r and tree,
To nature's true as I to thee.

SHE.

* *Look up to heav'n---nor think it ſtrange,*
To doubt of you, when all things change;
Sun, moon, and ſtars, thoſe forms ſo bright,
Are changing ever to the ſight!
While, in the heav'ns ſuch change I ſee,
Alas! my heart muſt fear for thee.

HE.

Clouded or bright, the moon and ſun,
Are conſtant to the courſe they run;
So gay, or ſad, my heart as true,
Riſes and ſets to love and you:
Look in the heav'ns, each ſtar you ſee,
True to its orb, as I to thee.

* Theſe two verſes are omitted in the repreſentation.

Enter

Enter BONORO *haſtily.*

[*He ſtops ſhort, and looks ſtedfaſtly upon Floridor, who ſtarts confounded; while Camilla appears diſtreſs'd.)*

BONORO, *(after a pauſe.)*

Well you may ſtart and be confounded, ſon!

CAMILLA, *(kneeling.)*

I am the cauſe of his diſobedience---let me be puniſh'd.

BONORO.

Riſe, excellent woman! *(raiſes her.)* Your virtues are the beſt excuſes for his diſobedience, which will become its own puniſhment---his labours are trebled by it!

FLORIDOR.

My father!

BONORO.

Tycho has been overcome by the evil ſpirits---they have broken their chains, and fled to your rival and enemy, Nigromant---miſchief is abroad!

CAMILLA.

Then I am wretched indeed!

FLORIDOR.

Doubt not of my valor, or my love---Increaſe of danger makes me worthy of Camilla.

BONORO.

Your ſpirit charms me, and diſarms my anger---I have diſenchanted from ſleep, and forgiven the poor penitent 'Squire; his was an error of judgment; your's of paſſion; but it is paſt and forgot. Tycho waits for you, with your ſword and ſhield, in the grove by the inchanted lake---Begone! remember the words of this divine oracle; may *Valor*, *Conſtancy* and *Honour* guide you---let no pleaſures entice you---no terrors daunt you---when once you ſee him, never loſe ſight of your foe; follow him where ever he leads you: the greateſt dangers are only the rugged paths which will lead you to renown, in the arms of innocence and beauty. *(pointing to Camilla.*

TRIO.

TRIO.

BONORO.

May heav'n's bleſſing blend with mine!
To crown thy deeds at virtue's ſhrine,
Be love's beſt gift, Camilla, thine.

CAMILLA.

May ev'ry ſigh that's heav'd by me,
And ev'ry wiſh that's breath'd for thee,
Be proſp'rous gales on fortune's ſea.

FLORIDOR.

O when my bark, the tempeſt o'er,
With pilot, love, ſhall gain this ſhore,
Ambition cannot aſk for more!

TRIO.

Of ev'ry bleſſing love's the ſource,
Valor but an empty name,
A roving wild, deſtructive flame,
'Till love and juſtice guide its courſe,
And then it mounts to fame!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

So, ſo, all matters are made up again; and the confuſion, which my poor, ſimple, melancholy lover, Tycho, occaſion'd, is all kindly ſettled by the benevolence of Bonoro---I could not help liſt'ning to his fine ſayings,

not

not out of curiosity, but it really does one's heart good to hear a fine preacher of morality, and which is wonderful, see him practise it too. But the lovers I see, *(looking out.)* are taking their last leave---the good man can scarce part them---their lips are glew'd together---they'll never be got asunder !---it makes both my eyes and my mouth water---I'll look at 'em no more.

SONG.

Thro' all our hearts philosophers have taught,
A subtle vapour flies,
Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,
And sparkles in the eyes.

Be warn'd, ye fair, and retire,
Fly far from the flash,
You'll repent if you're rash,
O never play with fire !

If a youth comes, with a grace and a song,
Like Phœbus deck'd in rays,
Then to your heart the fiery atoms throng,
And set it in a blaze.

Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

But should the youth come, with honour and truth,
Fly not your lover's rays,
His heart in a flame, let your's be the same,
And make a mutual blaze !

From him we need not retire,
When such can be found,
We may stand our ground,
O then we may play with fire.

I don't

I don't know what's the matter with me to-day, I am full of miſchief I believe---I am afraid theſe evil ſpirits that are got abroad again are a little buſy with me---it can't be the loſs of Tycho ſure that affects me --I don't love him ſo well as that neither---no matter what it is---why don't my loving couſin come back? O this love! this love! ſhe can't leave her dying ſwain---Why ſhould not I go after mine too? tho' I am not dying for him, he is for me---I'll go towards Bonoro's cell, I'm reſolv'd---as I have leſs paſſion, I ſhall appear more generous by looking after my lover in his preſent ſituation---I never knew 'till this moment that I was half ſo good a creature as I really am.

[*Exit Rob.*

SCENE *the Outſide of* BONORO'*s Cell.*

Enter CAMILLA.

CAMILLA.

Farewel, O farewel, my Floridor! Thou ſeeſt, but can'ſt not hear with what reluctance I am ſeparated from thee!---He too with unwilling ſteps moves ſlow along, and turns his head this way, to ſhew that duty and inclination, cannot yet be reconcil'd---now he ſtands ſtill, and with his eyes and one hand rais'd to Heaven, preſſing his boſom with the other, he ſeems to ſwear eternal love!---I will ratify that vow, and make it mutual---now he ſeems diſtreſs'd, and hurries down the hill, and now he's gone!---and now---I'm wretched!---heigh-ho!

Enter ROINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

Heigh-ho! why he'll come again, couſin, depend upon it.

CAM-

CAMILLA.

May I depend upon his coming again as he goes away, conſtant and faithful; his father warn'd him to let no pleaſure entice him---Is not that alarming?

ROBINETTE.

What is it *your* turn to be jealous?

CAMILLA.

Can one love much, and not be jealous a little?

ROBINETTE.

Can you be long in doubt, and have ſupernatural powers to aſſiſt you?

CAMILLA.

The paſſions of Love counteracts all operations of magic, and levels us with the weakeſt---we can try gold, but we can't make it---it is conceal'd by nature from the wiſeſt of us.

ROBINETTE.

Make a trial of his affections then, by aſſuming a form, if poſſible, handſomer than your own.

CAMILLA.

That is not in my power; I can aſſume a form leſs agreeable, if poſſible, than my own, and with that, and ſome other circumſtance I am now going upon the trial.

ROBINETTE.

I will attend you.

CAMILLA.

No, I ſhall diſpenſe with your company for ſome time, I leave you miſtreſs of my garden, and my caſtle; ſee whom you pleaſe, and do what you pleaſe; make yourſelf happy, while I perhaps am ſeeking to be miſerable. *(ſighs.*

SONG.

SONG.

O how weak will power and reaſon,
To this boſom tyrant prove,
Every act is fancied treaſon,
By the jealous ſovereign Love!

Paſſion urg'd the youth to danger,
Paſſion calls him back again;
Paſſion is to peace a ſtranger,
Seek I muſt my bliſs or bane.

So the feaver'd minds that languiſh,
And in ſcorching torments rave,
Thus to end or eaſe their anguiſh,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

[*Exit Camilla.*

ROBINETTE.

Poor creature!---I would not have her cares for all her magic, and her grandeur-----Mirth has got ſuch poſſeſſion of my heart, that I defy all the handſome fellows in the world to take more of it, than I pleaſe to give them. I have two lovers, which I keep as two Monkies to divert me; I make 'em play me a thouſand tricks, can change the very nature of 'em---if they grow miſchievous, I puniſh 'em---if all monkies were ſerved ſo, there would be leſs impertinence in the world---but mum---one of 'em is here---this is too old, and too lively, I muſt make him melancholy or turn him off.

Enter FALADEL.

FALADEL.

Signiora Robinette---I have follow'd you to ſay half a dozen kind words to you, and vaniſh; he! he! he!---by my faith and wand, I will not encroach upon you!

ROBINETTE.

By my faith and fardingale, you may vaniſh before you have ſaid the kind words to me if you pleaſe! he! he! he! *(mimicks him.)* Well, what do you follow me for?---

FALADEL.

I could not help it---I knew where you was going, I followed you, and the following little ode came along with me, and is at your ſervice.

ODE.

Alack-a-day!
You would not ſtay,
I follow'd gay,
Like faithful Tray,
With you to play,
Or here to ſtay,
At feet to lay;
For by my fay,
I will obey,
Whate'er you ſay,
By night or day,
Whilſt I am clay,
For ever aye,
Take pity---pray---

ROB-

ROBINETTE.

Upon my word that's very pretty and very moving.

FALADEL.

Indeed and alack-a-day, I ſhall certainly die ſoon, if you don't cure me with kindneſs, he! he! he! I ſhall indeed, for ever and for aye---he! he!---

ROBINETTE.

What is your diſorder, pray?

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day! I'm troubled with the Tycho---Signora Robinette, do you underſtand me? he! he! he! by my faith I am!---

ROBINETTE.

Jealouſy I proteſt---and of poor Tycho---

FALADEL.

Poor or rich---I am troubled with the Tycho, and I muſt either take ſteel myſelf, or make my rival take it---do you underſtand me? he! he! he! *(claps his hand upon his ſword)* it is a ſerious matter I do aſſure you---he! he! he! there muſt be blood ſhed---he! he! he! by my faith and wand, there muſt!

ROBINETTE.

I wiſh you would make it a ſerious matter, and not be grinning ſo, to ſpoil one of the handſomeſt faces in the iſland.

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day! I can't help laughing for the life of me, I was born ſo---tho' I'm unhappy all the while to deſperation, he! he! he! by my faith and wand I am!

ROB-

ROBINETTE.

By my faith too, my heart ſhall never be a prize for the beſt grinner; you muſt ſhew your love to me, by wearing a face of deſperation, indeed.

FALADEL.

What kind of face is that?

ROBINETTE.

Thus---your eyes thus---looking about as it were thus ---or thus--- (*ſhe puts on different faces.*

FALADEL.

Looking about for what?---my ſweet cruel queen of hearts! he! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

For a tree, or a canal to be ſure, to put an end to your deſpair.

FALADEL.

To dangle, or float upon!---I underſtand you---he! he! he!---by my faith I'll hit your taſte, or die for it---will this do? or this---or this---he! he! he!

SONG.

*SONG.

By my faith and wand,
Gracing now my hand,
I'm at your command,
For ever and for aye.
Heart within my breaſt,
Never ſhall have reſt,
'Till of yours poſſeſt;
Heigh-ho!---alack-a-day!

Do you want a Knight?
Ready, briſk, and tight
Foes and fiends to fight,
For ever and for aye.
If you want a ſlave,
Whom you will not ſave,
Send me to my grave,
I'm dead---alack-a-day!

I'll ſtand by my ſong for ever and aye.

ROBINETTE.

You're at your grinning again.

FALADEL.

Alack-a day! and ſo I am---I can't ſtop it---my features run away with me---but I'll go and practiſe a little by myſelf---and return again directly, quite a new creature---by my faith I will! [*Exit.*

ROBINETTE.

Ha! ha! ha! if every woman before marriage, would but train up her lovers to her inclination, as ſhe does her birds

or

*This ſong is omitted ſince the firſt night.

or her dogs, we never ſhould have an unhappy marriage; to be too much in love, and to give men their way, ſpoils every thing---But what have we here? my lover, Tycho, and prepar'd for battle!---like maſter, like man; he comes to take his laſt adieu---He ſeems very ſad and thoughtful; but he ſees me, and brightens up into unnatural ſmiles---Ah, Signior Cavaleiro Tycho!

Enter TYCHO, *(arm'd as Floridor's 'Squire.)*

TYCHO.

Here am I! as merry as my ſituation will permit me---I have leave to kiſs your fair hand and away. Tho' I am made a 'Squire, I have had ſad luck ſince I ſaw you, *(looking grave, but recollecting himſelf.)* But it is all over, and I don't mind it now, he! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

If I had not taught you to laugh at misfortunes, your laſt adventure, with the evil ſpirits, would have broke your heart.

TYCHO.

There was the devil to do! I have not recover'd my fright yet, I am ſure, tho' I put a good face upon it, he! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

Sad work indeed! but how was it?

TYCHO.

Two ſhe-devils throw'd me into a trance, and as I could not help myſelf in my ſleep, they help'd themſelves out of their priſons, and left me to pay the reckoning.

ROBINETTE.

And a long one it was.

TYCHO.

It was indeed! but our kind old gentleman, gave me a ſour look, a long ſpeech, pity'd my weakneſs, and forgave me---'tis a good old ſoul!

ROB-

ROBINETTE.

Sad work indeed, Tycho!

TYCHO.

It was *horrible, horrible, and moſt horrible!* He! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

But how was it?

TYCHO.

You muſt know I love muſic vaſtly, tho' I don't ſing a note---and two ſhe angel-devils, ſung me ſo out of my ſenſes, that I fell faſt aſleep.

ROBINETTE.

Ay, ay, your old diſorder---But I am ſorry you can't ſing; your rival, Faladel, who was here juſt now, ſings very prettily.

TYCHO.

Yes, he may ſing; but he can't write as I can---I have wrote a ſong upon you; and who knows but you may teach me to ſing as you have taught me to laugh, he! he! he! *(Endeavours to ſing.*

ROBINETTE.

O pray let's hear it.

TYCHO, *(ſings.)*

Sweet Robinette,
Your eyes are jet,

Your eyes are grey, but no matter for that, poets may ſuppoſe any thing.

Sweet Robinette,
Your eyes are jet,
And teeth are lily white---

You *have* a fine ſet of teeth, and if you had not, I was reſolv'd to give 'em to you---I don' love by halves.

Your cheeks are roſes,
Lips are poſies,
And your noſe is---
Wond'rous bright!

Let

Let my rival do that if he can---I wrote it, and ſet it myſelf.

ROBINETTE.

I don't doubt it---But, Tycho, I don't know if a *bright* noſe, is any compliment.

TYCHO.

Why not?---You muſt have ſomething bright about you---but I don't want for words---you may alter it to *wond'rous right---or white---or light---or tight*---a tight noſe, is no bad thing as times go; he! he! he!---Here comes my rival; ſhall I h nſel my maiden ſword, and lay him dead at your feet?

ROBINETTE.

By no means---Kill him with jealouſy!---See how melancholy he is; he has loſt all his ſpirit.

TYCHO.

And I have got it; he! he! he!---What a diſmal piece of mortality it is: I am quite aſham'd now that ever I wore ſuch a face as his.

ROBINETTE.

Now for a curious ſcene!

Enter FALADEL.

FALADEL.

I hope I have conquered my fooliſh nature, Robinette, internally and externally, for ever and aye. But there's my rival, *(ſeeing Tycho)* ſhall I ſacrifice him to your beauty and my paſſion? *(claps his hand to his ſword.*

ROBINETTE.

O, by no means! draw your wit upon him; cut him up with that! *(aſide to Fal.*

FALADEL.

You command me. What a ſimple fellow it is, grinning like an ideot, without ideas?

ROB-

ROBINETTE.

Did not I tell you ſo? A ſmirking face gives me the heart-burn. *(aſide to Fal.*

TYCHO.

What a poor melancholy fool it is---he has done for himſelf I ſee. Look at old Miſerable, Robinette; he! he! he! *(aſide to Rob. and grinning.*

ROBINETTE.

What a figure from top to toe!---Attack him, Tycho. *(aſide to Tycho.*

TYCHO.

Your ſervant, Signior Faladel---I am ſorry for your misfortune; he! he! he!

FALADEL.

What misfortune, pray Mr. Merry Andrew?

ROBINETTE.

Attack his grinning, Faladel. *(aſide to Fal.)* Attack his melancholy, Tycho. *(aſide to Tycho.*

TYCHO.

I verily thought, Don Faladel, that you had put your face into mourning for ſome family misfortune; ha! ha! ha!

FALADEL.

How can I help being melancholy, when I ſee how contemptible your grinning has made you? what a ſuperlative happineſs! I would laugh now if I durſt. *(begins to laugh and ſtops.*

ROBINETTE.

As you are both my friends, and one of you ſomething more---

TYCHO.

A great deal more, I believe. *(aſide.*

FALADEL.

I thought ſo, poor ſoul! *(aſide.*

ROBINETTE.

Pray let me introduce you to know each other better---

TYCHO.

I have no objection; he! he! he!

FALADEL.

I can have none to your commands.

ROBINETTE.

Take hands then---You muſt not be rivals, (for I can but love one of you) and therefore be friends.

(Each of 'em wink at Robinette, which ſhe returns, as they are taking hands.)

FALADEL.

What a fool ſhe make of the poor man! *(aſide.*

TYCHO.

How ſhe ſhews Diſmal off! *(aſide.*

ROBINETTE.

Thank you, gentlemen---I need not ſay which is my choice.

BOTH.

No, no. *(both nodding at her.*

FALADEL.

It is too plain.

TYCHO.

Half an eye may ſee it.

ROBINETTE.

I muſt, therefore, now take my leave; firſt of you, Signior Tycho---Diſtreſs'd damſels, impriſon'd Knights, and various adventures attend you---Don't be jealous, Signior Faladel, if I conduct this redoubted and magnanimous 'Squire a little on his way.

FALADEL.

Not in the leaſt!---How ſhe jeers him. *(aſide.*

ROBINETTE.

Come, Don Tycho, the ſword is drawn, the lance is couch'd, and the Knight is impatient.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Donna Robinette, my ſword is thine, my valor thine, my heart is thine, my blood is thine, and at my return, my body ſhall be thine. Signior Diſmallo, farewel! I wiſh your body joy of its wooden head. He! he! he!

[*Exit laughing with Robinette.*

FALADEL.

By my faith and wand, if I had not been commanded to the contrary, I would have divided his body, and ſpoil'd his grinning. But ſhe hates and deteſts him for it, as ſhe adores me for the contrary.

* SONG.

Once as merry as the lark
I mounted to the ſky,
But now I'm grown a ſober ſpark,
And like an owl,
The wiſeſt fowl,
Will roll a diſmal eye;

For Robinette will have it ſo,
And what ſhe will ſhall be,
I therefore take to ho! ho! ho!
And turn off he! he! he!

Once as merry as the kid,
I friſk'd it o'er the ground,
But ſince I am to laugh forbid,
An aſs I am,
A ſheep, a lamb,
Shut up in diſmal pound.

For Robinette will have it ſo,
And what ſhe will ſhall be,
I therefore take to ho! ho! ho!
And turn off he! he! he!

* Omitted in the repreſentation.

Enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

Poor foolish fellow, he is gone; he'll be a breakfast for some giant. I begin to pity him.

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day! he does not know his own weakness, and has such a contemptible figure that he is below your pity, by my faith he is.

ROBINETTE.

I like his spirit of Knight-errantry---it becomes him.

FALADEL.

Do you? I have a prodigious quantity of it myself, and by my faith and wand, say but a word and I will be among the dragons, monsters, giants, and hobgoblins tomorrow morning.

ROBINETTE.

Will not that be depriving Camilla of the most complete gentleman-usher, that ever bore wand.

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day! all titles and services shall be given up for that of being your most humble servant and obedient Knight for ever, and for aye!

ROBINETTE.

If you will go---I shall present you with a scarf---come on, Sir Faladel.

DUETTE.

DUETTE.

BOTH. O the delight!
To be an errant Knight!

ROB. *O'er mountain, hill and rock,*
In rain, and wind, and ſnow,
All dangers he muſt mock,
And muſt with pleaſure go.
Quivering, and quaking,
Shivering and ſhaking,
Diſmal nights,
Horrid ſprights,
Lions roaring,
Monſters ſnoring,
Caſtles tumbling,
Thunder grumbling,

BOTH. O the delight!
To be an errant Knight!

ROB. *Damſels ſqueaking,*
Devils ſhrieking,
Clubs and giants,
Hurl defiance,
Night and day,
Loſe the way,
Spirits ſinking,
Nothing drinking,
Beat and beating,
Little eating,
Broken bones,
Beds of ſtones,

BOTH. O the delight!
To be an errant Knight!

End of the Third Part.

PART IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Wood.*

Enter FLORIDOR, *(in great diſtreſs'd.)*

SONG.

CRUEL *fiends purſue me!*
Torment me, and undo me!
My riſing hopes are croſt,
My Sword *and* Shield *are loſt!*
My breaſt with valor glow'd,
Fame her temple ſhew'd,
Fiends have interpos'd,
The gates are ever, ever clos'd!

Away with deſpair to the wind,
Nothing daunts the noble mind;
Crown'd with theſe flowers I'll take the field,
My foes with this charm I will face,
Love *alone ſhall ſupply the place,*
Of helmet, ſword, and ſhield!

What a ſeries of diſtreſſes, ſince they broke their priſons, have theſe evil ſpirits prepar'd for me! they have convey'd my ſword and ſhield from Tycho; have, by their miſchievous arts, diſturb'd and intoxicated his mind, and all my fair proſpect of renown, and poſſeſſion of the higheſt

higheſt earthly bliſs with Camilla is vaniſh'd and gone! ---what can I ſay to *her*?---what can I plead to my father?---

TYCHO, *(within.)*

Signior Don Floridor, the loſt ſheep is found!

FLORIDOR.

Here comes again the unhappy intoxicated wretch---where are you, Tycho?

Enter TYCHO, *(drunk.)*

TYCHO.

Here am I.

FLORIDOR.

Have you recover'd my ſword and ſhield?

TYCHO.

No---but I have recover'd a better thing---hic---my underſtanding!

FLORIDOR.

I wiſh I could ſee a proof of it.

TYCHO.

I wiſh you had found your's, and then you would not be in ſuch a paſſion.

FLORIDOR.

Tycho, collect yourſelf, and anſwer a few queſtions.

TYCHO.

Do you have all your ſenſes about you, or I ſhall be too hard for you.

FLORIDOR.

Prith'ee, peace---in the firſt place, at what time did you perceive yourſelf diſordered?

TYCHO.

As ſoon as I found that I had loſt my ſenſes.

FLORIDOR.

How came you to loſe your ſenſes?

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

As other people do---by ſeeing a fine woman.

FLORIDOR.

What, Robinette ?

TYCHO.

Much handſomer !

FLORIDOR.

What did ſhe do ?---anſwer quickly.

TYCHO.

Don't be in ſuch a paſſion---thus it is---Don Tycho, ſays ſhe, (looking with ſuch ſweetneſs as I do now) I have long admir'd you, lov'd or ador'd you---I forget which.

FLORIDOR.

No matter which.

TYCHO.

I muſt be---hic---exact---looking ſweetly as I ſaid before---ſhe ſtretched out the whiteſt arm, with the tapereſt fingers---thus--here, Don Tycho, take this---whenever you find yourſelf diſtreſs'd in mind---taſte it and be yourſelf again---ſhe gave it me, ſigh'd, wept much, and took to her heels-- I had juſt parted with Robinette, who with tears in her eyes, gave me this ſcarf---I ſeeing the poor creature ſo tender hearted about me---I grew tender hearted about her-- found myſelf low ſpirited, very low ſpirited; tapp'd the elixir of life, and was enchanted as you ſaw me.

FLORIDOR.

Drunk you mean---as I now ſee you.

TYCHO.

No, enchanted.

FLORIDOR.

Enchanted !

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Yes, I ſay enchanted---I ſpeak plain, ſure; I know what drunkenneſs is well enough; here is the enchanted vial! *(ſhews it.*

FLORIDOR.

It was an evil ſpirit that deluded you.

TYCHO.

Good or evil ſpirit, it is gone. *(turns up the vial.*

FLORIDOR.

It was one of the evil ſpirits your folly ſet at liberty, that met you, tempted, and overcame you---and the conſequences have undone us.

TYCHO.

I ſhall know the traitreſs again when I ſee her; but don't fret about your ſword and ſhield---you ſhall have mine, and I'll ſtand by, if I can, and ſee fair play.

FLORIDOR.

I ſhall go diſtracted with my misfortunes!

TYCHO.

Here is the evil ſpirit!---hold, hold, if it is, ſhe is vaſtly alter'd ſince I ſaw her.

Enter CAMILLA, *(as an Old Woman.)*

CAMILLA.

Hold your peace, you intoxicated fool, or you'll repent your preſumption.

TYCHO.

I am not intoxicated with your perſon, Madam Noſe and Chin.

FLORIDOR.

Ceaſe your ribaldry, Tycho---forgive his folly, he is

not himſelf, or he would not have given his tongue ſuch licence.

CAMILLA.

Young Knight, civility ſhould always be rewarded---what is the matter with you? can I be of ſervice?

FLORIDOR.

Impoſſible! impoſſible! my mind will burſt with agony!

TYCHO, *(to Camilla.)*

I know you have a charm for the tooth-ach, and a ſpell for the ague- -but can you diſchant, or unconjure my brains---that is, can you with witch elm, crooked pins, a dry toad, or any of your family receipts, make me as ſenſible as I was before.

CAMILLA.

Very eaſily---drink of the water of yonder brook, plentifully, and reſt yourſelf upon the bank 'till you are call'd for, and the vapours of your brain will diſperſe, and you'll be ſober again.

TYCHO.

As I'm a little thirſty, and a little ſleepy, I'll take your preſcription; and if I was not already over head and ears in love, I would take you too---Kind old lady, your's---Hark'ee---if you are his friend too---give the Knight a little advice, and bid him take mine, if he would go thro' life as he ought to do. [*Exit Tycho, ſtaggering.*

CAMILLA, *(to Floridor, who walks about diſtractedly.)*

Vexation, young man, will never find your ſword and ſhield.

FLORIDOR.

Tormenting me will never cure my vexation---why will you torment me, when you can't aſſiſt me?

CAM-

CAMILLA.

Young Knight, you don't know what I might do with kind uſage.

FLORIDOR.

Unavailing pity, as it wounds our pride, doubles our diſtreſs.

CAMILLA.

Paſſion blinds you, and you can't ſee your friends.

SONG.

Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wiſdom get where'er you can;

See, ſee,
The humble bee,
Draws wealth, from the meaneſt of flowers,
Then hies away,
With his precious prey,
No paſſion his prudence ſours.

Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wiſdom get where'er you can.

Wild youth,
Paſſion and truth,
So oppoſite never agree;
Be prudent, ſage
Draw wit from old age,
And be wiſe as the humble bee.

Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wiſdom get where'er you can,

FLOR-

FLORIDOR.

Pardon me, venerable lady---you have cool'd my heated imagination, and my folly is a convert to your wiſdom.

CAMILLA.

I will *ſhew* my wiſdom, by aſking before-hand what reward you will give me, to recover your ſword and ſhield.

FLORIDOR.

You ſhall command my ſervices, and every thing in my power.

CAMILLA.

Shall I?

FLORIDOR.

By my ſword, and honour of Knighthood!

SOLEMN AIR.

By my ſhield and my ſword,
By the chaplet that circles my brow,
By a Knight's ſacred word;
Whatever you aſk,
How dreadful the taſk,
To perform it, 'fore heav'n I vow

CAMILLA.

Will you as a pledge of our compact, give me thoſe trifling flowers that are ty'd round your head?

FLORIDOR.

Trifling flowers, and give them to you!---you ſhould ſooner take my head from my body, or tear my heart from my boſom, than have the ſmalleſt bud of my ſweet Camilla's chaplet.

CAM-

CAMILLA.

O love's extravagance!---I may command every thing in your power, but what you don't chuſe to part with.

FLORIDOR.

Aſk my life, and you ſhall have it---this wreath is dearer to me than my life.

CAMILLA.

Well, well, I'll take you at your word.

" Whatever I aſk,
" How dreadful the taſk,
" To perform it, 'fore Heaven you vow."

Behold what charms there are in a young hero's ſervices!

(She waves her ſtick, the wood opens, diſcovers his ſword and ſhield, hung upon the ſtem of a tree.)

FLORIDOR, *(runs and takes them down.)*

How delightful to my eyes, are theſe inſtruments of my fame and glory!---Now taſk my ſervice and my gratitude.

CAMILLA.

I am not in haſte for my reward---other cares demand your ſervices---I ſhall call upon you in my turn.

FLORIDOR.

To whom am I bound in gratitude for ever?

CAMILLA.

Grinnelda is my name.

DUETTE.

DUETTE.

Remember, young Knight, remember,
Remember the words that I ſay,
Don't laugh at my age,
Nor ſcorn at my rage,
For tho' I have paſt my May,
I'm not frozen up in December.

Remember, I will remember,
Remember the words that you ſay.
I honour your age,
Nor ſcorn at your rage,
And tho' you are paſt your May,
Your heart is ſtill warm in December. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Outſide of* BONORO's *Cell.*

Enter BONORO, *(in great diſtreſs.)*

BONORO.

My heart is agitated and diſtreſs'd! the various accidents which have befallen my ſon, make me tremble for his youth and inexperience; I am unhappy and perplex'd in ſpite of ſupernatural pow'rs; the feelings of the father riſe ſuperior to every thing---Radel, my ſpirit, Radel!

Enter RADEL

RADEL.

Here my lord and maſter.

BONORO.

Fly to my ſon with a troop of my ſpirits, that he may not be ſurrounded and overcome by the evil ones, in his conflict with Nigromant.

RADEL.

With the pow'r and virtue you have given me, I fly to execute your commands.

BONORO.

Be ſwift as my wiſhes! [*Exit Radel.*

SONG.

SONG.

No pow'r can calm the ſtorm to reſt,
No magic charm the father's breaſt,
Which beats with doubts and fears:
No more for active ſcenes I burn,
My pow'r and ſtrength to weakneſs turn,
My manhood melts to tears!

I will not doubt---thro' ſtormy ſkies,
My ſon ſhall break his way;
Shall cloudleſs o'er his errors riſe,
And Fame *ſhall hail the day!*

[Exit Bonoro.

SCENE III. *A proſpect of Rocks.*

Enter TYCHO *and* FLORIDOR.

TYCHO.

Heaven bleſs her for it, ſay I!---you have got your ſword and ſhield, and I my ſenſes---we are both beholden to her, and ſhould both do our beſt to be grateful: She might certainly have had me, had not Robinette engag'd me before-hand. But what ſtrange, fine, tremendous, diabolical, grand palace have we here?

FLORIDOR.

This is the domain of Nigromant---Tycho, ſhould the demons come upon you, remember they are but phantoms, and will be diſpers'd by one gleam of your ſword, as vapours before the ſun: If free from guilt, you may defy, and deſpiſe them!

TYCHO.

Then I am their man!

FLORIDOR.

Here will I plant my laurels, or mix my aſhes with the duſt.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

And I as your 'Squire, will take a ſlip of your laurels, or ſlip into the next world, as other raſh 'Squires have done before me.

FLORIDOR.

Should I fall, and you ſurvive, Tycho, take this chaplet to Camilla, tell her, that my love never yielded, tho' my body did.

TYCHO.

And if your unworthy 'Squire drops, and you ſurvive, (which heav'n forbid) tell Robinette, that Tycho was true to the laſt--tell her--that--that--But as I hope I ſhall be able to carry the meſſage myſelf, let us to buſineſs, and put our loves in our pockets, 'till we have done fighting.

FLORIDOR.

Approach the caſtle gates, Tycho, and ſound the horn of defiance---Call forth the black magician, the wicked Nigromant, to ſingle combat.

TYCHO.

To *ſingle* combat, you're right---your commands ſhall be obey'd.

(*Tycho ſounds the horn; it thunders, the rocks ſplit and diſcover the caſtle of Nigromant, and the fiery lake.*)

I have wak'd his devilſhip! and blown all his caſtle about his ears!

NIGROMANT, *(within.)*

Floridor, ſon of Bonoro, I come!

FLORIDOR.

Nigromant, ſon of darkneſs and miſchief, I attend thee!

NIGROMANT, *(within.)*

Floridor, ſon of Bonoro, I abhor thy father's virtues! I hate thee, and thy race! I call to thee, and defy thee! and thou ſhall feel my vengeance.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

I don't like the ſound of his voice. *(aſide to Flor.*

FLORIDOR.

Come forth, thou foul ſon of darkneſs! I have experienced the miſchievous hatred of thee, and thy crew---Come forth from thy lurking places, face me like an open foe, and I'll forgive thee!

NIGROMANT *(appears in the fiery lake.)*

Here I am!

TYCHO.

This muſt be the cock-devil of 'em all!

NIGROMANT.

SONG.

Stripling, traitor; victim of my rage!
Stripling, traitor; offſpring of ſedition!
Dar'ſt thou with Nigromant engage?
Nothing ſhall my wrath aſſwage,
But vengeance and perdition!

Triumphant joy, my boſom ſwells;
Vain are your magic charms and ſpells,
Revenge that ne'er could ſleep,
Her crimſon ſtandard rears,
Here on this fiery flood!
Revenge ſhall ſoon her laurels ſteep,
In the ſon's blood,
And in the father's tears.

FLORIDOR.

Thy terrors, threats, and boaſts are vain,
Phantoms of a heated brain;
Let all thy fiends ſurround thee,
The elements conſpire,
Thro' water, earth and fire,
I'll follow and confound thee!

On the whirlwind if you ride,
Thro' all your ſpells I'll break,
Confound your guilt and pride,
And plunge into the fiery lake,
With virtue *for my guide!*

(It thunders, and Floridor plunges into the fiery lake.

TYCHO.

A good journey, good maſter---your feathers will be ſing'd at leaſt; and if I had follow'd him, I ſhould have been ready roaſted for the magician's table.

(a flouriſh of inſtruments.

Here come the demons! but free from guilt, I *defy*, and *deſpiſe* 'em!

Here a DANCE *of Demons.*

[*During the dance, as often as the demons approach Tycho, he claps his hand to his ſword, and cries out,* I defy you, and deſpiſe you; *when they vaniſh he aſſumes an important air.*]

I have done their buſineſs!---

(a rumbling noiſe is heard in the air.

Here is more work for me!----What have we here, a feather'd monſter?

Enter

Enter FALADEL, *as a large Owl.*

TYCHO.

Evil ſpirit approach me not---If you will fight as a gentleman ought, and come with a ſword by your ſide, I am your man---but I am no match for your beak and claws, therefore keep off! *(retiring.*

FALADEL.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! *(clapping his wings.*

TYCHO.

I don't underſtand you, Mr. Owl.

FALADEL.

I am no evil ſpirit, but your rival, Faladel.

TYCHO.

Faladel!

FALADEL.

By my faith and my wand I am.

TYCHO.

Faladel! ha! ha! ha! and they have made an owl of you, ha! ha! ha! I knew what your melancholy would come to, ha! ha! ha! but how came you ſo alter'd for the better?

FALADEL.

I went a Knight-erranting, by the command of Robinette, and the evil ſpirits belonging to this caſtle would not fight me, but, alack-a-day, chang'd me into this ſhape, to divert the ladies of the Seraglio, for ever and for aye!

TYCHO.

And a very comical diverting devil you muſt be, ha! ha! ha! I would not have Robinette ſee you thus, ſhe will like you ten times better than before---Such creatures as you in your human ſhapes, (if they may be call'd ſo) are neither fiſh, fleſh, or fowl; but now you are ſomething ---you *look* wiſe at leaſt, have a handſomer face, a finer ſhape, and a much better pair of legs, ha! ha! ha!

FALADEL.

What, you have not left off your grinning I ſee, tho' Robinette hates it ſo---

Enter MESSENGER, (*haſtily.*)

MESSENGER.

Are you Don Tycho, 'Squire to the victorious and magnanimous Floridor, ſon of Bonoro?

TYCHO.

And is he victorious?

MESSENGER.

He has conquer'd and bound Nigromant, and by the aſſiſtance of his father's good ſpirits, all the evil ones are in chains.

FALADEL.

Hoo! hoo! hoo!

MESSENGER.

The conqueror has call'd for his 'Squire to attend his triumphal entry into the palace and ſeraglio!

TRCHO.

My heart is with him already, and the reſt of my body ſhall follow as ſoon as my legs will permit it.

MESSENGER.

I fly to let him know it.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

FALADEL.

Hoo! hoo! hoo!

TYCHO.

What makes you ſo merry?

FALADEL.

One touch of the ſword, that has vanquiſh'd Nigromant will reſtore me---be a generous rival, and preſent me to him.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Upon my ſoul you had better take my advice and ſtay as you are---but if you will be reſtor'd again from your being ſomething to your former nothingneſs, I will preſent you to him; give me a tip of your wing, and I'll hand you to your reſtoration---come along.

FALADEL.

Hoo! hoo! hoo!

[*He claps his wings with joy, and Tycho leads him off.*]

SCENE IV. *The Caſtle Gates.*

The triumphal entry of FLORIDOR,

To martial muſick.

With NIGROMANT *and* EVIL SPIRITS *in Chains.*

Then enter TYCHO, *attended with the female Evil Spirits.*

TYCHO.

Come along---come along---you are once more in my clutches, and I'll take care that you ſhall never catch me napping again.

Second WOMAN.

Magnanimous Don Tycho!

TYCHO.

O you couple of ſhe devils---with your ſweet lullabys ---it was your ſtring-tickling, and quavering, that undid me!---none of your hypocritical ſide-looks at me *(they offer to play)* dare not to touch thoſe deluding ſtrings, that poiſon to the ears of honeſt men, or I ſhall forget your ſex, and drag you at my chariot wheels---

BOTH.

BOTH.

Have pity upon us, moſt gracious 'Squire!

TYCHO.

I will not be gracious---I have no pity---and I will be a ſevere, tho' upright judge---foul as you are, you ſhall have a fair trial, and be aſſur'd (for all your ogling and ſmiling) that I ſhall find better employment for your fingers than tinkling men of virtue aſleep, that hell may break looſe, and the devils have a holiday.

Third WOMAN.

I have a petition to deliver.

TYCHO.

Juſtice is blind and can't read it---when I am a governor, all my judges ſhall be without eyes, ears, hands, or pockets; no eyes to read petitions, no ears to hear 'em, no hands to take bribes, and no pockets to hold them.---I am an upright judge myſelf who will not be brib'd, and what is ſtill more wonderful, am not worth a doit:---ſilence, ye fiends!

Say not a word---I've ſaid, and ſaid, is done:
Stop all your tongues, and let the court go on.

Exeunt.

End of the fourth Part.

PART.

PART V.

SCENE I.

A grand Apartment in the SERAGLIO.

EUNUCHS *enter ſinging the following* CHORUS.

TOUCH the thrilling notes of pleaſure,
Let the ſoft'ſt, melting meaſure,
Calm the conqu'ror's mind;
Let myrtle be with laurel 'twin'd,
Beauty with each ſmiling grace,
The ſparkling eye, and ſpeaking face,
Attended by the laughing loves,
Around the hero play;
The toil, and danger, valor proves,
Love and beauty, will repay.

Enter FLORIDOR *and* TYCHO.

TYCHO.

What a fine refreſhment this is after the hard labour of fighting and trying cauſes?

FLORIDOR.

Tycho!---has Faladel receiv'd the benefit he expected, from the touch of my ſword?

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

It was wonderfully efficacious! he moulted ſo faſt, that tho' he made all the haſte he could to his apartment, he left as many feathers in the way, as if he had been pluck'd for the ſpit---the moment he is pick'd clean from the owl, he will reſume the monkey again, and appear before your honour, to pick a quarrel with *me*; the old bone of contention, Robinette.

FLORIDOR.

We ſhall cool his courage---bring before us the unhappy beauties, who have been forc'd away, and confined for the tyrant's pleaſures.

TYCHO, *(goes to the door, and calls.)*

Open the female apartments, and let their treaſures be pour'd down at the feet of the conqueror---Thoſe that belong to the 'Squire, I ſhall viſit privately, and diſpoſe off by private contract.

[*The chorus is ſung again, during which, many women of the Seraglio, enter viel'd, and at laſt Camilla, (who is in chains) and Robinette: They throw up their veils.*

FLORIDOR, *(ſtarting.)*

Earth and heaven! Camilla!

TYCHO.

Hell and the devil! Robinette!

FLORIDOR.

All my laurels are blaſted!

TYCHO.

Mine are in a ſad pickle too!

CAMILLA, *(running to Floridor.)*

My life, my love, my Floridor! all my ſorrows vaniſh in

in theſe arms! *(as ſhe runs to Floridor, he turns away.)* What cold, and regardleſs of me?

FLORIDOR.

Can I ſee you here, in the Seraglio of Nigromant, and not have cauſe to lament, in the 'midſt of my triumph?

CAMILLA.

Can you ſee me here, and in chains, and not find cauſe for a greater triumph than that which you have gain'd? unjuſt and ungrateful Floridor!---we were ſeiz'd upon by the magician, convey'd here to be the ſlaves of his pleaſure; but my heart was engag'd, my mind was free, I reſiſted his paſſion, ſcorn'd his pow'r, and I triumph'd in theſe chains!---unjuſt and ungrateful Floridor!

FLORIDOR.

Then I have conquer'd, indeed!---and thus I ſeize the brighteſt reward, that ever conqueſt was crown'd withal!

(after embracing her, he takes off her chains.

TYCHO.

Where are your chains, Robinette?

ROBINETTE.

I left 'em behind me.

TYCHO.

I believe they ſlip'd eaſily off---but did you reſiſt too, Robinette?

ROBINETTE.

I won't ſatisfy you---don't think that I am like Camilla, to be ſuſpected one moment, and hugg'd the next!---

TYCHO.

Only ſay to ſatisfy my honour that you came here againſt your will, and I'll paſs over the conſequences.

ROBINETTE.

Your honour!---I prefer one feather of my favorite owl, I have here, to your whole mind and body.

TYCHO.

O ho! Signiora Robinette, have I caught you? what, do you prefer that owl, Faladel, to me?

ROBINETTE.

To all the world at preſent---I did like monkies ſometime ago---my mind is chang'd---I hate grinning and folly---I am for wiſdom and gravity---and ſo follow *your* inclinations, as I ſhall *mine*. [*Exit Rob.*

TYCHO.

And ſo I will; for my inclinations are to follow you--She ſhall either take me round the neck directly, or I'll wring her owl's neck off before her face---She has taught me to be merry, and I won't be made miſerable again, if I can help it---I have not conquer'd the evil ſpirits for nothing. [*Exit Tycho after Rob.*

FLORIDOR *and* CAMILLA *come forward.*

SONG in DIALOGUE.

CAMIL. *The ſtorm ſhall beat my breaſt no more,*
The veſſel ſafe, the freight on ſhore,
No more my bark ſhall tempt the ſea,
Scap'd from the rock of Jealouſy.

FLORI. *Bright are the flow'rs which form this wreath,*
And freſh the odours which they breathe;
Thus ever ſhall our loves be free,
From cruel blights of Jealouſy.

BOTH. *With roſes and with myrtles crown'd,*
The conqu'ror, Love, *ſmiles all around,*
Triumphant reigns by heav'n's decree,
And leads in chains grim Jealouſy.

[At the end of the ſong a Meſſenger enters.]

MES-

MESSENGER.

For the conqueror, Floridor! *(delivers a letter.*

FLORIDOR. *(reads.)*

By my assistance you recover'd your sword and shield, by which you have conquer'd Nigromant, and are possess'd of his treasures:---You are now worthy of my *love, and therefore I demand* your's:

What ever you ask,
How dreadful the task,
To perform it, 'fore heav'n I vow.

GRINNELDA.

What a spiteful old hag? [*Flor. stands confounded.*

CAMILLA.

Whence comes that letter, Floridor, which distresses and confounds you so?---I beg to see it---what's the matter?---You alarm me!

FLORIDOR.

Don't be alarm'd, indeed it is nothing!

CAMILLA.

Then let me see this nothing---what, more confounded? O, Floridor! false, false, Floridor!

FLORIDOR.

To convince you, how little I value the writer, and regard the contents---thus I destroy at once her vanity and your apprehensions.

[*He tears the letter; it thunders, and grows dark; flames of fire are seen thro' the Seraglio windows; all but Floridor quit the place shrieking.*]

Is heav'n and earth in league against me? what have I done, to provoke this war of elements?

Enter TYCHO. *(terrify'd.)*

TYCHO.

The devils are got loſe again---O, Signior Floridor, what have we done? The palace is on fire, the ladies have loſt their ſenſes, and I have loſt both the ladies and my ſenſes, for I ſaw---

FLORIDOR.

What, what?---where is Camilla?

TYCHO.

I thought I ſaw her carried thro' the air by the kind old witch, who ſober'd me, and recover'd your ſword and ſhield---but away---ſee the flames are coming upon us! I am no Salamander as you are, and therefore I ſhall get into a colder climate. [*Exit Tycho running.*

FLORIDOR.

I will brave it all!

[*The Seraglio breaks to pieces and diſcovers the whole palace in flames.*]

SONG.

Let the loud thunder rattle,
Flaſh light'ning round my head,
Place me in the front of battle,
By rage and horror led;
Tho' death in all her ghaſtly forms appear,
My heart, that knows no crime, can know no fear.

[The flames and the ruins of the caſtle vaniſh away, and diſcover a fine moon-light ſcene.]

FLOR

FLORIDOR.

What can all this mean? by what offence unknown to me have I brought this complicated diſtreſs upon me?

Enter TYCHO *(frighten'd.)*

TYCHO.

What a dreadful combuſtion is this!----Where my Knight is, I can't tell; and where I am, and how I got here, the fiends alone who brought me here can tell---

FLORIDOR.

Hark! did not I hear a voice---who's there?

TYCHO.

I hear a voice too! I am afraid no friendly one; I expect every moment to feel feathers upon my ſkin, and a crooked beak inſtead of a noſe.

FLORIDOR.

Who is muttering there?----art thou a good or evil ſpirit?

TYCHO.

I am neither at preſent---and how you, Signior Floridor, can ſpeak with ſo clear a tone of voice in ſuch a place as this, and in your condition, puzzles my philoſophy?---

FLORIDOR.

My conſcience upbraids me with nothing, and why ſhould I fear?

TYCHO.

My conſcience is not quite aſleep---but I hope my playing at hide-and-ſeek with the ſeraglio girls a little, cannot be any great offence, after Robinette had diſcarded me---

Enter CAMILLA *(as an old woman.)*

CAMILLA.

Joy to you, Floridor! joy to myſelf---now I have caught you near my own premiſſes, I ſhall not let you go till you have fulfill'd your engagements with me---

FLOR-

FLORIDOR.

Where is Camilla, pray?

CAMILLA.

I have her ſafe, and very ſafe---a pledge for your fulfilling the conditions of our treaty.

FLORIDOR.

My ſword is ready to obey your commands.

CAMILLA.

Pooh! pooh! I want no aſſiſtance of your *ſword*, not I; I muſt have your *love*, young man, and in return you ſhall have my maiden affections, for they were never yet beſtow'd upon any one.

FLORIDOR.

What can I do, or ſay to her, while my Camilla is in danger?

TYCHO.

Tell her you'll have her---ſhe can't live long, and then Camilla may be your's. *(aſide to Flor.*

CAMILLA.

What are you muttering to him?

TYCHO.

I was only wiſhing him joy of his good fortune, of which he does not ſeem quite ſo ſenſible as he ought.

CAMILLA.

His joy, perhaps, is ſo great, he wants words to expreſs it.

TYCHO.

What will become of us?---pray if I may be ſo bold, what tomb is that?---your late huſband's?

CAMILLA.

CAMILLA.

No, no, fool! I am yet a virgin---that tomb is intended to bury any ungrateful lover, that may chance to come in my way---do you ſee that houſe there?

(pointing behind the ſcenes.

TYCHO.

I ſee that---houſe do you call it?---I have ſeen a handſomer pigſtye. *(aſide.*

CAMILLA.

Aye, that houſe and all its furniture are mine---go you there, and prepare for our approaching nuptials.

TYCHO.

She's mad!---I can't ſtand upright in the houſe, unleſs I put my head out of the chimney.

CAMILLA.

Why don't you do as I order you?

TYCHO.

I'll bring it here, if you pleaſe?

CAMILLA.

If you are inſolent---I ſhall take another courſe with you---do as I bid you, or---

TYCHO.

You'll make me---I am gone. *[Exit Tycho.*

DUETTE.

DUETTE.

CAMILLA. *Take my hand my heart is thine,*
FLORIDOR. *My hand and heart they are not mine,*
CAMILLA. *May love and all its joys be thine!*
FLORIDOR. *Ye gods above!*
Are theſe the promis'd joys of love?
CAMILLA. *Theſe are the raptures call'd divine!*
FLORIDOR. *My hand and heart they are not mine.*
CAMILLA. *May love for many, many years,*
Without its doubts, its cares and fears,
Each moment of our life controul.
FLORIDOR. *What anguiſh tears my tortur'd ſoul?*
CAMILLA. *Let me, ſweet youth, thy charms behold,*
And in theſe arms thy beauties fold.
FLORIDOR. *I cannot hold, I cannot hold!*
CAMILLA. *No more can I, no more can I,*
I bluſh for ſhame, O fye! O fye!
FLORIDOR. *I am all on fire!*
CAMILLA. *And ſo am I, and ſo am I.*
FLORIDOR. *It burns, deſtroys,*
What can I do?
CAMILLA. *I feel it too!*
O let's retire,
And hide our loves!
FLORIDOR. Ye gods above!
Are theſe the promis'd joys of love?

CAMILLA.

Come along---come along---I muſt compel you to be happy---give me ſatisfaction, or you will repent it---
[*takes hold of his hand.*]

FLO-

FLORIDOR.

Draw me, tear me to pieces with wild horſes---my laſt breath ſhall ſigh Camilla---for I am her's---and her's alone--

(The ſtage grows light, and Camilla quitting at once the form of the old Woman, aſſumes her real character and dreſs.)

CAMILLA.

And I am Floridor's, and Floridor's alone!

(Floridor ſtarts and ſtands aſtoniſh'd.

Behold the reward of thy *valor*, *conſtancy* and *honour!* the fire has try'd, and prov'd the value of the metal---come to my arms, my hero!---

FLORIDOR.

Was Grihnelda, Camilla!---wonderful heav'n! let me firſt return my thanks there, *(kneels)* for inſpiring me with that *valor*, *conſtancy* and *honour*, that has borne me up againſt every trial, and completed my glory and happineſs, in the arms of my Camilla! *(runs and embraces her.*

CAMILLA.

I reſign my pow'r, fortune, every thing to love, and be belov'd by thee. *(muſic is heard.*

BONORO, *deſcends in a cloud.*

But ſee your father, to perfect our union.

BONORO.

SONG.

Clouds that had gather'd o'er the day,
Now leave the heav'n's more bright,
Vice before virtue's pow'rful ray,
Sinks to the ſhades of night.

Thoſe evil ſprights, that late ruſh'd forth,
Are now in darkneſs bound;
While beauty, valor, matchleſs worth,
Spread wide their ſunſhine round.

Enter TYCHO, *(frighted.)*

TYCHO.

Am I aſleep, or awake, or neither, or both?---it muſt be a dream---

CAMILLA.

I forgot poor Tycho----have you prepar'd for the nuptials!

TYCHO.

I had almoſt prepar'd for a long voyage in the air.---I was luckily out of the hut to ſurvey it, when a wind took it up like a boy's kite, and it was ſoon out of ſight ---I wiſh the old hag had been in it.

FLORIDOR.

I muſt not hear you ſay a word againſt Grinnelda, 'tis thro' her that I am in poſſeſſion of Camilla---

TYCHO.

Then heav'n bleſs her for it, ſay I---but I ſee I muſt be thro' ſomebody, to be in poſſeſſion of Robinette---and now is the time--- *(draws.*

Enter ROBINETTE *and* FALADEL.

FALADEL.

By my faith and wand, there is my rival, and he that will not die for you, ought not to live; and ſo let the ſtouteſt heart take you for ever, and for aye. *(draws.*

TYCHO.

You owl, you! come on, I will ſoon make you look more diſmal than you are!

FALADEL.

You monkey, you!---I will ſpoil your grinning, and ſettle your features in a moment, by my Knighthood, I will---

ROBINETTE.

Valiant Dons, a word with both of you, before you fight for that which you can never obtain---be aſſur'd, what ever

ever liberties, I may have taken with your folly, that I can never give my heart to an owl.

TYCHO.

That's ſome comfort---he! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

Nor a monkey---

FALADEL.

I am ſatisfied, for ever and for aye, *(turns off.*

TYCHO.

Here take your ſcarf again, *(pulling it off)* I won't ſtay to be laugh'd at---if your love-ſtomach for me returns ---you know where to ſend for ſome plumb cake, this holiday time, and ſo your ſervant. [*Exit Tycho.*

[*Bonoro waves his wand, the cloud aſcends, and diſcovers a fine diſtant proſpect of the ſea, and a caſtle at a diſtance, with the ſun riſing.*

BONORO.

Ye once moſt wretched of mankind,
By tyrant pow'r and luſt confin'd,
From vice and ſlav'ry free,
Come join our ſports, and this way move,
To celebrate their virtuous love,
And your own liberty!

Enter the different characters of the Seraglio,

MEN *and* WOMEN, *ana join in*

A GRAND DANCE.

BONORO.

BONORO, FLORIDOR, CAMILLA, ROBINETTE, &c. &c. come forward.

SONG.

BON. *Honour is to beauty plighted,*
Hearts with hands, ſhall be united,
Hymen comes, his torch is lighted!
Honour, truth, and beauty call,
Attend the nuptial feſtival.

FLOR. *Love in my breaſt, no ſtorm blowing,*
Feels each tide is fuller growing,
And in grateful ſtrains o'erflowing.
Honour, truth, &c.

ROB. *Love in my breaſt, tho' a rover,*
Calmly ſporting with each lover,
Will to day with joy run over!
Honour, truth, &c.

CAM. *Love in my breaſt knows no meaſure,*
Swells and almoſt burſts with pleaſure,
Here to ſhare its boundleſs treaſure.

FLOR. CAM. } Love in my breaſt, &c.

GRAND CHORUS.

Let the written page,
Thro' every age,
Record the wond'rous ſtory;
'Tis decreed from above,
Her *virtue ſhou'd be crown'd with* love,
And his *with* love *and* glory.

FINIS.

THE

CHANCES.

A

COMEDY.

WITH

ALTERATIONS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for the PROPRIETORS:

And Sold by T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand. 1774.

COMPANY.

ALTERATIONS.

ANOTHER EDITION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don John,	*Two Spaniſh Gentlemen,*	Mr. Garrick.
Don Frederick,		Mr. Jefferson.
Duke,		Mr. Packer.
Petruchio,		Mr. J Aickin.
Antonio		Mr. Parsons.
Duke's Party,		Mr. J. Bannister.
		Mr. Yates.
Petruchio's Party,		Mr. Fawcett.
		Mr. Griffith.
Peter, and	*Servants to Don John and Don Frederick.*	Mr. W. Palmer.
Anthony,		Mr. Burton.
Surgeon,		Mr. Wrighten.
Francisco,		Mr. Wright.

WOMEN.

Firſt Constantia,	Miſs Younge.
Mother-in-Law to Constantia,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Kinswoman,	Miſs Platt.
Landlady,	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Nurse,	Mrs. Love.
Second Constantia,	Mrs. Abington.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE three firſt acts of *The Chances*, originally written by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, have been much approved of; but thoſe authors, in this, as in many other of their plays, ſeeming to grow tir'd of their ſubject, have finiſhed it with an unſkilfulneſs and improbability which ſhew, at leaſt, great haſte, and negligence. The *Duke of Buckingham*, in his edition of this Comedy, gave a new turn and plan to the two laſt acts, and certainly added intereſt, and ſpirit, to the fable and dialogue; but the play, when it came out of his hands, was ſtill more indecent than before. The familiar, and often irregular, verſification of the

the original, is preſerv'd in this edition; nor has the preſent editor chang'd into meaſure thoſe parts, which the Duke thought proper to write in proſe. Should this play be thought, in its preſent ſtate, a more decent entertainment, it is all the merit that is claim'd from theſe neceſſary, tho' ſlight additions, and alterations.

THE

THE CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A CHAMBER.

Enter Peter *and* Anthony, *two Servants.*

PETER.

WOULD we were remov'd from this town, *Anthony*,
That we may taſte ſome quiet; for mine own part,
I'm almoſt melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where? Serve wenching ſoldiers!
I'll ſerve a prieſt in lent firſt, and eat bell ropes.
Ant. Thou art the forwardeſt fool——
Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony*,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Ant. To wait upon our maſters.
Pet. But how, *Anthony?*
Anſwer me that; reſolve me there, good *Anthony.*
Ant. To ſerve their uſes.
Pet. Shew your uſes, *Anthony.*
Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.
Pet. No, *Anthony*,
Not any thing I take it, nor that thing

We travel to diſcover, like a new iſland;
A ſalt itch ſerve ſuch uſes!—I'll give 'em warning.

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended: This inviſible (woman,
Of infinite report for ſhape and beauty,
That bred all this trouble to no purpoſe,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they knew not where
To find; or if found, how to enjoy? Are mens brains
Made now-a-days with malt, that their affections
Are never ſober; but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe too
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Ant. Prithee be thou ſober,
And know that they are none of thoſe, not guilty
Of the leaſt vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which, ſince they find ſo
Lock'd up from their ſearches, they are now reſolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were reſolv'd
To give me ſome new ſhoes too; for I'll be ſworn
Theſe are e'en worn out to the reaſonable ſoles
In their good worſhip's buſineſs: And ſome ſleep
Would not do much amiſs, unleſs they mean
To make a bell-man of me: here they come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Frederick.

John. I would we could have ſeen her tho': for ſure
She muſt be ſome rare creature, or report lies:
All mens reports too.

Fred. I could well wiſh I had ſeen *Conſtantia:*
But ſince ſhe is ſo conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, ſo guarded
As 'twere impoſſible tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

I have

John. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her;
But as ſhe came a ſtrange report unto me,
So the next fame ſhall loſe her.
Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?
John. My old round,
After my meat, and then to bed.
Fred. Your ſervant then—
John. Will not you ſtir?
Fred. I have a little buſineſs.
John. I'd lay my life, this lady ſtill:
Fred. Then you would loſe it.
John. Pray let's walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have ſomething to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miſs to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I'th' high ſtreet:
For, not to lye, I have a few devotions
To do firſt, and then I am your's, *Don John.*
John. Devotions, *Frederick!* well I leave you to 'em:
Speed you well—but remember—
Fred. I will not fail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A STREET.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I ſay.
1 *Gent.* Fie, *Antonio.* [him:
Ant. Or knock his brains out firſt, and then forgive
If you do thruſt, be ſure it be to th' hilts,
A ſurgeon may ſee through him.
1 *Gent.* You are too violent.
2 *Gent.* Too open, indiſcreet.
Petr. Am I not ruined?
The honour of my houſe crack'd? my blood poiſon'd?
My credit and my name?

2 *Gent.* Be ſure it be ſo,
Before you uſe this violence. Let not doubt,
And a ſuſpecting anger ſo much ſway you;
Your wiſdom may be queſtion'd.
Ant. I ſay kill him,
And then diſpute the cauſe.
2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Becauſe 'tis poſſible he may be thieviſh?
Alas! is this good juſtice?
Petr. I know as certain
As day muſt come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am baſely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciouſly abus'd, blaſted for ever
In name and honour, loſt to all remembrance,
But what is ſmear'd and ſhameful: I muſt kill him,
Neceſſity compels me.
1 *Gent.* But think better.
Petr. There's no other cure left; yet witneſs with me
All that is fare in man, all that is noble.
I am not greedy of his life I ſeek for, [ſible,
Nor thirſt to ſhed man's blood; and would 'twere poſ-
I wiſh it from my ſoul,
My ſword ſhould only kill his crimes: no, 'tis
Honour, honour, my noble friends, that idol honour,
That all the world now worſhips, not *Petruchio*,
Muſt do this juſtice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or honour,
Or both be acceſſary.
2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the perſon, power, and greatneſs,
And what this ſpark may kindle?
Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my houſe, let it raiſe wild-fires,
And ſtorms that toſs me into everlaſting ruin,
Yet I muſt through—if you dare ſide me—

Ant.

Ant. Dare!
Say we were all ſure to die in this venture,
As I am confident againſt it; is there any
Amongſt us of ſo fat a ſenſe, ſo pamper'd,
Would chuſe luxuriouſly to lie a bed,
And purge away his ſpirit? ſend his ſoul out
In ſugar-ſops, and ſyrups? give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon my enemy;
Let 'em be all the World, and bring along
Cain's envy with them—I will on. ——
1 *Gent.* We'll follow.
Petr. You're friends indeed!
2 *Gent.* Here is none will fly from you;
Do it in what deſign you pleaſe, we'll back you.
Petr. That's ſpoken heartily.
Ant. And he that flinches,
May he die louſy in a ditch.
1 *Gent.* Is the cauſe ſo mortal? nothing but his life?
Petr. Believe me,
A leſs offence has been the deſolation
Of a whole name.
1 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?
Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.
2 *Gent.* Think an hour more,
And if then you find no ſafer road to guide you,
We'll ſet our reſt too.
Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes leſs than life. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this city, *Naples*,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a moſt ſafe retirement in all troubles;
Beſide the wholſome ſeat, and noble temper
Of thoſe minds that inhabit it, ſafely wiſe,
And to all ſtrangers courteous: But I ſee
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me

Into

Into ſuſpicion of too late a ſtirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not ſo far night as I thought; for ſee,
A fair houſe yet ſtands open, yet all about it [play:
Are cloſe, and no lights ſtirring; there may be foul
I'll venture to look in—If there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Within. Signior.

John. What? How is this?

Within. Signior *Fabritio.*

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. Fabritio. [done.

John. This is a woman's tongue, here may be good

Within. Who's there? *Fabritio?*

John. Ay.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here,

Within. O come, for Heaven's ſake!

John. I muſt ſee what this means.

Enter a Woman with a Child. (noiſe;

Wom. I have ſtay'd this long hour for you, make no
For things are in ſtrange trouble—here—be ſecret,
'Tis worth your care: be gone now; more eyes watch us
Than may be for our ſafeties.

John. Hark ye—

Wom. Peace; good-night. [*Exit ſhutting the door.*]

John. She's gone, and I am loaden—fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be ſome pack of worth: by the maſs tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome.
I'll ne'er refuſe a fortune—I am confident
'Tis of no common price: Now to my lodging:
If it be right, I'll bleſs this night! [*Exit*

SCENE IV. *Another* STREET.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town, are ye all fit?

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* To point, Sir.

Duke. Where are the horſes?

2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private all, and whatſoever fortune
Offer itſelf, let us ſtand ſure.

3 *Gent.* Fear not;
'Ere you ſhall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your quarters?

1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?

Duke. You ſhall not be far from me, the leaſt noiſe
Shall bring you to my reſcue.

2 *Gent.* We are counſell'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Don John, *with a Child crying.*

John. Was ever man ſo paid for being curious?
Ever ſo bobb'd for ſearching out adventures, [peeping
As I am? Did the devil lead me? muſt I needs be
Into men's houſes where I had no buſineſs,
And make myſelf a miſchief? 'Tis well carry'd!
I muſt take other mens occaſions on me,
And be I know not whom: moſt finely handled!
What have I got by this now? What's the purchaſe?
A piece of pap and caudle-work—a child,
Indeed an infidel: this comes of peeping!
What a figure do I make now!—good white bread,
Let's have no bawling wi'ye'; 'ſdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their ſnares and ſubtilties? Have I read over
All their ſchool-learning, ſtudied their quirks and [quiddits,
And am I now bumfiddled with a baſtard?
At my age too! fie upon't!—Well, *Don John*,
You'll be wiſer one day, when you have paid dearly
For a collection of theſe butter prints!
'Twould not grieve me to keep this ginger-bread,
Were it of my own baking; but to beggar

John.

Myſelf in caudles, nurſes, coral, bells and babies,
For other mens iniquities! a little
Troubles me;—what ſhall I do with it now?
Should I be caught here dandling this pap-ſpoon,
I ſhall be ſung in ballads; 'prentice boys
Will call me nick names as I paſs the ſtreets;
I can't bear it!—no eyes are near—I'll drop it
For the next curious coxcomb—how it ſmiles upon me!
Ha! you little ſugar-ſop!——'tis a ſweet baby;
'Twere barb'rous to leave it—ten to one would kill it;
Worſe ſin than his who got it—Well, I'll take it,
And keep it as they keep death's head in rings,
To cry *memento* to me.—No more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whoſe houſe we lodge;
For ſhe will fall upon me with a catachiſm
Of four hours long—I muſt endure all;
For I will know this mother—Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be joggin—your ſtarv'd treble
Will waken the rude watch elſe.—All that be
Curious night-walkers may they find my fee. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. A STREET.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I've beaten all the purlieus,
But cannot bolt him!—what's here! [

Enter Conſtantia

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you;
Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elſe:
Where are your people? which way muſt we travel?
For Heaven's ſake ſtay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas! I am miſtaken, loſt, undone,
For ever periſh'd! Sir, for Heaven's ſake tell me,
Are you a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place? *Fred.*

Fred. No, born in *Spain.*
Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you.
Fred. You have charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me help you:
And if I fail your trust———
Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you,
Alas! I must believe you: from this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fear and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike thro' my life that takes you from me. [*Ex.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Petr. He will sure come. Are you all well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close and home too.
1 *Gent.* Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.
Ant. Why all physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month; why do you talk of bloody!
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel quarrel?

On what terms ſtands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd t'his hand, and pick'd out like an oyſter?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor?—Clear out this point.

Petr. Speak ſoftly, gentle couſin,

Ant. I'll ſpeak truely,
What ſhould men do, ally'd to theſe diſgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, ſit down, and dance him?
Cry, that's my fine boy! thou'lt do ſo no more, child.

Petr. Here are no ſuch cold pities.

Ant. By St. *Jaques*,
They ſhall not find me one! here's old tough *Andrew*,
A ſpecial friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll ſtrike 'em ſuch a horn-pipe: Knocks I come for,
And the beſt blood I light on; I profeſs it,
Not to ſcare coſtermongers; if I loſe my own,
My audit's caſt, and farewell five-and-fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourſelf with ſilence,
As I direct you; and when time calls us,
As you are friends, ſo ſhew yourſelves.

Ant. So be it;
O how my fingers tingle to be at 'em! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A CHAMBER.

Enter Don John *and his* Landlady.

Land. Nay, ſon, if this be your regard.

John. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no goods, your couſin and yourſelf
Are welcome to me, whilſt you bear yourſelves
Like honeſt and true gentlemen: Bring hither
To my houſe, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And ſo behav'd myſelf——

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I ſay, to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's noſtrils, your devices,
Your brats got out of allicant and broken oaths;

Your

Your linſey-woolſey work, your haſty-puddings!
I foſter up your filch'd iniquities!
You're deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of thoſe receivers.
John. Have I not ſworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it?
Land. You found an eaſy fool that let you get it.
John. Will you hear me?
Land. Oaths! what care you for oaths to gain your ends,
When you are high and pamper'd? what ſaint know (you?
Or what religion but your wicked paſſions?
I'm ſick to ſee this dealing.
John. Heaven forbid, mother!
Land. Nay, I am very ſick.
John. Who waits there?
Pet. Sir! *(within)*
John. Bring a bottle of Canary wine.
Land. Exceeding ſick, Heaven help me!
John. Haſte you, Sirrah!
I muſt e'en make her drunk—Nay, gentle mother.
Land. Now fie upon you! was it for this purpoſe
You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions,
For this pretended holineſs? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the mattins:
Were theſe your bo-peep prayers? you've pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal watch'd well too; your ſaint
It ſeems was pleas'd as well.—Still ſicker, ſicker!

Enter Peter *with a bottle of wine.*

John. There's no talking to her till I have drench'd her:
Give me: here, mother, take a good round draught.
It will purge ſpleen from your ſpirits; deeper, mother.
Land. Ay, ay, ſon, you imagine this will mend all.
John. All I'faith, mother.
Land. I confeſs the wine
Will do its part.
John. I'll pledge you.
Land. But, ſon *John*.

John. I know your meaning, mother, touch it once more.
Alas, you look not well! take a round draught,
It warms the blood well, and reſtores the colour.
And then we'll talk at large.
Land. A civil gentleman!
A ſtranger! one the town holds a good regard of!
John. Now we grow kind and maudlin. *(aſide.*
Land. One that ſhould weigh his fair name! Oh, a ſtitch!
John. There's nothing better for a ſtitch, good mother,
Make no ſpare of it, as you love your health;
Mince not the matter.
Land. As I ſaid, a gentleman lodge in my houſe!
Now Heav'n's my comfort, *Signior!*
John. And the wine good, mother——
I look'd for this.
Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of credit, one, heav'n knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.
John. The thunder ceaſes, and the rain deſcends.
Land. What do you ſay, ſon?
John. I ſay, mother,
That I ever found your kindneſs, and acknowledg'd it.
Land. No, no, I'm a fool to counſel you. Where's the infant?
Come let's ſee your workmanſhip.
John. It is none of mine, mother, but I'll fetch it.—
Here it is, and a luſty one.
Land. O Heav'n bleſs thee!
Thou hadſt a haſty making; but the beſt is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune: As I live,
Your own eyes, *Signior*; and the nether lip
As like you, as you had ſpit it.
John. I'm glad on't.
Land. Bleſs me, what things are theſe?
John. I thought my labour

Was

Was not all loſt; 'tis gold, and theſe are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope.
Land. Well, well, ſon *John*,
I ſee you are a wood-man and can chuſe
Your deer, tho' it be i' th' dark;
Here I am with you now, when, as they ſay,
Your pleaſure comes with profit; when you muſt needs do,
Do where you may be done to; 'tis a wiſdom
Becomes a young man well——
John. Confound your proverbs.
All this time, good mother,
The child wants looking too, wants meat and nurſes.
Land. Now bleſſing o' thy heart, it ſhall have all,
And inſtantly; I'll ſeek a nurſe myſelf, ſon.
'Tis a ſweet child: ah, my young *Spaniard!*
Take you no further care, Sir.
John. Yes, of theſe jewels,
I muſt, by your good leave, mother; theſe are mine:
The gold for bringing up on't, I freely render
To your charge: for the reſt I'll find a maſter.
But where's Don *Fred'rick*, mother?
Land. Ten to one,
About the like adventure; he told me
He was to find you out.
John. Why ſhould he ſtay thus?
There may be ſome ill chance in't; ſleep I will not,
Before I have found him:
Well, my dear mother, let the child be look'd to;
And look you to be rewarded.—About it
Strait, good mother.
Land. No more words, nor no more children,
Good ſon, as you love me—this may do well:
This ſhall do well: Eh! you little ſweet cherub!
John. So, ſo, I thought the wine wou'd do its duty:
She'll kill the child with kindneſs; t'other glaſs,
And ſhe had raviſh'd me: There is no way
Of bringing women of her age to reaſon

But

But by this—girls of fifteen are caught
Fifty ways, they bite as faſt as you throw in;
But with the old cold 'tis diff'rent dealing,
'Tis wine muſt warm them to their ſenſe of feeling.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *A* CHAMBER.

Enter Frederick *and* Anthony, *with a Candle.*

Fred. GIVE me the candle; ſo, go you out that way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred. And on your life, Sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No not my landlady, nor my friend.

Ant. Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any ſerious buſineſs that concerns me.

Ant. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Ant. I am, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fred. Now enter without fear——

Enter 1*ſt* Conſtantia *with a jewel.*

And, noble lady,
That ſafety and civility you wiſh for
Shall truly hear attend you: no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place; no wiſhes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here. Your own deſires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, ſhall protect you.

Con. You are truly noble,
And worth a woman's truſt: let it become me,
(I do beſeech you, Sir) for all your kindneſs,
To render with my thanks this worthleſs trifle;
I may be longer troubleſome.

Fred. Fair offices
Are ſtill their own rewards; Heavens bleſs me, lady,
From ſelling civil courteſies. May it pleaſe you,

If

If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aſide, to ſatisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.
Con. It ſhall be;
For I am truly confident you are honeſt:
The piece is ſcarce worth looking on.
Fred. Truſt me,
The abſtract of all beauty, ſoul of ſweetneſs!
Defend me, honeſt thoughts, I ſhall grow wild elſe!
What eyes are there!—good blood be temperate,
I muſt look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the ſenſe that ſees it: noble lady,
If there be any further ſervice to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my life, ſo much I honour you——
Con. Your ſervice is too liberal, worthy Sir.
Thus far I ſhall entreat——
Fred. Command me, lady:
You make your power too poor.
Con. That preſently,
With all convenient haſte, you will retire
Unto the ſtreet you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppreſs'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your ſword to reſcue him.
Fred. He's ſafe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I ſhall conjure 'em.
Retire, this key will guide you: all things neceſſary
Are there before you.
Con. All my prayers go with you. [*Exit.*
Fred. Men ſay gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers:
Now I ſay, beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half thoſe miſeries this piece of pleaſure
Might make me leap into: we are all like ſea-charts,
All our endeavours and our motions

(As

(As they do to the north) ſtill point at beauty,
Still at the faireſt; yet to her, I vow,
Unleſs it be her own free gratitude,
My hopes ſhall die, and my tongue rot within me,
'Ere I infringe my faith—now to my reſcue— [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A* STREET.

Enter Duke, *purſu'd by* Petruchio, Antonio, *and that Party.*

Duke. You will not all oppreſs me?
Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye:
Let me come to him.
Duke. Then you ſhall buy me dearly. [*they fight, the Duke falls.*
Enter Don John.
John. Sure 'tis fighting!
My friend may be engag'd: Fie, gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds; preſs upon
A fall'n enemy!—it is cowardly—
Thus will I protect him!— [Don John *beſtrides him.*
Ant. I'll ſtop your mouth, Sir.
John. Nay, then have at thee freely:
There's a plumb, Sir, to ſatisfy your longing.
Petr. He's fallen; I hope I have ſped him:
Where's *Antonio?*
Ant. I muſt have one thruſt more, Sir.
John. Come up to me.
Ant. A miſchief confound your fingers.
He's given me my *quietus eſt*; I felt him
In my ſmall guts; I'm ſure he's feez'd me;
This comes of ſiding with you.
Petr. I hear more reſcue coming. [*Trampling within.*
Ant. Let's turn back then;
My ſkull's uncloven yet, let me but kill!
Petr. Away, for heav'n's ſake, with him.
[*They hurry him off.*
Enter the Duke's Party.
John. Help, gentlemen—how is it?

Duke

Duke. Well, Sir,
Only a little ſtagger'd:
Duke's Party. Let's purſue 'em.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge you: Thanks, good coat,
Thou haſt ſav'd me a ſhrew'd welcome; 'twas put home,
With a good mind too, I'm ſure on't.
John. Are you ſafe then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave Sir, whoſe timely valour,
And manly courteſy, came to my reſcue.
John. You had foul play offer'd you, and ſhame befal him
That can paſs by oppreſſion.
Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But this much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am ſo bound to?
John. For the bond, Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie: to know me further,
Will little profit you; I am a ſtranger,
My country *Spain*, my name Don *John*, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.
Duke. I have hear'd, Sir,
Much worthy mention of you, yet I find
Fame ſhort of what you are.
John. You are pleas'd, Sir,
To expreſs your courteſy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what miſchance
Caſt you into this danger?
Duke. For this preſent
I muſt deſire your pardon: You ſhall know me
'Ere it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.
John. Your will's your own, Sir. *(Looking about.*
Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? have you loſt any thing?
John. Only my hat i' th' ſcuffle; ſure theſe fellows were night-ſnaps.
Duke. No, believe me, Sir: Pray uſe mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. Indeed I cannot.
Duke. Indeed you ſhall; I can command another:
I do beſeech you honour me.
John. Well, Sir, then I will,
And ſo I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within theſe few days
I hope I ſhall be happy in your knowledge;
Till when I love your mem'ry. [*Exit with his party.*
John. And I your's:
This is ſome noble fellow!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue ſure:
Don *John!*
John. Don *Frederick!*
Fred. You're fairly met, Sir!
Prithee tell me what revelation haſt thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?
John. Revelations!
I'll tell thee, *Frederick:* But before I tell thee,
Settle thy underſtanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.
John. Why then mark what ſhall follow:
This night, *Frederick*, this wicked night——
Fred. I thought no leſs.
John. This blind night——
What doſt thou think I have got?
Fred. What ſuch wanton fellows ought to get.
John. Would 'twere no worſe: You talk of revela-
I have got a revelation will reveal me [tions,
An errant coxcomb whilſt I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou haſt loſt nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What haſt thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How?
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. Give you joy, Sir.

John.

John. I'll give it you, Sir, if it is joy.—*Fred'rick*,
This town's abominable, that's the truth of it.
Fred. I ſtill told you, *John*,
Your wenching muſt come home; I councell'd you,
But where no grace is——
John. 'Tis none of mine, man.
Fred. Anſwer the pariſh ſo.
John. Cheated in troth:
Peeping into a houſe, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again; no, *Fred'rick*,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my beſt comfott, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it, man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home. (Signior,
Fred. A ſaving voyage: But what will you ſay,
To him that ſearching out your ſerious worſhip,
Has met a ſtranger fortune?
John. How, good *Frederick?*
A militant girl to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: What do you think, Sir,
Of a diſtreſſed lady, one whoſe beauty
Would over-ſell all *Italy?*
John. Where is ſhe?
Fred. A woman of that rare behavior,
So qualify'd, as love and admiration
Dwell round about her; of that perfect ſpirit!—
John. Ay marry, Sir.
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That ſweetneſs in diſcourſe; young as the morning,
Her bluſhes ſtaining his.
John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred That's all one, ſhe's forth-coming.
I have her ſure, boy.
John. Hark'ee, *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your charge, good Don *John*, I am well,
John. But is there ſuch a wench?
Fred. Firſt tell me this:
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Diſcover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it,
As far as they had ſpirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engag'd among'ſt 'em,
It ſeems of noble breeding, I'm ſure brave metal;
As I return'd to look you, I ſet into him,
And without hurt (I thank heav'n) reſcu'd him.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now to ſatisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh *John!* there is a woman——
John. Oh, where is ſhe?
Fred. And one of no leſs worth than I aſſure you,
And which is more, fallen under my potection.
John. I'm glad of that; forward, ſweet *Frederick.*
Fred. And which is moſt of all ſhe is at home too,
John. Come, let's be gone then. (Sir.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis moſt certain
You cannot ſee her, *John.*
John. Why?
Fred. She has ſworn me,
That none elſe ſhall come near her; not my mother,
Till ſome doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her?--What chamber is ſhe in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I ſay:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They muſt for modeſty a little: we all know it;
Let's go, I ſay—
Fred. No, I'll aſſure you, Sir.
John. Not ſee her!
I ſmell an old dog-trick of your's. Look'ee, *Fred'rick*,
You

You talk'd to me of wenching, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wiſh you.
Fred. You may depend upon it, *John.*
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cauſe honourable?
Or for your pleaſure?
Fred. By all our friendſhip, *John*,
'Tis honeſt, and of great end.
John. I'm anſwer'd;
But let me ſee her tho'——
Fred. I can't.
John. Leave the door open as you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But juſt ſo as a jealous huſband
Would level at his wanton wife through.
Fred. That courteſy,
If you deſire no more, and keep it ſtrictly,
I dare afford you: Come, 'tis now near morning.
John. Along, along then, dear *Frederick.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peter *and* Anthony.

Pet. Nay, the old woman's gone too.
Ant. She's a cater-wauling
Amongſt the gutters; But conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good maſters ſhould be.
Pet. Where they ſhould be,
I do conceive; but where they are, good *Anthony*—
Ant. Ay, there it goes: my maſter's bo-peep with me,
With his ſly popping in and out again,
Argu'd a cauſe——
Pet. My ſaint-like Don has hir'd a chapel
In the corner there, for his pious uſes,
Where I, againſt my will, watch, faſt and pray.
Ant. Hark! (*Lute ſounds.*
Pet. What!
Ant. Doſt not hear a noiſe?
Again!——'tis a lute.

Pet,

Pet. Odd it's a lute—or a drum—where is it?
Ant. Above, in my maſter's chamber.
Pet. There's no creature: he hath the key himſelf,
Ant. Let him have it—this is his lute. [man.
(Singing within.
Pet. I grant you; but who ſtrikes it?
Ant. An admirable voice too!—hark you.
Pet. Anthony,
Art ſure we are at home?
Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter*.
Pet. Then this muſt be the devil.
Ant. Let it be.
Good devil, ſing again: O dainty devil,
Peter, believe it, a moſt delicate devil!
The ſweeteſt devil!——

Enter Frederick *and* Don John.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.
John. I cannot by no means.
Fred. Then come in ſoftly;
And as you love your faith, preſume no further
Than you have promiſed.
John. Baſta.
Fred. What makes you up ſo early, Sir?
John. You, Sir, in your contemplations!
Pet. O pray you peace, Sir.
Ant. Huſh! huſh! *(Lute ſounds.*
Fred. Why peace, Sir?
Pet. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your lute: ſhe's playing on't.
Ant. The houſe is haunted, Sir!
For this we have heard this half year.
Fred. You ſaw nothing?
Ant. Not I.
Pet. Nor I, Sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfaſt then,
And make no words on't.
John. We'll undertake this ſpirit, if it be one.

Ant.

Ant. This is no devil, *Peter:*
Mum! there be bats abroad.—— [*Exeunt.*
Fred. Stay, now ſhe ſings!
John. An angel's voice, I'll ſwear!
Fred. Why didſt thou ſhrug ſo?
Either allay this heat, or as I live I will not truſt you.
John. Paſs—I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another* CHAMBER.

Enter 1ſt Conſtantia, *with a lute.*

Thou friendly ſoothing inſtrument, my better
Genius has ſurely laid thee in my way,
That thy ſweet melancholy ſtrain might echo
To the ſorrows of my heart, leſt it o'er-burthen'd
Should, from reflection, ſink into deſpair.

SONG.

I.

How cruelly fated is woman to woe,
Too weak to contend, ſtill beſet by the foe:
Tho' each wiſh we conceiv'd, ſhou'd be crown'd with ſucceſs,
What would flow from thoſe wiſhes, but care, and diſtreſs.
For love intervenes, and fancy's gay ſcenes,
Alas! are clouded all o'er,
The ſun quits the ſkies, hope ſickens, and dies,
Heigho!—the heart ſays no more.

II.

Tho' beauty and riches together conſpire,
To flatter our pride, and fulfil each deſire;
Nor beauty, nor riches, give peace to that breaſt,
Which paſſion has tortur'd, and grief has oppreſs'd.
For love intervenes, and fancy's gay ſcenes,
Alas! are clouded all o'er,
The ſun quits the ſkies, hope ſickens, and dies,
Heigho!—the heart ſays no more.

To

To curſe thoſe ſtars that men ſay govern us,
To rail at fortune, to fall out with fate,
And tax the general word, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the ſame ſtill, neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts; our own deſires
Are our own fates, our own ſtars all our fortunes,
Which, as we ſway 'em, ſo abuſe, or bleſs us.

Enter Frederick, *and* Don John *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox upon you,
Stand out of the light.

1 *Con.* I crave your mercy, Sir!
My mind o'er-charg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you ſet that mind at reſt, all ſhall be perfect.

John. I like the body rare; a handſome body,
A wond'rous handſome body—would ſhe would turn:
See, and that ſpightful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command ſhall be: The gentleman
Is ſafely off all danger.

John. O los Dios! what a rare creature!

1 *Con.* How ſhall I thank you, Sir? how ſatisfy?

Fred. Speak ſoftly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like marmalade.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the ſweeteſt woman that eyes e'er look'd on!
I hope thou art not honeſt.

Fred. None diſturb'd you?

1 *Con.* Not any, Sir, nor any ſound came near me;
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But that the devil, and that temptation——
What are we made to ſuffer!

Fred. Pull in your head and be hang'd.

John. Hark'ee, *Fred'rick*,
I have brought you home your pack-ſaddle.

Fred.

Fred. Fie upon you. (*Aſide to* Don John.

1 *Con.* Nay, let him enter: fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends.

Fred. You are cozen'd, lady,
Here is no duke.

1 *Con.* I know him full well, Signior.

John Hold thee there, wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will ſpoil all.

1 *Con.* I do beſeech your grace come in.

John. My grace!
There was a word of comfort.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?

John. Well follow'd, *Frederick.*

1 *Con.* With all my heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.

John. Bleſs you, lady. (*Conſtantia ſtarts.*

Fred. Nay, ſtart not; tho' he be a ſtranger to you,
He's of a noble ſtrain, my kinſman, lady,
My countryman and fellow-traveller:
He's truly honeſt.

John. That's a lye.

Fred. And truſty,
Beyond your wiſhes: valiant to defend,
And modeſt to converſe with as your bluſhes.

John. Modeſt to converſe with! here's a fellow:
Now may I hang myſelf; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Muſt I cry, *no forſooth*, and *ay forſooth*, and *ſurely*,
And truly as I live, and *as I am honeſt.*
He's done theſe things on purpoſe; for he knows,
Like a moſt envious raſcal as he is,
I am not honeſt this way—O the traitor!
H'has watch'd his time—I ſhall be quit with him.

1 *Con.* Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go ſalute her, *John.*

John. Plague o' your commendations.
1 *Con.* Sir, I ſhall now deſire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, ſweet lady; thus I ſeal
My faith, and all my ſervices. (*kiſſes her hand.*
1 *Con.* One word, Signior.
John. What a hand the rogue has! ſofter than down,
And whiter than the lily——and then her eyes!
What points ſhe at? my leg, I warrant; or
My well-knit body: ſit faſt, Don *Frederick.*
Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took ſuch care of, his own being loſt i' th' ſcuffle.
1 *Con.* With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one,
I can aſſure you, gentlemen; and right happy
May he be in all fights for that noble ſervice.
Fred. Why do you bluſh?
1 *Con.* It had almoſt cozen'd me:
For not to lye, when I ſay that, I look'd for
Another owner of it: but 'tis well.
Fred. Who's there? (*Knocking.*
Pray you retire, madam;—come in, Sir. [*Ex. Con.*

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the news with you?
Ant. There is a gentleman without
Would ſpeak with Don *John!*
Fred. (*Speaking to Don John, who is peeping after Conſtantia.*) Don *John.*
John. (*Still peeping.*) What's the matter?
Fred. Leave peeping, *John*, you are wanted.
John. Who is it?
Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he ſhews a man
Of no mean reckoning.
John. Let him ſhew his name,
And you return a little wiſer. [*Exit* Ant.
Fred. How do you like her, *John?*
John. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I am honeſt; you ſhall find it too.
Fred. Art thou not honeſt?

John.

John. Art thou an aſs,
And modeſt as her bluſhes? What a blockhead
Would e'er have pop'd out ſuch a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honeſt moral man! 'tis for a conſtable;
A handſome man, a wholſome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like *Herculus*, ſtout, ſtrong, and valiant—
Theſe had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have ſuch a ſpiced conſideration,
Such qualms upon your worſhip's conſcience. (you,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch
Which nature and the liberal world makes cuſtom;
And nothing but fair honor! dear honor! ſweet honor!--
O damn your water-gruel honor!
Fred. I am ſorry, *John.*
John. And ſo am I, *Frederick*; but what of that?
Fie upon thee, a man of thy diſcretion!——
That I was truſty and valiant, were things well put in;
But modeſt!——a modeſt gentleman!——
O wit! wit! where wa'ſt thou?
Fred. It ſhall be mended;
And henceforth you ſhall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't; how now, who is't?
Ant. A gentleman of this city,
And calls himſelf *Petruchio.*
John. Petruchio! I'll attend him.

Enter 1*ſt* Conſtantia.

1 *Con.* How did he call himſelf?
Fred. Petruchio;
Does it concern you ought?
1 *Con.* O gentlemen,
The hour of my deſtruction is come on me,
I am diſcover'd, loſt, left to my ruin:
As ever you had pity——

John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he ſhall come thro' me firſt:
Loſt here, and we about you!

1 *Con.* To you, and your humanity, a hapleſs
Helpleſs creature, begs for ſafety——O grant
Me your protection—to your honors, Sirs,
I fly as to the altar for a refuge:
If ever innocence, undone by paſſion,
And ſacrific'd by pride, could warm your breaſts
In my behalf, now hear behold the ruin,
And that ſacrifice; be your nobleneſs
My ſanct'ary, and ſhield a woe-ſick heart
From all its terrors and afflictions. (*Kneeling.*

John. Pray riſe.

Fred. Fall before us?

1 *Con.* O my unfortunate eſtate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his ——

Fred. Let his and all men's, (ſake.
Whilſt we have power and life; ſtand up for heav'n's

John. And for my ſake, be comforted.

1 *Con.* I have offended heav'n too; yet heav'n knows,

John. Ay, heav'n knows that we are all evil:
Yet heav'n forbid we ſhou'd have our deſerts.
What is he?

1 *Con.* Too, too near to my offence, Sir:
O he will cut me piece-meal!

Fred. 'Tis no treaſon?

John. Let it be what it will: if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He muſt buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By heav'n I'll fire the town before you periſh,
And then the more the merrier; we'll jog with you.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a ſweet face for nothing! my return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.

1 *Con.* Heaven gran it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, *with a letter.*

Petr. This man ſhould be of quality and worth
By Don *Alvaro*'s letter, for he gives
No ſlight recommendation of him:
I'll e'en make uſe of him.

Enter Don John.

John. Save you, Sir! I am ſorry
My buſineſs was ſo unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occaſions muſt be ſerv'd, Sir:
But is your name Don *John?*

John. It is, Sir.

Petr. Then,
Firſt for your own brave ſake I muſt embrace you;
Next, for the credit of your noble friend,
Hernanda de Alvaro, make you mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter,
To look you out, and for the virtue in you,
Whilſt your occaſions make you reſident
In this place, to ſupply you, love and honour you;
Which had I known ſooner——

John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a ſword, Sir,
And have a ſervice to be ſtill diſpos'd of,
As you ſhall pleaſe command it.

Petr. That manly courteſy is half my buſineſs, Sir;
And to be ſhort, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth-like oracle;
This day *Petruchio*,
One that may command the ſtrength of this place,
Hazard the boldeſt ſpirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then,
I do beſeech you mark me.

John. I ſhall, Sir.

Petr.

Petr. *Ferrara*'s duke, would I might call him wor-
But that h' has raz'd out from his family, (thy,
As he has mine with infamy; this man,
Rather this powerful monſter, we being left
But two of all our houſe to ſtock our memories,
My ſiſter *Conſtantia* and myſelf; with arts and witch-
Vows and ſuch oaths heav'n has no mercy for, (crafts,
Drew to diſhonour this weak maid by ſtealth,
And ſecret paſſages I knew not of.
Oft he obtain'd his wiſhes, oft abus'd her,
I am aſham'd to ſay the reſt: This purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded ſo.

Petr. I hope ſo,
He 'ſcap'd me yeſter-night—which if he dare
Again adventure for, I will pardon him.

John. Sir, what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A challenge from me, that ſo (if he have honour in him)
We may decide all difference betwixt us.

John. Fair and noble,
And I will do it home: When ſhall I viſit you?

Petr. Pleaſe you this afternoon, I will ride with you,
For at the caſtle, ſix miles hence, we are ſure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man ſhall wait here,
And conduct you to my houſe.

John. I ſhall not fail you. [*Exit* Petruchio.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well, and better than thou could'ſt expect, for this wench is certainly no veſtal—but who do you think that ſhe is? gueſs an thou canſt.

Fred. I cannot.

John.

John. Be it known then to all men, by theſe preſents, this is ſhe, ſhe, and only ſhe, our curious coxcombs have been ſo long hunting after. (*John.*

Fred. Who, *Conſtantia?* thou talk'ſt of cocks and bulls,

John. I talk of wenches, *Frederick!*——this is the pullet we two have been crowing after.

Fred. It cannot be.

John. It can be, it ſhall be, and muſt be—ſiſter to Don *Petruchio*—her name *Conſtantia*—I know all, man.

Fred. Now I believe——

John. I both believe and hope it.

Fred. Why do you hope it?

John. Firſt, becauſe ſhe is handſome; and next, becauſe ſhe is kind—there are two reaſons for you: now do you find out a third, a better if you can: for take this, *Frederick*, for a certain rule, ſince ſhe has once began ſhe'll never give it over; *ergo*, if we have good luck, in time ſhe may fall to our ſhare.

Fred. I can't believe her diſhoneſt for all this: She has not one looſe thought about her.

John. No matter for that, ſhe's no ſaint—There has been fine work, dainty doings, *Frederick!*

Fred. How can you talk ſo?

John. Becauſe I think ſo; now you think ſo, and talk otherwiſe; therefore I am the honeſter, though you may be the *modeſter* man.

Fred. Well, well, there may have been a ſlip.

John. Ay, and a tumble too, poor creature—I fear the boy will prove her's I took up laſt night.

Fred. The devil!

John. Ay, ay, he has been at work—Let us go in, and comfort her; that ſhe is here, is nothing yet ſuſpected.——Anon, I'll tell you why her brother came, (who by this light is a brave fellow) and what honour he has done me in calling me to ſerve him.

Fred. There be irons heating for ſome, Don *John.*

John. Then we muſt take care not to burn our fingers, *Frederick.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I. A CHAMBER.

Enter Landlady *and* Anthony.

Land. COME, Sir, who is it that keeps your maſter company?
Ant. I ſay to you, Don *John*.
Land. I ſay what woman?
Ant. I ſay ſo too.
Land. I ſay again, I will know.
Ant. I ſay, 'tis fit you ſhould.
Land. And I tell thee, he has a woman here.
Ant. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.
Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frumpt up with a fool? Well, ſaucy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpoſe?
I pay the rent, and I will know how my houſe
Comes by theſe inflammations: If this geer hold,
Beſt hang a ſign poſt-up, to tell the rakes,
Here you may have whenches at livery.
Ant. 'Twould be a great eaſe to your age.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?
Why what's the matter, landlady?
Land. What's the matter!
You uſe me decently among you, gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abus'd her; you, Sir?
Land. Od's my witneſs,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.
Ant. I gave her no ill language.
Land. Thou lieſt, Sirrah——
Thou took'ſt me up at every word I ſpoke,
As I had been a maukin, a flirt gillian:
And thou think'ſt, becauſe thou canſt write and read,
Our noſes muſt be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?
Ant. Let but the truth be known, Sir, I beſeech you;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, Sir.
Land. Go to, thou know'ſt too well, thou wicked valet,
Thou inſtrument of evil. *Ant.*

Ant. As I live, Sir, ſhe's ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get you in, Sir, I'll anſwer you anon: [*Ex.* Ant.
Now to your grief, what is't? for I can gueſs—
Land. You may, with ſhame enough, Don *Frederick*,
If there were ſhame amongſt you; nothing thought on,
But how you may abuſe my houſe: not ſatisfy'd
With bringing home your baſtards to undo me,
But you muſt drill your wenches here too: my patience,
Becauſe I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they ſay, am willing to groan under,
Muſt be your make-ſport now.
Fred. No more of theſe words,
Nor no more murm'rings, woman; for you know
That I know ſomething—I did ſuſpect your anger,
But turn it preſently and handſomly,
And bear yourſelf diſcreetly to this lady;
For ſuch a one there is indeed.
Land. 'Tis well, Sir.
Fred. Leave off your devil's mattins, and your me-
Or we ſhall leave our lodgings: (lancholies,
Land. But mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour——
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your houſe, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: ſleek up yourſelf, leave crying,
For I muſt have you entertain this lady
With all civility, ſhe well deſerves it,
Together with all ſervice: I dare truſt you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You'll find your own fault; no more words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worſhipful landlady,
How does thy ſwanſkin petticoat? by heav'n,
Thou look'ſt moſt amiable! now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abuſing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my perſon with thee.

Land. You'll leave this roguery,
When you come to my years.
John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a meer girl!
Thou haſt not half thy teeth! *(Knocking.*
Fred. Somebody knocks;
See who it is, and do not mind this fellow.
Land. I beg, Sir, that you'll uſe me with decorum.
John. Ay, ay, I'll promiſe you with nothing elſe.
And will you begone, my love, my love— (Singing.
Exit Landlady.
Was there ever ſuch a piece of touchwood?
Fred. Prith'ee, *John*, let her alone, ſhe has been
Well vex'd already—ſhe'll grow ſtark mad, man.
John. I would fain ſee her mad—an old mad wo-
Fred. Don't be a fool. (man—
John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with the
She makes the rareſt faces. (tooth-ach;
Fred. Prith'ee be ſober.

Re-enter Landlady.

John. What, again!
Nay, then it is decreed, tho' hills were ſet on hills,
And ſeas met ſeas to guard thee, I would through!
Land. Od's my witneſs, if you ruffle me, Ill ſpoil your ſweet face for you.
John. Oh raptures! raptures! *(Kiſſing her.)*
(She runs after him.)
What, will you hurt your own ſon?
(She looks kind upon him.)
Land. Well, well, go, go to the door, there's a gentleman there would ſpeak with you.
John. Upon my life, *Petruchio*;—good, dear landlady, carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait upon him preſently.
Land. Well, Don *John*, the time will come that I ſhall be even with you. [*Exit* Land.
John.

John. I muſt begone about this buſineſs—
Won't you go too, *Frederick?*

Fred. I am not requeſted you know—beſides the Lady will want advice and conſolation.

John. Yes; and I know too, with all your modeſty, That you will be ready to give it her.

Fred. For ſhame, *John*, how can you ramble ſo? You know you may truſt me.

John. I had rather truſt a cat with ſweet milk, *Frederick.*

Fred. I'll but ſpeak to her, and follow you.

John. Indeed?

Fred. Indeed.

John. Upon your honour?

Fred. Upon my honour.

John. And your modeſty?

Fred. Phoo! phoo! don't be a fool.

John. Well, well, I ſhall truſt you—now I'm eaſy.

Exit Don John.

Enter 1 Conſtantia.

1 *Con.* What, no way to divert this certain danger?

Fred. Impoſſible! their honours are engag'd.

1 *Con.* Then there muſt be murder, and I the cauſe! Which, gen'rous Sir, I ſhall no ſooner hear of, Than make one in't: you may, if you pleaſe, Sir, Make all go leſs.—Do, Sir, for heaven's ſake, Let me requeſt one favour.

Fred. It is granted.

1 *Con.* Your friend, Sir, is I find, too reſolute, Too hot and fiery for the cauſe: as ever You did a virtuous deed, for honour's ſake, Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper, And noble diſpoſition, like wiſh'd ſhowers, May quench theſe eating fires, that would ſpoil all elſe: I ſee in him deſtruction!

Fred. I'll do't—And 'tis a wiſe conſideration: I'll after him, lady—What my beſt labour,

With

With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be ſure of, and expect fair end; the old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; ſhe is diſcreet and ſecret,
And you may truſt her in all points.

1 *Con.* You're noble.

Fred. And ſo I take my leave.
I hope, lady, a happy iſſue for all this.

1 *Con.* All heaven's care upon you, and my prayers!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Surgeon, *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. What ſymptoms do you find in him?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd.

Gent. Why, what does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he ſhou'd. Firſt he will let no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy that he muſt be dreſs'd always to the tune of *John Dory*.

Gen. How, to the tune of *John Dory?*

Sur. Why, he will have fiddlers, and make them play and ſing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy indeed.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Give me ſome wine.

Sur. I told you ſo—'Tis death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horſe, Sir: Doſt thou think I ſhall recover with the help of barley-water only?

Gent. Fie, *Antonio*, you muſt be govern'd.

Ant. Why, Sir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots and drown'd chickens, ſtew'd *pericraniums* and *pia-maters*; and when I go to bed (by heav'n 'tis true, Sir) he rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em, that I am juſt the man i' th' almanack, my head and face is in *Aries'* place.

Sur. Will't pleaſe you, to let your friends ſee you open'd?

Ant. Will't pleaſe you, Sir, to give me a brimmer?
I feel

I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and ſpoil thy cuſtom.

Sur. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why, look you, Sir, thus I am us'd ſtill; I can get nothing that I want. In how long a time canſt thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a dog ſhall lick me whole in twenty: In how long a time canſt thou kill me?

Sur. Preſently.

Ant. Do't; that's the ſhorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gent. You muſt have patience.

Ant. Man, I muſt have buſineſs; this fooliſh fellow hinders himſelf: I have a dozen raſcal to hurt within theſe five days. Good man-mender, ſtop me up with parſley like ſtuff'd beef, and let me walk abroad: and let me be dreſt to that warlike tune, *John Dory.*

Sur. You ſhall walk ſhortly.

Ant. I will walk preſently, Sir, and leave your ſallads there, your green ſalves, and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, ſtrong food, and rich wine, and ſee what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddeſt old fellow I e'er met with [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter 1 Conſtantia *and* Landlady.

1 *Con.* I have told all I can, and more than yet
Thoſe gentlemen know of me, ever truſting
Your concealment--but are they ſuch ſtrange creatures?

Land. There is the younger, ay, and the wilder,
Don *John*, the arrant'ſt *Jack* in all this city:
Has been a dragon in his days! the truth is,
Whoſe chaſtity he chops upon, he cares not,
He flies at all; baſtards, upon my conſcience,
He has now a hundred of 'em: The laſt night

He

He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak veſſels. Some rich woman
(For wife I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing cloth
No leſs than crimſon velvet.

1 *Con.* How?

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

1 *Con.* Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy!

1 *Con.* May I ſee it?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late miſchance, which willingly
I would know further of: now if you pleaſe
To be ſo courteous to me.

Land. You ſhall ſee it:
What do you think of theſe men, now you know 'em?
Be wiſe, or you'll repent too late; I tell you
But for your own good, and as you will find it.

1 *Con.* I am adviſ'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And inſtantly, I told you of: be ready:
Don *John*, I'll fit you for your frumps. (*aſide.*

1 *Con.* I will, dame:
But ſhall I ſee this child?

Land. Within this half hour:
Let's in, and then think better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, *and* Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentle-
(If I, that ſo much love him, may commend him) [man
That's full of honour; and one, if foul play
Should fall on us, will not fly back for filips.

Petr. You much honour me,
And once more I pronounce you both mine.

Fred. Stay;
What troop is that below i' th' valley there?

John.

John. Hawking, I take it.
Petr. They are ſo; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, gentlemen;
Sirrah, draw back the horſes till we call you: I know him by his company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petr. So he does.
John. Stand you ſtill,
Within that covert till I call: you, *Fred'rick*,
By no means be not ſeen, unleſs they offer
To bring on odds upon us: He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly: To your places.
Petr. I need no more inſtruct you.
John. Fear me not. [Petr. *and* Fred. *retire.*

Enter Duke, *and his Party.*

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day; O my bleſt fortune;
Have I ſo fairly met the man!
John. You have, Sir,
And him you know by this. *(Shewing his hat.*
Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love———
John. I do beſeech your grace ſtay there.
Diſmiſs your train a little.
Duke. Walk aſide,
And out of hearing, I command you: now, Sir,
Be plain.
John. I will, and ſhort;
You have wrong'd a gentleman, beyond all juſtice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.
Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. Petruchio is the man;
The wrong is, you have diſhonour'd his ſiſter.
Duke. Now ſtay you, Sir,
And hear me a little: This gentleman's
Siſter that you have nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;
As true I have poſſeſs'd her: no leſs truth,

I have

I have a child by her. But that ſhe, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer diſgrace, or ruin, by my pleaſures,
I wear a ſword to ſatisfy the world, no,
And him in this caſe when he pleaſes; for know, Sir,
She is my wife, contracted before heaven;
(A witneſs I owe more tie to than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long ſince
Had had the church's ſeal, and approbation,
But for his jealous nature.

John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my ſervice.

Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I ſhould convert you; had we
But that rough man hear now too——

John. And you ſhall, Sir.
What hoa! hoa!

Duke. I hope you have laid no ambuſh.

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother, welcome;
Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unleſs you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you ſpeak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my ſoul, and truly: the firſt prieſt
Shall put you out of theſe doubts.

Petr. Now I love you,
And beſeech you pardon my ſuſpicions;
You are now more than a bother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's overjoy'd. What ho!
Mr. *Modeſty*, you may come forth now——

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How goes it?

John. Why the man has his mare again, and all's well.
The duke profeſſes freely he's her huſband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modeſt gentlemen;
I muſt preſent you—may it pleaſe your grace

To

To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinſman, among thoſe your ſervants:
He is truly valiant, and *modeſt* to converſe with.
Duke. O my brave friend; you ſhower your bounties on me.
Amongſt my beſt thoughts, Signior, in which number
You being worthily diſpos'd already,
May freely place your friend.
Fred. Your grace honours me.
Petr. Why this is wond'rous happy: But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our ſweet: *Conſtantia!*
Duke. Why, what of her?
Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know;
Wing'd with her fears, laſt night beyond my knowledge,
She quit my houſe, but whither——
Fred. Let not that———
Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.
Petr. Nay ſink not.
She cannot be ſo loſt.
John. Nor ſhall not, gentlemen;
Be free again, the lady's found: that ſmile, Sir,
Shows you diſtruſt your ſervant.
Duke. I do beſeech you.
John. You ſhall believe me, by my ſoul, ſhe's ſafe.
Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, Sir,
Fred. You may ſafely.
John. And under noble uſage: this modeſt gentleman—
Speak *Frederick.*——
Fred. I met her in all her doubts laſt night, and to my guard
(Her fears being ſtrong upon her) ſhe gave her perſon;
I waited on her to our lodging; where all reſpect,
Civil and honeſt ſervice, now attend her.
Petr. You may believe now.
Duke. Yes I do, and ſtrongly:
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
For you have both preſerv'd me; when theſe virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good, your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious;
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joys you wish for. (you

Petr. Happy gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco *and a Man.*

Fran. This is the maddest mischief! never fool was so fobb'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to myself, mine own ass; trust a woman! I'll trust the devil first, for he dares be better than his word sometimes: Pray tell me in what observance have I ever fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let us consider.

Enter Frederick *and* Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet *Constantia*, and this woman?

Fred. Constantia! What are these fellows? Stay by all means. (*They listen.*

Man. Whs, Sir, I met her in the great street that comes from the market-place, just at a turning by a goldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, *John.*

Fran. Well *Constantia* has spun herself a fine thread now: What will her best friend think of this?

Fred. John, I smell some juggling, *John.*

John. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be prov'd so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think, of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why truly, I suspect she has been enticed to it by a stranger.

John. Did you mark that, *Frederick?*

Fran. Stranger! who?

Man.

Man. A wild gentleman that's newly come to town.

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do you think ſo?

Man. I heard her grave conductreſs twattle ſomething as they went along, that makes me gueſs it.

John. 'Tis ſhe, *Frederick.*

Fred. But who that he is, *John*?

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they muſt certainly be about the town. Ha! no more words. Come, let's be gone. (Franciſco *and* Man *ſeeing Don*

Fred. Well. John *and* Fred. *they retire.*

John. Very well.

Fred. Diſcreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. You have no more of theſe tricks?

John. Ten to one, Sir,
I ſhall meet with them, if you have.

Fred. Is this fair?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no aſs, Don *Frederick.*

Fred. And Don *John*,
It ſhall appear I am no fool: diſgrace me
To make yourſelf thus every woman's courteſy?
'Tis boyiſh, 'tis baſe.

John. 'Tis falſe; I privy to this dog-trick!
Clear yourſelf, for I know where the wind ſits,
Or as I have a life— [*Trampling within.*

Fred. No more, they are coming; ſhew no diſcontent, let's quietly away: If ſhe be at home our jealouſies are over; if not, you and I muſt have a farther parley, *John.*

John. Yes, Don *Frederick*, you may be ſure we ſhall; but where are theſe fellows? Plague on 'em, we have loſt them too in our ſpleens, like fools.

Enter Duke *and* Petruchio.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faſter:
Suppoſe you have all miſtreſſes, and mend
Your pace accordingly.

John. Sir, I ſhould be as glad of a miſtreſs as another man.

Fred. Yes, o'my conſcience wouldſt thou, and of any other man's miſtreſs too, that I'll anſwer for. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

Enter Antonio *and his Man.*

Ant. With all my gold?

Man. The trunk broken open and all gone!

Ant. And the mother in the plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all, and all his imps go with 'em. Belike they thought I was no more of this world, and thoſe trifles would but diſturb my conſcience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you would not live to diſturb 'em.

Ant. Well, my ſweet miſtreſs, I'll try how handſomely your ladyſhip can caper in the air! there's your maſter-piece. No imaginations where they ſhould be?

Man. None, Sir; yet we have ſearch'd all places we ſuſpected; I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Give me then a water-conjurer, one that can raiſe water-devils; I'll port 'em: play at duck-and-drake with my money! Get me a conjurer I ſay, enquire out a man that lets out devils.

Man. I do'nt know where.

Ant. In every ſtreet, Tom Fool; any blear-ey'd people with red heads and flat noſes can perform it. Thou ſhalt know them by their half-gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjurer, I ſay, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have 'em again if they be above ground. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, *and* John.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to *Naples*; ſo you are all, gentlemen.

John

John. Don *Frederick*, will you ſtep in and give the lady notice who comes to viſit her?

Petr. Bid her make haſte; we come to ſee no ſtranger—a night-gown will ſerve turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you ſay, Sir. [*Exit.*

Petr. Now will the ſport be, to obſerve her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy ſhe will behave herſelf.

Duke. Dear brother, I muſt entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir—I will not chide her, but like a ſummer's evening againſt heat——

Enter Frederick *and* Peter.

John. How now?

Fred. Not to abuſe your patience longer, nor hold you off with tedious circumſtances; for you muſt know——

John What I knew before.

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is ſhe?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you ſay, Sir?

Fred. Gone; by heaven remov'd. The woman of the houſe too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman that tired me with compliments?

Fred. The very ſame.

John. Well, Don *Frederick.*

Fred. Don *John*, it is not well: But——

John. But what?

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can ſatisfy I lye not.

Pet. A little after my maſter was departed, Sir, with this gentlemen, my fellow and myſelf being ſent on buſineſs, as we muſt think on purpoſe——

John. Yes, yes, on purpoſe.

Petr.

Petr. Hang theſe circumſtances, they always ſerve to uſher in ill ends.

John. Gone! Now could I eat that rogue, I am ſo angry. Gone!

Petr. Gone!

Fred. Directly gone, fled, ſhifted: what would you have me ſay?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom, Sir, I would not be a knave.

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But, hark'ee, gentlemen, are you ſure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

John. Have you your noſe, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are ſo ſhort, believe your having her ſhall ſuffer more conſtruction.

John. Well, Sir, let it ſuffer, *(Turns off peeviſhly.*

Fred. How to convince you, Sir, I can't imagine; but my life ſhall juſtify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus, then—for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis poſſible.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when if ſhe be not found——

Fred. We ſtand engag'd to anſwer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We aſk no more.

Petro. To-morrow, certain.

John. If we out-live this night, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Duke *and* Petruchio.

Fred. Very well, Don *John!*

John. Very ill, Don *Frederick!*

Fred. We have ſomewhat now to do.

John. With all my heart, I love to be doing.

Fred.

Fred. If she be not found we must fight.

John. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. I am glad you are so merry, Sir.

John. I am sorry you are so dull, Sir.

Fred. I hate trifling when my honour's at stake.

John. If you will stake your honour upon trifling things you must; for my part, I'll not look like a murderer in tapestry as you do—thus—for all the honour in Christendom.

Fred. Here let us part; and if the lady be
Not forth-coming,
'Tis this, Don *John*, shall damp your levity!
(*Clapping his hand upon his sword.*

John. Or this shall tickle up your modesty! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. A TAVERN.

Enter 2 Constantia, *and her Mother.*

Moth. HOLD, *Cons*, hold, for goodness, hold; I am in that desertion of spirit for want of breath, that I am almost reduced to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2 *Con.* Dear mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from *Antonio:* for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, 'till we are safe a ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Moth. Out of sight of the shore! why do you think I'll *depatriate?*

2 *Con. depatriate?* what's that?

Moth. Why, you fool you, leave my country: what will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2 *Con.* O Lord! this hard word will undo us.

Moth. As I am a christian, if it were to save my honour

nour (which is ten thouſand times dearer to me than life) I would not be guilty of ſo odious a thought.

2 *Con.* Pray, mother, ſince your honour is ſo dear to you, conſider that if we are taken, both it and we are loſt for ever.

Moth. Ay, girl; but what will the world ſay, if they ſhould hear ſo odious a thing of us, as that we ſhould *depatriate?*

2 *Con.* Ay there's it; the world! why mother, the world does not care a pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we ſhall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for you have run away with his gold.

Moth. Did he not tell you that he kept it in his trunk for us? and had not I a right to take it whenever I pleas'd: you have loſt your reaſoning faculty, *Cons.*

2 *Con.* Yes, mother, but you was to have it upon a certain condition, which condition I would ſooner ſtarve than agree to. I can't help my poverty, but I can keep my honour, and the richeſt old fellow in the kingdom ſhan't buy it: I'd ſooner *give* it away than *ſell* it, that's my ſpirit, mother.

Moth. But what will become of me, *Cons?* I have ſo indelible an idea of my dignity, that I muſt have the means to ſupport it; thoſe I have got, and I will ne'er depart from the demarches of a perſon of quality; and let come what will, I ſhall rather chuſe to ſubmit myſelf to my fate, than ſtrive to prevent it by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree to the ſteps and meaſures of a ſtrict practitioner of honour.

2 *Con.* Would not this make one ſtark mad? your ſtile is no more out of the way than your manner of reaſoning; you firſt ſell me to an ugly old fellow, then you run away with me, and all his gold; and now, like a ſtrict practitioner of honour, reſolve to be taken, rather than *depatriate*, as you call it.

Moth. As I am a chriſtian, *Cons*, a tavern, and a very

very decent ſign; I'll in, I am reſolv'd, though by it I ſhould run a riſque of never ſo ſtupendous a nature!

2 *Con.* There's no ſtopping her: what ſhall I do? (*aſide.*

Moth. I'll ſend for my kinſwoman and ſome muſic, to revive me a little, for really, *Cons*, I am reduced to that ſad imbecillity, by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I am in a great incertitude, whether they will have livelineſs ſufficient to ſupport me up to the top of the ſtairs, or no. [*Exit Mother.*

2 *Con.* I have a great mind to leave this fantaſtical mother-in-law of mine, with her ſtolen goods, take to my heels and ſeek my fortune; but to whom ſhall I apply?—Generoſity and humanity are not to be met with at every corner of the ſtreet.—If any young fellow would but take a liking to me, and make an honeſt woman of me, I would make him the beſt wife in the world:—but what a fool am I to talk thus?—Young men think of young women nowa-days, as they do of their cloaths: it is genteel to have them, to be vain of 'em, to ſhew 'em to every body, and to change 'em often—when their novelty and faſhion is over, they are turn'd out of doors to be purchas'd and worn by the firſt buyer.—A wife, indeed, is not ſo eaſily got rid of; it is a ſuit of mourning that lies neglected at the bottom of the cheſt, and only ſhews itſelf now and then upon melancholy occaſions.——What a terrible proſpect!——however, I do here ſwear and vow to live for ever chaſte, 'till I find a young fellow who will take me for better and for worſe.——Law! what a deſperate oath have I taken!

Mother. (*looking out at the window*) Come up *Cons*, the fiddles are here——

[*Mother goes from the window.*

2 *Con.* I come.

I muſt be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell; theſe fiddles, and her diſcreet companions, will quickly make

an end of all ſhe has ſtolen; and then for five hundred new pieces ſells me to another old fellow, whom I will ſerve in the very ſame manner. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing, yet I am ſo, better than under her conduct, 'twill be at worſt but begging for my life: and

Starving were to me an eaſier fate,
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

[*Goes up to her Mother.*

SCENE II.

Enter Don John.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don *Frederick* has ſent away this wench, for all he carries it ſo gravely: Yet, methinks, he ſhould be honeſter than ſo; but theſe grave men are never touch'd upon ſuch occaſions; mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave man, eſpecially if he pretend to be a a preciſe man, will do you forty things without remorſe, that would ſtartle one of us mad fellows but to think of. [*Muſic above.*] What's here, muſic and women?—the beſt mixture in the world!—would I were among 'em—(*Muſic again, and a woman appears in the balcony*)—that's a right one, I know it by her ſmile—O'my conſcience, take a woman maſk'd and hooded, nay cover'd all o'er, ſo that you can't ſee one bit of her, and at twelve ſcore diſtance, if ſhe be a leveret, as ten to one ſhe is, if I don't hit her, ſay I am no markſman. I have an eye that never fails me—ah! rogue! ſhe's right too, I'm ſure on't; here's a brave parcel of 'em! (*Muſic ſtill and dancing.*

Moth. Come, come, let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you ſo? what, now, if I ſhould go up and dance too? it is a tavern. Rot this buſineſs. Why ſhould a man be hunting upon a could ſcent, when there is ſo much better ſport near at hand? I'll in,

in, I am reſolved, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I dont get one of 'em!

[*As he goes to the door,*

Enter 2 Conſtantia.

See here's one bolted already; fair lady, whither ſo faſt?

2 *Con.* I don't know, Sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2 *Con.* Yes, if you pleaſe, Sir.

John. Whither?

2 *Con.* I tell you I don't know.

John. She's very quick. Would I might be ſo happy as to know you, lady.

2 *Con.* I dare not let you ſee my face, Sir.

John. Why?

2 *Con.* For fear you ſhould not like it, and then leave me; for to tell you true, I have at this preſent very great need of you.

John. Haſt thou?——Then I declare myſelf thy champion: and let me tell you, there is not a better knight-errant in all chriſtendom, than I am, to ſuccour diſtreſt damſels.

2 *Con.* What a proper, handſome, ſpirited fellow this is! if he'd love me now as he ought, I would never ſeek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the world.

John. If thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2 *Con.* Perhaps this freedom in me may ſeem ſtrange; but, Sir, in ſhort, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate: Will you protect me?

John. Yes, that I will, before I ſee your face; your ſhape has charm'd me enough for that already.

2 *Con.* But if we ſhould meet him, will you here promiſe me, he ſhall not take me from you?

John. If any one takes you from me, he ſhall take my life too; if I loſe one, I won't keep t'other——they ſhall go together.

2 *Con.* For heaven's ſake then conduct me to ſome

place, where I may be ſecur'd awhile from the ſight of any one whatſoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy ſhape, I will.

2 *Con.* Well, Sir, I believe you, for you have an honeſt look.

John. *An honeſt look!* Zounds, I am afraid Don *Frederick* has been giving her a character of me too. ——Come, pray unmaſk.

2 *Con.* Then turn away your face, for I'm reſolv'd you ſhall not ſee a bit of mine, 'till I have ſet it in order, and then——

John. What then?

2 *Con.* I'll ſtrike you dead.

John. A mettled wench, I warrant her! If ſhe be but young now, and have but a noſe on her face, ſhe'll be as good as her word——Come, my dear, I'm e'en panting with impatience——Are you ready?——

(*As he turns ſlowly round, ſhe gets on the other ſide*)

—S'death, where is ſhe?

2 *Con.* Here! ſtand your ground if you dare!

John. By this light, a rare creature! ten thouſand times handſomer than her we ſeek for! this can be ſure no common one: pray heaven ſhe be a kind one!

2 *Con.* Well, Sir, what ſay you now?

John. Nothing; I'm ſo amaz'd I am not able to ſpeak. Prith'ee, my ſweet creature, don't let us be talking in the ſtreet, but run home with me, that I may have a little private innocent converſation with you.

2 *Con.* No, Sir, no private dealing, I beſeech you.

John. S'heart, what ſhall I do? I'm out of my wits. Hark'ee, my dear ſoul, canſt thou love me?

2 *Con.* If I could, what then?

John. Why then I ſhould be the happieſt man alive!

(*Kiſſing her hand.*

2 *Con.* Nay, good Sir, hold--remember the conditions.

John. Conditions! what conditions? I would not wrong thee for the univerſe!

2 *Con.* Then you'll promiſe,

John

John. What, what: I'll promiſe any thing, every thing, thou dear, ſweet, bewitching, heavenly woman!

2 *Con.* Do make me an honeſt woman?

John. How the devil, my angel, can I do that, if you are *undone* to my hands?

2 *Con.* Ay but I am not—I am a poor innocent lamb, juſt eſcaped from the jaws of an old fox.

John. Art thou, my pretty lamb? then I'll be thy ſhepherd, and fold thee in theſe arms. (*Kiſſes her hand.*

2 *Con.* Ay, but you muſt not eat the lamb yourſelf.

John. I like you ſo well, I will do any thing for thee. This girl ſure was made on purpoſe for me: ſhe is juſt of my humour—my dear delightful incognitta! I love you ſo much, it is impoſſible to ſay how much I love thee! my heart, my mind, and my ſoul, are tranſported to ſuch a degree, that—that—that—damn it, I can't talk—ſo let us run home, or the old fox, my lamb, will overtake us. (*They run out.*

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick *and* Franciſco.

Fred. And art thou ſure it was *Conſtantia*, ſay'ſt thou, that he was leading?

Fran. Am I ſure I live, Sir? why, I dwelt in the houſe with her; how can I chuſe but know her?

Fred. But didſt thou ſee her face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I ſaw her face as plain as I ſee your's juſt now, not two ſtreets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis even ſo; I ſuſpected it at firſt, but then he foreſwore it with that confidence—Well, Don *John*, if theſe be your practices, you ſhall have no more a friend of me, Sir, I aſſure you. Perhaps, tho' he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the Duke.

Fran. A little time will ſhew—Gad-ſo, here he is!

Fred. I'll ſtep behind this ſhop, and obſerve him.

Enter Don John *and* 2 Conſtantia.

John. Here now go in; and let me ſee who will get you out again without my leave.

2 *Cons.*

2 *Con.* Remember—you have given your honour.

John. And my love---and when they go together, you may always truſt 'em.

Fred. Dear Don *John.* (John *puts* Conſtantia *in, and locks the door*)

John. Plague o'your kindneſs: how the devil comes he here juſt at this time?—Oh, how do you do, *Fred'rick?*—Now will he aſk me forty fooliſh queſtions, and I have ſuch a mind to talk to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuſe for my life.

Fred. Your ſervant, Sir: pray who's that you lock'd in juſt now at the door?

John. Why, a friend of mine that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book! that's a quaint one, i'faith: prith'ee, Don *John*, what library has thou been buying this afternoon? for i' th' morning, to my knowledge, thou hadſt never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, it's a book of his own, he brought along with him: a ſcholar that's given to reading.

Fred. And do ſcholars, Don *John*, wear petticoats now-a-days?

John. Plague on him, he has ſeen her—Well, Don *Frederick*, thou know'ſt I am not good at lying; 'tis a woman, I confeſs it, make your beſt on't, what then?

Fred. Why then, Don *John*, I deſire you'll be pleas'd to let me ſee her.

John. Why faith, *Frederick*, I ſhould not be againſt the thing, but you know that a man muſt keep his word, and ſhe has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, *John*, you may remember when I met a lady ſo before, this very ſelf-ſame lady too, that I got leave for you to ſee her, *John.*

John. Why, do you think then that this here is *Conſtantia?*

Fred. I cannot properly ſay I think it, *John*, becauſe I know it; this fellow here ſaw her as you led her i' th' ſtreets.

John

John. Well, and what then? who does he ſay it is?

Fred. Aſk him, Sir, and he'll tell you.

John. Hark'ee, friend, doſt thou know this lady?

Fran. I think I ſhould, Sir; I have liv'd long enough in the houſe with her to know her ſure.

John. And how do they call her, prith'ee?

Fran. Conſtantia!

John. How! *Conſtantia!*

Fran. Yes, Sir, the woman's name is *Conſtantia*, that's flat.

John. Is it ſo, Sir? and ſo is this too. *(Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, oh! *(Runs out.*

John. Now, Sirrah, you may ſafely ſay you have not bore falſe witneſs for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don *John!* why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

John. Telling truth! thou talk'ſt as if thou hadſt been hired to bear falſe witneſs too: You are a very fine gentleman.

Fred. What a ſtrange confidence he has! but is there no ſhame in thee? nor no conſideration of what is juſt or honeſt, to keep a woman thus againſt her will, that thou know'ſt is in love with another man too? doſt think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good dear *Frederick*, do keep thy ſentences and thy ſentiments, which are now out of faſhion, for ſome better opportunity: this here is not a fit ſubject for 'em: I tell thee ſhe is no more *Conſtantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me ſee her then?

John. Becauſe I can't: beſides, ſhe is not for thy taſte.

Fred. How ſo?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art all for flames and darts, and thoſe fine things! now I am for pure, plain, ſimple love, without any embroidery; I am not ſo curious, *Frederick*, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is there no ſhame, but is this worthy in you to delude——

John

John. But is there no ſhame! but is this worthy! what a many *buts* are here? If I ſhould tell thee now ſolemnly thou haſt *but* one eye, and give thee reaſons for it, wouldſt thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, againſt my own knowledge.

John. Then why doſt thou, with that grave face, go about to perſuade me againſt mine? you ſhould do as you would be done by, *Frederick.*

Fred. And ſo I will, Sir, in this very particular, ſince there's no other remedy; I ſhall do that for the duke and *Petruchio*, which I ſhould expect from them upon the like occaſion: In ſhort, to let you ſee I am as ſenſible of my honour, as you can be careleſs of your's; I muſt tell you, Sir, that I'm reſolv'd to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are you ſo, Sir? Why, I muſt then, ſweet Sir, tell you again, I am reſolv'd you ſha'n't. Ne'er ſtare nor wonder! I have promis'd to preſerve her from the ſight of any one whatſoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good: But that you may not think I mean an injury to *Petruchio*, or the duke, know, Don *Frederick*, that tho' I love a pretty girl perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's baſe as much as you do. Once more upon my honour, this is not *Conſtantia*; let that ſatisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do—— [*Goes to the door.*

John. No! why then this ſhall. *(draws)* Come not one ſtep nearer, for if thou doſt, by heaven I'm thro' you.

Fred. This is an inſolence beyond the temper of a man to ſuffer.——Thus I throw off thy friendſhip, and ſince thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to ſave thyſelf.

John. That's to be try'd, Sir, tho', by your favour —(*Looks up to the balcony*)—Miſtreſs what-d'ye-call-'em, prith'ee look out now a little, and ſee how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

John. O lord, Sir, your ſervant. [*Fight.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke *and* Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, fighting? let's part 'em. How, Don *Frederick* againſt Don *John?* How came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the cauſe?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I ſaw him lock *Conſtantia* up into that houſe, and I deſir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the cauſe.

Duke. O, it may be he deſign'd to lay the obligation upon us himſelf—Sir, we are beholden to you for this favour beyond all poſſibility of--[*approaching* John.

John. Pray, your grace, keep back, and don't throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deſerv'd 'em or no. O, is that your deſign? Sir, you muſt not go in there. (Petruchio's *going to the door.*

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

John. No, Sir, moſt certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my ſiſter, and I will ſpeak to her.

John. If ſhe were your mother, Sir, you ſhou'd not, tho' it were but to aſk her bleſſing.

Petr. Since you are ſo poſitive, I'll try.

John. You ſhall find me a man of my word, Sir.

[*Fight.*

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen, hold, let me compoſe this matter. Why do you make a ſcruple of letting us ſee *Conſtantia?*

John. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear theſe fellows talk ſo; there is not one word true of all that he has ſaid.

Duke. Then you do not know where *Conſtantia* is?

John. Not I, by heavens!

Fred. O monſtrous impudence! upon my life, Sir, I ſaw him force her into that houſe, lock her up, and the key is now in his pocket.

John. Now that is two lies; for firſt he did not ſee her, and next all force is unneceſſary ſhe is ſo very willing

Duke. But look'ee, Sir, this doubt may eaſily be cleared; let either *Petruchio* or I but ſee her, and if ſhe be not *Conſtantia*, we engage our honours (tho' we ſhould know her) never to diſcover who ſhe is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now that I can ne'er conſent to.

Duke. Why?

John. Becauſe I gave her my word to the contrary.

Petr. Piſh, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray Sir, let that be my office; I will be revenged on him for having betray'd me to his friendſhip. [Petr. *and* Fred. *offer to fight with* John.

Duke. Nay, you ſhall not offer him foul play neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, Sir. (*They walk aſide.*

John. I would they would make an end of this buſineſs, that I might be with her again. Heark'ee, gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair propoſition, leave off this ceremony among yourſelves, and thoſe diſmal threats againſt me; philip up, croſs or pile, who ſhall begin firſt, and I'll do the beſt I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about ſomebody's ears for the loſs of my gold.—Ha! what's here to do, ſwords drawn? I muſt make one, tho' it coſt me the ſinging of ten *John Dories* more. Courage, brave boy! I'll ſtand by you as long as this tool here laſts; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? *Antonio!* O, Sir, you are welcome, you ſhall be e'en judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, Sir, I thank you; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm reſolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your ſwords, or by this hand I'll lay about me. (*They put up their ſwords.*

John. Well ſaid, old *Bilboa*, i'faith.

Petr.

Petr. Pray hear us tho': this gentleman ſaw him lock up my ſiſter into this houſe, and he refuſes to let us ſee her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true? *(Going to him.*

John. Not ſo haſty, I beſeech you. Look'ee, gentlemen, to ſhew you that all are miſtaken, and that my formal friend there is an aſs——

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

John. I'll give you my conſent that this gentleman here ſhall ſee her, if his information can ſatisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes, he knows her very well.

John. Then, Sir, go in here, if you pleaſe; I dare truſt him with her, for he is too old to do any miſchief. [Antonio *goes in.*

Fred. I wonder how my gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I ſhall be even with you, Don *Frederick*, another time, for all your grinning.—How now! what noiſe is that? *(Noiſe within the houſe.*

Enter Peter.

Pet. The gentleman!—

John. Where is he?

Pet. He's run out of the back-door, Sir.

John. How ſo?

Pet. Why, Sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath how durſt you let her out?

Pet. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant raſcal, and therefore I'll beat ſomething into thee.—*(beats him)*—Run after her, you dog, and bring her back, or—[Peter *runs off.*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou doſt, by heavens, I'll give thee as much; and would do ſo however, but that I won't loſe time from looking after my dear ſweet—A plague confound you all.

(Goes in, and ſhuts the door after him.

Duke. What, he has ſhut the door!

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back-way, by that corner, where we ſhall meet him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. A STREET.

Enter 1 Conſtantia.

1 *Con.* OH whither ſhall I run to hide myſelf! The conſtables has ſeized the landlady, and I'm afraid the poor child, too. How to return to Don *Frederick*'s houſe, I know not; and if I knew, I durſt not, after thoſe things the landlady has told me of him. You powers above look down and help me! I am faulty I confeſs, but greater faults have often met with lighter puniſhments.

Enter Don John.

John. I'm almoſt dead with running, and will be ſo quite, but I'll overtake her.

1 *Con.* Hold, Don *John*, hold!

John. Who's that? Ha! is it you, my dear?

1 *Con.* For heaven's ſake, Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

John. Phoo, plague, this is th'other: Now cou'd I almoſt beat her, for but making me the propoſition. Madam, there are ſome a coming, that will do it a great deal better; but I'm in ſuch haſte, that I vow to Gad, madam——

1 *Con.* Nay, pray, Sir, ſtay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your woman is taken.

John. Ha! my woman? [*Goes back to her.* I vow to Gad, madam, I do ſo highly honour your ladyſhip, that I wou'd venture my life a thouſand times to do you ſervice. But pray where is ſhe?

1 *Con.* Why, Sir, ſhe is taken by the conſtable.

John. Conſtable! which way went he?

1 *Con.*

1 *Con.* I cannot tell, for I run out into the ſtreets juſt as he had ſeiz'd upon your landlady.

John. Plague o' my landlady! I mean the other woman.

1 *Con.* Other woman, Sir! I've ſeen no other woman, never ſince I left your houſe!

John. 'Sheart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your moſt humble——

1 *Con.* Good Sir, be not ſo cruel, as to leave me in this diſtreſs.

John. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again preſently.

1 *Con.* But pray, Sir, hear me, I'm in that danger——

John. No, no, no! I vow to Gad, madam, no danger i' th' world. Let me alone, I warrant you.

(*Hurries off.*

1 *Con.* He's gone, and I a loſt, wretched, miſerable creature, for ever!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there ſhe is

1 *Con.* Who's this, *Antonio!* the fierceſt enemy I have. [*Runs away.*

Ant. Are you ſo nimble-footed, gentlewoman? A plague confound all whores! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A STREET.

Enter Mother to the 2 Conſtantia *and Kinſwoman.*

Kinſ. But, madam, be not ſo angry, perhaps ſhe'll come again.

Moth. O kinſwoman never ſpeak of her more; for ſhe's an odious creature to leave me thus in the lurch. I have given her all her breeding, and inſtructed her with my own principles of education.

Kinſ. I proteſt, madam, I think ſhe's a perſon that knows as much of all that as—

Moth. Knows, kinſwoman! There's ne'er a female in *Italy*, of thrice her years, knows ſo much the

the procedures of a true gallantry; and the infallible principles of an honourable friendſhip, as ſhe does.

Kinſ. And therefore, madam, you ought to love her.

Moth. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I'm a chriſtian. When once a perſon fails in fundamentals, ſhe's at a period with me. Beſides, with all her wit, *Conſtantia* is but a fool, and calls all the *minauderies* of a *bonne mine*, affectation.

Kinſ. Indeed, I muſt confeſs, ſhe's given a little too much to the careleſs way.

Moth. Ay, there you have hit it, kinſwoman; the careleſs way has quite undone her. Will you believe me, kinſwoman? as I am a chriſtian, I never could make her do this—nor carry her body thus—but juſt when my eye was upon her; as ſoon as ever my back was turned, whip her elbows were quite out again: Wou'd not you ſtare now at this?

Kinſ. Bleſs me, ſweet goodneſs! But pray, madam, how came *Conſtantia* to fall out with your ladyſhip? did ſhe take any thing ill of you?

Moth. As I'm a chriſtian I can't reſolve you, unleſs it were that I led the dance firſt; but for that ſhe muſt excuſe me; I know ſhe dances well, but there are others who perhaps underſtands the right ſwim of it as well as ſhe—

Enter Don Frederick.

And tho' I love *Conſtantia*—

Fred. How's this? *Conſtantia!*

Moth. I know no reaſon why I ſhould be debarr'd the privilege of ſhewing my own *Geno* too ſometimes.

Fred. If I am not miſtaken, that other woman is ſhe Don *John* and I were directed to, when we came firſt to town, to bring us acquainted with *Conſtantia*. I'll try to get ſome intelligence from her. Pray, lady, have I never ſeen you before?

Kinſ. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another ſtranger,

ſtranger, a friend of your's, one day as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Moth. Why, Sir, of an inconſiderate inconſiderable perſon, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed! and is all this intended for the beautiful *Conſtantia?*

Moth. O fie upon her, Sir, an odious creature, as I'm a chriſtian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyſhip think her handſome?

Moth. Seriouſly, Sir, I don't think ſhe's ugly; but as I'm a chriſtian, my poſition is, that no true beauty can be lodg'd in that creature, who is not in ſome meaſure buoy'd up with a juſt ſenſe of what is incumbent to the devoir of a perſon of quality.

Fred. That poſition, madam, is a little ſevere: but however ſhe has been *incumbent* formerly, as your ladyſhip is pleas'd to ſay; now that ſhe's married, and her huſband owns the child, ſhe is ſufficiently juſtify'd for what ſhe has done.

Moth. Sir, I muſt, bluſhingly, beg leave to ſay you are in an error. I know there has been the paſſion of love between 'em, but with a temperament ſo innocent and ſo refin'd, as it did impoſe a negative upon the very poſſibility of her being with child. No, Sir, I aſſure you, my daughter *Conſtantia* has never had a child: A child! ha, ha, ha! O goodneſs ſave us, a child!

Fred. Well, madam, I ſhall not diſpute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your daughter; for her friend, I aſſure you, is in great impatience to ſee her.

Moth. Friend, Sir! I know none ſhe has. I'm ſure ſhe loaths the very ſight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Moth.

Moth. Why, of *Antonio*, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to ſay——ha, ha, ha!

Fred. Still worſe and worſe. 'Slife! cannot ſhe be content with not letting me underſtand her; but muſt alſo reſolve obſtinately not to underſtand me, becauſe I ſpeak plain? Why, madam, I cannot expreſs myſelf your way, therefore be not offended at me for it. I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor never nam'd him to you? I told you that the duke has own'd *Conſtantia* for his wife, and that her brother and he are friends, and are now both in ſearch after her.

Moth. Then as I'm a chriſtian, I ſuſpect we have both been equally involv'd in the misfortune of a miſtake. Sir, I am in the dernier confuſion to avow, that tho' my daughter *Conſtantia* has been liable to ſeveral addreſſes; yet ſhe never had the honour to be produc'd to his grace.

Fred. So, now the thing is out. This is a damn'd bawd, and I as dam'd a rogue for what I did to Don *John*; for o' my conſcience, this is that *Conſtantia* the fellow told me of. I'll make him amends, whate'er it coſt me. Lady, you muſt give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for ſome reaſons I ſhall tell you hereafter.

Moth. Sir, I am ſo highly your *obligée* for the manner of your enquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon ſo juſt a baſis, that I ſhall not be aſham'd to own myſelf a votary to all your commands. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A STREET.

Enter 2 Conſtantia.

2 *Con.* So! thanks to my youth and my heels, I am once more free from *Antonio*—what an eſcape! and yet, what a misfortune! I have no great reaſon to rejoice—for tho' I have got clear from the old fellow, I have loſt the young one too.—I did not wiſh to out-run 'em both—but whither to go now? that's the

the queſtion.——I wiſh my ſpirited young *Spaniard* was here to anſwer it——but that this wild ſpark, whom I lik'd ſo well, and who ſwore he lik'd me, ſhould ſend that old piece of miſchief to diſtreſs me, and drive me out of the houſe, puzzles me exceedingly! I wiſh I could ſee him once more to explain this matter to me.—May I never be married if he is not coming this way!—Shou'd he prove falſe, my poor heart will have a terrible time of it—now for the proof—— [*Walks aſide.*

Enter Don John, *holding* Peter.

John. Did you run after her, as I order'd you, Sirrah?

Pet. Like any greyhound, Sir.

John. And have you found her, raſcal?

Pet. Not quite, Sir.

John. Not quite, Sir!—You are drunk, fellow!

Pet. A little, Sir——I run the better for it.

John. Have you ſeen her? ſpeak quickly, or ſpeak no more.—— [*Shaking him.*

Pet. Yes, yes, I have ſeen her.——

John. Where! where!

Pet. There! there!

John. Where's there, Sirrah?

Pet. There where I ſaw her——in the ſtreet!

John. Did you overtake her? (down.

Pet. I was overtaken myſelf, Sir, and—hic—fell

John. Then ſhe is gone! irrecoverably gone! and I ſhall run diſtracted. [2 Conſtantia *taps him on the ſhoulder, he turns, and they gaze at each other.*

John. Heigho!

Pet. Never was ſo near death in all my life! [*Ex.* Pet.

John. O my dear ſoul, take pity o' me, and give me comfort; for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2 *Con.* O you're a fine gentleman indeed, to ſhut me up in your houſe, and ſend another man to me.

John. Pray hear me.

2 *Con.* No I will never hear you more after ſuch

an injury; what would you have done, if I had been kind to you, that you could uſe me thus before?

John. By my troth, that's ſhrewdly urg'd.

2 *Con.* Beſides, you baſely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not conſented to let that old fellow up, who came to my reſcue, they had all broken in whether I wou'd or no.

2 *Con.* It may be ſo, for I remember I heard a noiſe; but ſuppoſe it was not ſo, what then? why then I'll love him however. Hark'ee, Sir, I ought now to uſe you very ſcurvily; but I can't find in my heart to do ſo.

John. Then heaven's bleſſing on thy heart for it.

2 *Con.* But a——

John. What?

2 *Con.* I would fain know——

John. What, what? I'll tell thee any thing, every thing.

2 *Con.* I wou'd fain know whether you can be kind to me.

John. Look in your glaſs, my charmer, and anſwer for me.

2 *Con.* You think me very vain.

John. I think you deviliſh handſome.

2 *Con.* I ſhall find you a rogue at laſt.

John. Then you ſhall hang me for a fool; take your garters and do it now if you will. (*Sighing.*

2 *Con.* You are no fool.

John. O yes, a loving fool.

2 *Con.* Will you love me for ever?

John. I'll be bound to you for ever—you can't deſire better ſecurity.

2 *Con.* I *have* better ſecurity,

John. What's that, my angel?

2 *Con.* The tendereſt affection for you now, and the kindeſt behaviour to you, for ever more.

John.

John. And I, upon my knees, will ſwear, that, that—what ſhall I ſwear?

2 *Con.* Nay uſe what words you pleaſe, ſo they be but hearty.

John. I ſwear then by thy fair ſelf, that looks ſo like a deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore you to my dying day.

2 *Con.* And here I vow, the minute thou doſt leave me, I'll leave the world—that's kill myſelf.

John. O my dear heavenly creature! we'll love as long as we live, and then we'll die together—and there's an end of both of us.—But who is this my old new friend has got there?

Enter 1 Conſtantia, *and* Antonio *who ſeizes her.*

Ant. O have I caught you, gentlewoman, at laſt! ——Come give me my gold.

1 *Con.* I hope he takes me for another; I won't anſwer, for I had rather you ſhould take me for any one, than who I am.

John. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A perſon of honour—that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold; yet I'll hold ten pounds I'll have it whipp'd out of her again.

2 *Con.* Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now!

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have reaſon, and lady, I aſk your pardon; but I'll have it whipp'd out of *you* then, goſſip. (*Going to her.*

John. Hold, Sir, you muſt not meddle with my goods. (*Stopping him.*

Ant. Your goods? how came ſhe to be your's? I'm ſure I bought her of her mother for five hundred good pieces in gold.

John. Ay, Sir, but that bargain won't hold good in our court; beſides, Sir, as I told you before, ſhe's mine, Don.

Ant. Your's, Sir! by what right?

John. The right of poſſeſſion, Sir, the law of love, and conſent of the parties

Ant. And is this ſo, young lady?

2 *Con.* Yes, young gentleman, it is.—You purchaſe me!——And cou'd you imagine, you old fool you, that I wou'd take up with you, while there was a young fellow to be had for love or money.—Purchaſe yourſelf a little wit, and a great deal of flannel againſt the cold weather, or, on my word, you'll make a melancholy figure. Ha! ha! ha!

John. He does make a melancholy figure, ha! ha! You had better let her alone, Don; why, ſhe's too hard for me——

Ant. Indeed I think ſo—But pray, Sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the ſpeech of one word to your goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a ſmall requeſt.

John. Ay, Sir, with all my heart—how, *Conſtantia!*—Madam, now you have ſeen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haſte you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault, you muſt thank her for it.

1 *Con.* Sir, if you will, for her ſake, be perſuaded to protect me from the violence of my brother, I ſhall have reaſon to thank you both.

John. Nay, madam, now that I'm in my wits again, and my heart's at eaſe, it ſhall go very hard, but I will ſee your's ſo too; I was before diſtracted, and 'tis not ſtrange that the love of her ſhou'd hinder me from remembering what was due to you, ſince it made me forget myſelf.

1 *Con.* Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well, then I'll promiſe you, if you will but help me to recover my gold again, that I'll never trouble you more.

2 *Con*

2 *Con.* A match; and 'tis the beſt that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll ſtand by you, and ſee that your brother ſhall do you no harm.

2 *Con.* Hark'ee, Sir, a word: how dare you talk of love to any lady but me, Sir!

John. By my troth that was a fault, but I meant it only civilly.

2 *Con.* Ay, but if you are ſo very civil a gentleman, we ſhall not be long friends: I ſcorn to ſhare your love with any one whatſoever, and for my part, I'm reſolv'd either to have all or none.

John. Well, well, my dear little covetous rogue, thou ſhalt have it all—thus I ſign and ſeal (*kiſſes her hand*) and transfer all my ſtock of love to thee—'tis plac'd in a ſure fund, where the principal and intereſt ſhall never be diminiſh'd—and you ſhall enjoy both without the ſmalleſt breach of faith on either ſide.

2 *Con.* I accept it in the warmeſt ſpirit of love and gratitude.

Enter Frederick *and* Mother.

Fred. Come now, madam, let us not ſpeak one word more, but go quietly about our buſineſs; not but that I think it the greateſt pleaſure in the world to hear you talk, but——

Moth. Do you indeed, Sir! I ſwear then good wits jump, Sir; for I have thought ſo myſelf a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reaſon imaginable. O Don *John*, I aſk thy pardon! but I hope I ſhall make thee amends, for I have found out the mother, and ſhe has promis'd to help thee to thy miſtreſs again.

John. Sir, you may ſave your labour, the buſineſs is done, and I am fully ſatisfy'd.

Fred. And doſt thou know who ſhe is?

John.

John. No faith, I never aſk'd her name.

Fred. Why then I'll make thee yet more ſatisfy'd; this lady here is that very *Conſtantia*——

John. Ha! thou haſt not a mind to be knock'd o'er the pate too, haſt thou?

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither; but for certain this is that very ſelf ſame *Conſtantia* that thou and I ſo long look'd after.

John. I thought ſhe was ſomething more than ordinary; but ſhall I tell thee now a ſtranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

John. Why I will never more think of any other woman for her ſake.

Fred. That indeed is ſtrange, but you are much altered, *John*; it was but this morning that women were ſuch hypocrites, that you would not truſt a ſingle mother's daughter of 'em.

John. Ay, but when things are at the worſt, they'll mend—example does every thing, *Frederick*, and the fair ſex will certainly grow better, whenever the greateſt is the beſt woman in the kindom—that's what I truſt too.

Fred. Well parry'd, *John*.

John. See here, *Frederick!* the loſt jewel is found.

(*Shewing* 1 Conſtantia.

2 *Con.* Come, mother, deliver your purſe; I have delivered myſelf up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow, ſo he may have his gold again, that all ſhall be well.

Moth. As I am a chriſtian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of reſtoring it again; for my hard fate having not beſtow'd upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you preſents of my own, I had no way left for the exerciſe of my generoſity but by putting myſelf into a condition of giving back what was your's.

Ant.

Ant. A very generous deſign indeed! So now I'll e'en turn a ſober perſon, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your ladyſhip here; we have been in a very great diſorder ſince we ſaw you.

John. What's here? our landlady and the child again!

Enter Duke, Petuchio, *and* Landlady, *with the Child.*

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipp'd, in a drunken conſtable's hands that took her for another.

John. Why then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipp'd for herſelf, for on my word ſhe deſerves it.

Land. Yes, I'm ſure of your good word at any time.

1 *Con.* Hark'ee, dear landlady.

Land. O ſweet goodneſs! is it you? I have been in ſuch a pack of troubles ſince I ſaw you; they took me, and they tumbl'd me, and they haul'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted *Jezebel*, and the poor little babe here did ſo take on. Come hither, my lord, come hither: here is *Conſtantia.*

1 *Con.* For heaven's ſake peace; yonder's my brother, and if he diſcovers me, I'm certainly ruin'd!

Duke. No, madam, there is no danger.

1 *Con.* Were there a thouſand dangers in thoſe arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O my dear! it were not ſafe that any ſhou'd be here at preſent; for now my heart is ſo o'erpreſs'd with joy, that I ſhou'd ſcarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Siſter, I'm ſo aſham'd of all my faults, which my miſtake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to aſk your pardon for them.

1 *Con.* No, brother, the fault was mine, in miſtaking

ing you ſo much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at firſt; but having begun my love without your conſent, I never durſt acquaint you with the progreſs of it.

Duke. Come, let the conſummation of our preſent joys blot out the memory of all theſe paſt miſtakes.

John. And when ſhall we conſummate our joys?

2 *Con.* ——————————Never:
We'll find out ways ſhall make 'em laſt for ever.

John. A mach, my girl—Come let us all away,
And celebrate The CHANCES of this day;
My former vanities are paſt and gone,
And now I fix to happineſs and one;
Change the wild wanton, for the ſober plan,
And, like my friend—become a *Modeſt* man.

F I N I S.

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